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JULY 1903

Everybody's Magazine

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"CUSTER'S DEMAND," BY CHARLES SCHREYVOGEL—(See page 120).

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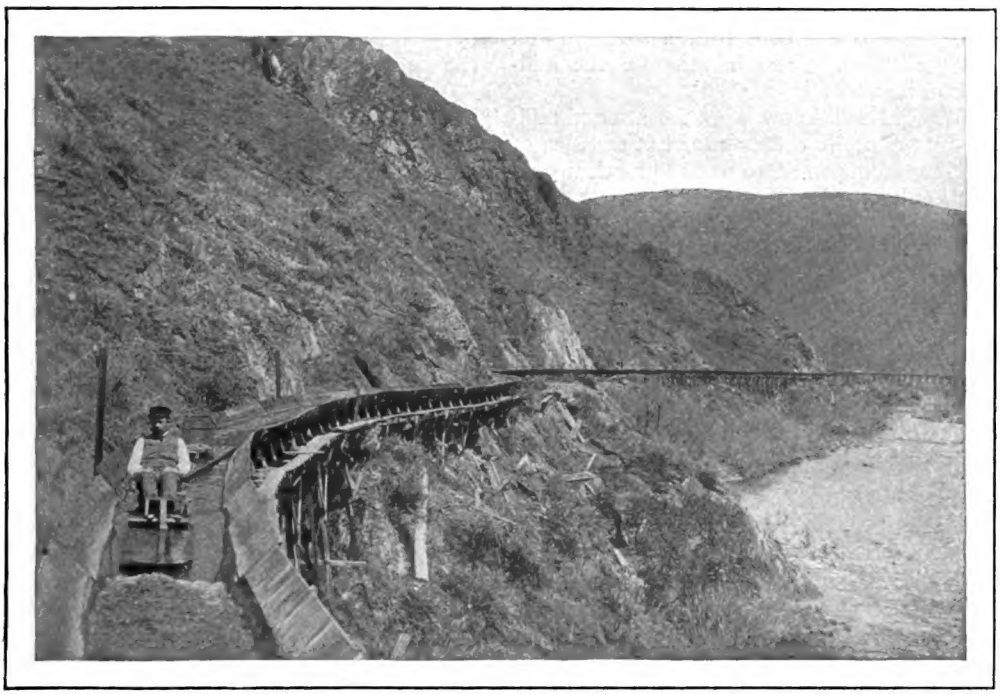
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. IX. JULY, 1903. No. 1.



SHOOTING DOWN KING'S RIVER CAÑON.

Flying Down a Fifty-Mile Flume

By BAILEY MILLARD

With Photographs by W. J. Street

CRISP and terse were the orders that attended the launching of the Mary Ann from the Millwood skids, up in the Sierran heights. The Mary Ann was a rough boat, made to fit into a V-shaped chute, and she was knocked together in half an hour for the floating of a pair of more or less intrepid voyagers who had undertaken the unusual journey from Millwood, Cal., down the longest and steepest lumber flume in the world, to Sanger, in the San Joaquin Valley. It is a distance of fifty-four miles and, in the first thirteen miles, the descent is over 4,300 feet.

"Slide her in, boys!" yelled the solemn-looking flume boss. "Look out there, kids! Stern first. In she goes."

Splash!

The Mary Ann was afloat in the swift-running flume.

"Hold her fast now," called the boss. "All ready, gentlemen. Stow their stuff aboard, Jim."

Springing nimbly upon the rough little

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deck, the flume voyagers, with a bravado which concealed the blank misgivings of creatures moving about in worlds unrealized and

> Going to meet their fate
> In a highly nervous state,

took their seats, one on a cracker-box aft, the other on a redwood block forward.

"You want to hold on," cautioned Jim, who moored the boat with a stout grip on his "picaroon." "She'll run like the mill-tails of hell."

We did not know what the infernal mill-tails were or how they ran, but the idea of holding on appealed to us as a practical one.

"Let her go, boys! Good-by, gentlemen!"

The flume boss waved his hand.

"Good-by!"

The "picaroon" was raised and the thrill of life ran along the Mary Ann's keel. She lurched a little to the right, settled down astern where the water was swelling high, and darted like a hounded deer down the long, gleaming, tragic, watery way.

The sharp sunlight of noon in the Sierras, edged and whitened by the snows that lay all about, glared with unmitigable intensity upon the scene. But to the voyagers of the Mary Ann, in the first stage of that mad whirl down the mountains, the sugar pines, the snow-laden cedars, the great blocks of freckled granite and the snow-drifts, with the alternating patches of low-growing bear clover, were bits of the haziest impressionist picture that ever obscured a dream-daubed canvas—a mere swinging chaos of trees and rocks and snows—a swaying streak of tumbled beauty, to be imbibed in quick breaths with the heady air of the high Sierras.

Swish!

A light balsam bough whipped my shoulders, and somehow its familiar odor inspired me with confidence.

It gave me something more than Dutch courage. I could go down to Gehenna with that smell in my nostrils. And it looked like Gehenna ahead. For the angle of descent on which we had been gliding along seemed like a dead level to what lay before. We had come to the brink of the Devil's Slide—a neat little half-mile plunge which, the flume men had declared, would give us "a pompadour hair-cut."

There were two deep in-takes of breath, a shrinking down off the seats to the safer and solider deck of the boat, a humming of mountain-air in the ears, and then the whizzing landscape fused into a long, filmy, biographic blur that raced before the uncertain eyes of the voyagers.

Out of this nightmare flung the words of Manager Boole of the Sanger Lumber Company, uttered while he sat in his comfortable swivel-chair two days before we made the long stage journey to Millwood, near the head of the flume:

"I wouldn't ride down that flume for the whole plant."

Then again, all too late, came the warning words of Secretary Young:

"I consider the trip a very hazardous one. Lumber is constantly jumping out of the flume, why not a boat or raft?"

But we were in

TAKING LUMBER FROM THE FLUME.

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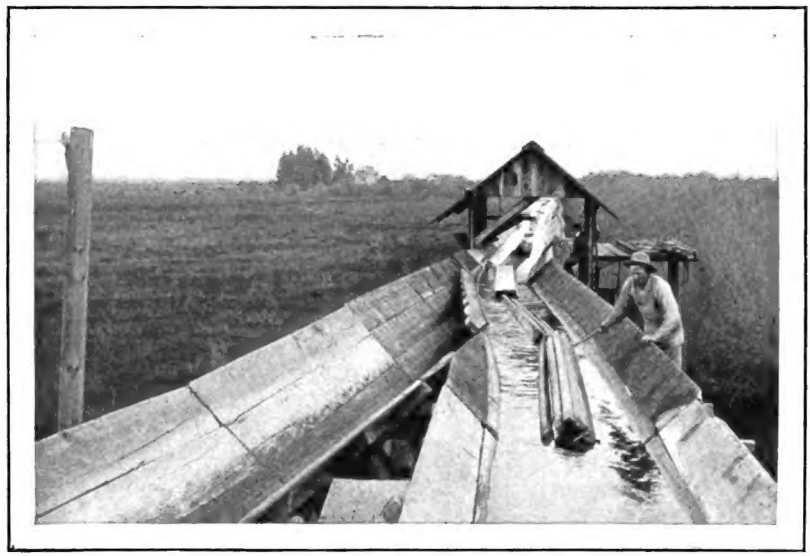

EVERYDAY WORK OF THE FLUME.

for it, whatever the hazard. We ran down the slide faster than the water, having greater bulk, in one particular place, and greater weight, and thus being capable of greater momentum.

Z-z-z-z-eee-up!

It was the terror-inspired protest of the Mary Ann, as she scraped her flat nose against the side of the flume. She retarded swiftly, pitching us forward. The water rose quickly over her stern, wetting my legs and the edge of my coat, and splashing over the sides of the flume, down the trestle and into the deep gulch below.

"Here we are at the foot of the slide. That must be Mount Patterson up there," said the photographer, pointing to a white peak off to the north.

But I had no eye for the calm beauty of Patterson. From the stiller waters I looked back up the flume and marvelled at the awful descent. I could not time the swiftness of the Devil's Slide any more than a man riding a cyclone can manage a stop-watch, but it seemed to me that no express train ever equalled it. You can work a camera from the window of a whirling Pullman, but the flight of the Mary Ann down that slide defied the swiftest shutter in the hands of an expert.

How does it feel to shoot the Devil's Slide? The ride is such a bit of brisk living as sets the blood all a-tingle and gives one a taste of the recklessness of Phaëton trying to drive the chariot of the sun. One feels that to make such a voyage every day would in time fill even the commonest of men with the abandon of the gods.

We passed the Lower Mill, about two miles below Millwood, still sailing at a pretty pace, then on by a little flat called the Strawberry Patch, and then by high, tragic cliffs on the edge of which the flume clung by a sort of miracle in which even the gnarled pines had come to have faith. The speed increased a little and we swam dizzily out upon a terrible trestle, the spindling timbers of which, as seen from an oncoming curve, seemed the flimsiest of supports. But no matter how little we might fancy the outlook at any of these ticklish points, we had to stand by the ship. Once in the flume, on those upper grades, there is no stopping and but little slackening until you reach a station.

No end of trestles. We crossed one creek thirteen times, darting out upon the bridges unexpectedly from curves that nearly swayed one to perdition. But in those wild aërial flights the Mary Ann proved herself a skyworthy craft, and I can recommend her as the safest airship I have ever seen. There is nothing hyperbolical about this, for remember that the flume is away up in the air, higher, for the most part, than New York's elevated railroad, and that the stations are all on tall stilts.

After passing the awe-inspiring Dingwald's Trestle and the Shotgun Trestle, our swaying perspective took in a long vista of the cañon of Mill Creek, down which we were racing at a speed far exceeding that of its turbulent waters. We soared over Davidson's Flat leaning out from heaven to see where a grub-boat had dashed through the flume on a certain fateful flight. There lay the splintered fragments far below, and the wreck of a cook-stove which had gone down with it—a

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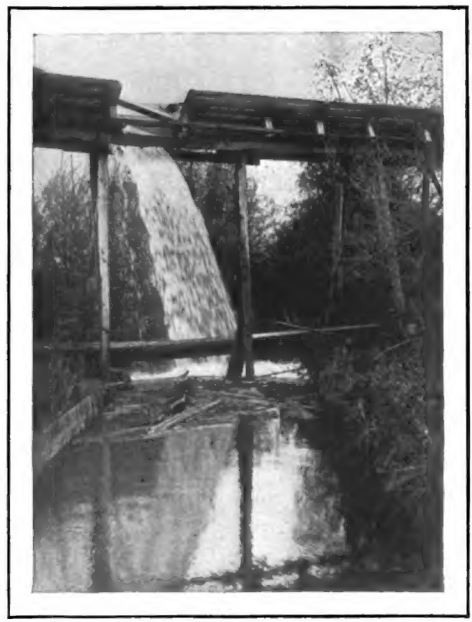
scrappy pile of junk which not even the covetous Indians had seen fit to carry away.

Across Dry Creek, fringed by fragrant pines, the Mary Ann sailed more slowly. Near here, James A. Grant, a flume herder, fell off the narrow, rickety sidewalk the other day into two feet of snow and was carried down to Station Three and One-Half with an injured spine.

Samson Creek runs into the cañon a little way below, and joins its white tumult with that of Mill Creek. Now we feel the strange elation of gathering speed, and away down the longest slide of the flume we plunge profanely amid masses of virgin mountain green, flecked by snow-drifts and pencilled with the straight Titanic trunks of sugar pines. Misgivings are melting away, and our nerves are becoming those of seasoned voyagers. Despite the swiftness of the downward whirl and the cutting of our faces by the keen-edged atmosphere through which we race, we can descry the objects along the way with something of satisfaction.



A GRUB BOAT HAD DASHED THROUGH.

We had dropped over one thousand feet from the Millwood altitude in four and one-half miles, and in the flight to Three, the next station, we made a corresponding change in height. We were running out of the district of the yellow and sugar pines and were reaching the Digger pine levels. The last trace of snow had disappeared. Before us lay tall buttes, and nearer ridges all in purplish-browns, umbers, ochres and the softer hues that lay between; and down on the sloping cañon sides the white oaks, touched by the mystic wand of April, were sending forth delicate firstlings from their branch-tips, which now and again rustled against our faces, sometimes as gently as the caresses of a lover and then sharply, so that we threw up our arms to shield our eyes.

Two awe-inspiring trestles were crossed, one over Bear and the other over Granite Creek, and we looked down with terror and rapture commingled into the little streams that ran nearly one hundred and fifty feet below.

The air grew warmer and I took off my coat. It was not so bracing down here and we missed the pervasive pine scents. We gave a shout as a great mass of poppies on a steep scarp flung into view. There were acres of the Californian beauties, and they grew so closely together that they painted the hillside a dazzling orange on which the sun played warmly. Farther on, the cañon side was blued by lupins and yellowed by buttercups, while the cornflowers and the baby blue-eyes made saucy little faces at us. Then a long stretch of open country and soon we were sailing high over the tree-tops in a dreamy mood into which words fitted not at all; for the eye was tranced by the delicate beauty that lay all about.

Flitting silently, swiftly on, we passed the Twin Trestles, each 106 feet high, and came to a great jutting point where there lay below us a big spill of lumber. Some of it was splintered and bent as it lay in the bottom of the gulch, but there was much that would have been serviceable for building purposes. From the head of the flume down the fifty-mile run to Sanger there is enough waste lumber to build a good-sized town. The planks and stringers, floated down in long trains from the mill to the valley below, wedge together in great jams, and the lumber that follows is diverted by the rising water thus banked up in the flume and is thrown down into the cañon.

A short stop at Three and we glided swiftly down to Four and One-Half, where we caught sight of the first flutter of a woman's skirt we had seen in the cañon. The young woman at Four and One-Half was the wife of one of the flume herders. It was a rough

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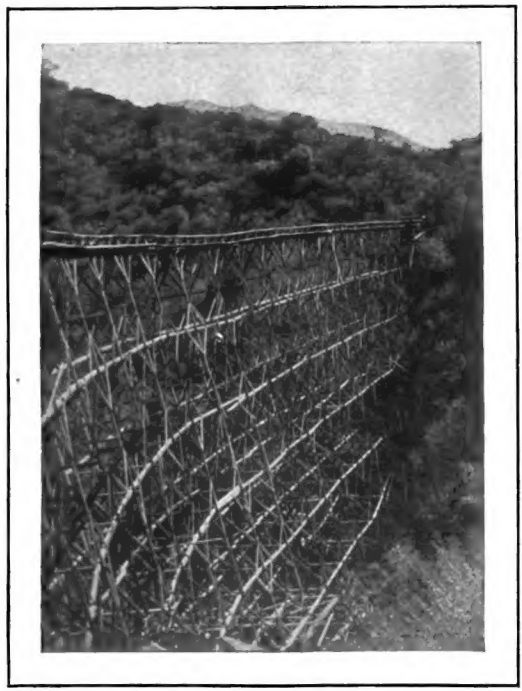
household there at the flume-side in the cabin on stilts, among the beetling crags and the Digger pines, but she had imported a bit of art in the shape of Indian baskets, of which she had a pretty collection. She seemed cheerful, and laughed and joked with the men of the flume, with an air of gay comradeship.

Wild poppies made fine dashes of deep color below the station, and we rejoiced in them and in the soft air of springtime as we floated down the cañon. Red-bud bushes bloomed with the profusion of an apple orchard. Along the edge of the flume ahead, a whimsical gray squirrel ran and chattered and whisked away, with flashing tail, as our boat neared him.



THE AWE-INSPIRING TWIN TRESTLE.

We ran around a great curve in "sweet aërial freedom, wild and high," and lo! before us sprawled the racing waters of the famed Kings River, a wide-spread "crystal rapture," gleaming in the bright sunlight and challenging us to a contest of speed down the great cañon in which we now found ourselves.

On our left rose giant cliffs, and on our right, across the river, lay the sharply rising buttes, while behind impended the snow-white Sierras, thrilled by their own silence—a picture of the eternal immensities framed in the nearer crags. It was a scene to stir the blood of a tethered city man and to make the brick perspective of the town seem wofully mean in comparison.

The Kings foamed over the granite blocks, rippled over gravel bars in glinting whiteness and purity, showing here a passionate burst and there, in the blue stretches of stiller water, a thoughtful passivity and a grand content.

"Low bridge!" yelled the man with the camera.

A lantern arm hung down over the flume and had to be neatly dodged. A shanty loomed up ahead, and we ran into the slack water at Station Four.

"The boss has telephoned down that you can't run your boat any farther than this," said the flume-herder, a clean-looking young fellow in a rough shirt and overalls, "but we'll build you a couple of rafts and you can go the rest of the way on them. It will be faster, anyway."

"Why not the boat?" I asked.

"Because a boat strikes through the riffles and its keel scratches the bottom of the flume, disturbing the stuff that is collected there and making a leak. We can't stand for leaks. A lot of our time is used repairing the flume anyway."

The rafts were built in about twenty minutes by the flume-herder and his assistants, two bright, active young men, who handled the heavy sticks of lumber as though they were walking-canes. First came two 4×6 stringers, sixteen feet long. On top of these was nailed a sixteen-inch board, and on that were spiked two ten-inch planks, two inches thick. The top planks were laid side by side and held together by small cleats. This made a raft twelve inches wide at the bottom and twenty inches wide at the top. Rather a narrow craft, flume-worthy enough, but inclined to turn turtle if the raftsman were not good at balancing.

At Four the altitude is only 1,038 feet, so we had descended in the thirteen miles from Millwood over 4,300 feet. This considerable descent in so short a distance accounts for the swiftness of our flight.

Here we met Blake, a husky young fellow

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with a world of good cheer in his make-up, who gave us excellent bread, some well-cooked red beans, and an apple-pie. We were drawn to Blake as much because of his sunny optimism, as the fact that we had suffered for nearly a week in the mountains from the sad and bedraggled cookery which prevails in the outlying regions of California.

The two rafts were hinged together tandem fashion, by a short piece of narrow board and tied, for further security, with stout rope. Seats were nailed amidships of each raft. They were not upholstered reclining chairs, but merely short pieces of 4×4 lumber, with a little board nailed on top. A five-gallon petroleum can, fastened behind each seat, made a receptacle for stowing luggage, but the big camera had to be handled very gingerly, being lifted aboard and placed between the knees of the photographer, who sat on the after raft, balancing for dear life.

This added responsibility of balancing proved irksome, but in a half-hour we accustomed ourselves to the usages of rafting, began to enjoy the new mode of travel, and made the cañon echo with our whoops. The north fork of the Kings River joins its brawling mate here, and materially augments the rapid flood. An oak limb drooped low over the flume, and in leaning to one side to dodge the seemingly inevitable blow, I lost my balance. At the same time the nails that held my seat to the raft parted under the strain and I was pitched backward and sidewise off the crazy little craft and found myself floundering in the flume. I had pictured the circumstance over and over at night before the journey was begun, so, although the water was a little colder than I had thought—my tub being prepared by the handmaiden of the genius of the cold Sierras and not much warmed in its swift run down the mountains—I took less account of my ducking than I did of the wild and unconfined glee of my raftmate, to whom the incident was irresistibly piquant. He was, in fact, so overcome by his hilarity, that he was wholly unable to assist me in the work of rescue, which was simple enough and con-

THROUGH GROVES GORGEOUS WITH ORANGES.

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sisted in merely grasping the side of the raft and pulling myself aboard. The sun soon dried my clothing. At the next station we

LAUNCH OF THE MARY ANN.

rigged up good seats with comfortable backs, and went sailing down the cañon with larger content. But soon we bumped into an ugly looking plank, suspended from a frame-work over the flume. The plank swung low in the water, and we had to grasp it and swing it over our heads—a clumsy operation that came near smashing the big camera, to say nothing of two sacred heads. The plank was attached to a wire that rang a bell in the station shanty, to let the flume-herder know that lumber was coming.

HIGH IN THE SIERRAS.

At Station Five, Mrs. Parker, who was at home alone, her husband being down the flume on his work of inspection, greeted us in the kindly mountain fashion, though evidently frightened at first by the appearance of two strangers, and kept her children close about her. She gave us some idea of the lonely life of a flume-herder's wife—a life which did not seem to depress the cheery little spirit, living there in the wild cañon, with no reminder of the great outside world save the strings of lumber that ran all day down the flume—the one duct that connected her with the civilization of which she read in the papers; nor did I gather that she envied the women about whom she read—the women whose diamonds gleamed in electric-lighted drawing-rooms, who came and went in parlor-car and steam-yacht, and were wedded and divorced in the remote region beyond the flume's end.

Toward dusk, we glided silently over the steel bridge hanging high above Kings River, and were soon at Maxon's Flat, thirty miles from the head of the flume. An old man came out with a lantern and conducted us to his cottage, where we ate canned salmon and hot biscuits. Afterward we found quarters in a rough shed known by the lumbermen who

THE YOUNG WOMAN AT FOUR AND ONE-HALF.

sleep there as "Cold Storage." Our rafts had been moored by a couple of hempen ropes, and, as the lumber strings would not come down until late next morning, were safe

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enough. We slept soundly in sheetless beds in "Cold Storage," though the crickets essayed, with strident notes, to deprive us of slumber.

In the cool hush of one of the most inspiring mornings I have ever known, we walked abroad on the flat. Near by was an orange orchard, and we gathered a store of yellow globes, which we treasured up in the boxes on the rafts.

WHERE THE WATER ENTERS THE FLUME.

AT THE JOURNEY'S END.

Slowly, out over the tops of the orange trees, we floated, past Trimmer Springs, where an old lady in a big sunbonnet called out a pleasant "Good-morning!" and remarked, "Yer having a lovely sail!" A fat turkey gobbler gave us a spasmodic greeting, and a big black dog barked surlily at us. We passed some quartz mines, one of which dumped its débris from a chute that ran over the flume, and displayed a curious sign, "Outsiders Don't Burn Your Fingers." As to the meaning of which we speculated long and fruitlessly.

As Mount Morrow loomed to the left of us, we saw the last of the pines, and in an hour or two we were floating out over the valley of San Joaquin. Far behind we had left the demesne of tragic peaks and crags and cañons, the wintry skylands and their robes of snow, and we had come to a green, laughing land of lemon orchards, alfalfa meadows and waving palms, where the canals flowed slowly along willow-fringed banks, where linnets twittered, heat-bugs droned, and humming-birds fanned the still, warm air of summer.

The sun blazed down with fierce intensity. In a great meadow where many cattle herded and looked up at us inquisitively, as who should say, "Those be strange vacqueros riding up there," a big brown bull took a lively interest in us, for the reason, as the photographer would have it, that I had taken off my shoes and was displaying a pair of luridly red stockings, stuck high upon my foot-rest. Nor did Taurus relish the bits of orange-peel I threw at him as we lazed along, but pawed the ground, as if he felt it to be a beautiful morning and that he must manifest his strength and courage by goring someone. Near Centreville, a small town among the lemon groves, we looked down upon a little graveyard strung about with barbed wire. So slowly we sailed along that I counted the headstones. There were twenty-three of them, and a lonely one outside the fence—a more ambitious and towering stone than any of the others. Whose was this grave, set apart beyond the pale? Was its occupant less worthy than the rest? In what had he sinned that he might not lie where the rude forefathers of the hamlet slept?

It was near Centreville that other fiendish obstructions were encountered—planks, stringers, and boards lying across the flume—and our lives for that afternoon were full of a vexed sense of being held back when we should have been going forward. In the

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cool of the afternoon the Sanger house-tops came in view, and in an hour or two we were at the end of our flume journey and had seen our rafts torn asunder by brawny lumbermen and flung down the skids.

It is a great structure, this flume. There are over 10,000,000 feet of lumber in the fifty-four miles, and it has cost about half a million. In the busy season it brings down from the mountains 200,000 feet of lumber a day, chiefly redwood (sawed from the *Sequoia gigantea*, the largest tree in the world), sugar pine, yellow pine, and fir. It was Homeric labor erecting the great chute, and it required an army of men for half a year. The work of building the iron suspension bridge on which the flume crossed Kings River was a tremendous task and has all gone for naught, for the water, running in uneven volume, caused the bridge to sway and made it unsafe. A new steel bridge had to be built. Some of the high wooden trestles and miles of common fluming have had to be abandoned and new structures built, because of age and consequent dilapidation and insecurity.

So rarely is the flume journey made from end to end that, when it became known in Sanger that we had boated and rafted down from Millwood, we were pointed out as objects of curiosity, and were asked so many questions that we were not unhappy when we boarded the train and were hurried out of the town. But looking up at the high peaks among which Millwood snuggled so restfully, breathing that glorious breath of life, which, if it be anywhere, is in the mountains, I felt that I had left my heart behind. White old Patterson beckoned me back, with an injured look because of my truantry, and I thought I could see the pines vainly waving their homing signals.

WINDING THROUGH THE VALLEY OF KING'S RIVER.

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Intimate Portraits

Photographed by Frances Benjamin Johnston.

BARONESS VON STERNBERG.

Baroness von Sternberg, wife of the German Ambassador to the United States, is one of the many American heiresses who married abroad. Her father, Charles Langham, made a fortune in Western mines, and Lillian May Langham was well known socially as one of the beauties of Louisville. She went to Europe in 1899, on the same ship with Baron Herman Speck von Sternberg, Secretary of the German Embassy at Washington, who was returning to the Fatherland after distinguished services performed in settling the Samoan embroglio. In December, of the following year, they were married in London, and soon after von Sternberg was appointed German Consul-General at Calcutta. His selection to Dr. von Holleben's successor was a surprise to the service, but his brilliant work in Washington has justified the Kaiser's partiality.

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JOHN S. DUSS.

John S. Duss, bandmaster and impresario, is also "Patriarch" of the remarkable communistic settlement of Harmony, near Pittsburg. Entered there by his mother at the age of two years, young Duss became the protégé of the brilliant Father Henrici, who had so skilfully administered the Society's affairs that it was at one time worth thirty millions of dollars. Duss was educated in Germany, taught at Harmony and at the Kansas Reform School. Father Henrici, who died in 1892, appointed him his successor. Opposition to his leadership was settled by a decision of the United States Supreme Court, and his able direction of its affairs has restored the Society to its old-time prosperity. While in Harmony Duss organized a band that gained remarkable success throughout the country, and he came with it to New York last year, playing with great success through the summer. He is now conducting the Metropolitan orchestra, Nordica and Edouard de Reszke, in a series of concerts in Madison Square Garden, New York.

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MAJOR-GENERAL S. B. M. YOUNG.

Appointed, by the President, Chief of the new general staff, General Young has gained his experience of the ways of war in many fields. Beginning as a private in the Union Army in 1861, he graduated with the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General, and re-entering the regular service, he has participated in all the fighting the nation has been engaged in since. The work of the new staff will be to lighten the burden of the Secretary of War, and to so co-ordinate the various branches of the War Department, that they may all work together harmoniously.

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Photographed by Davis & Sanfo

MADAME LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

Madame Lillian Blauvelt is the most successful of American concert singers since the retirement of Clara Louise Kell Born in Brooklyn thirty-five years ago, she began her musical career as a violinist at the age of seven, but soon turned to sin Several years of study at the American Conservatory of Music, a course of church singing and two years in Paris precede début in Brussels, where she won a great triumph. She is the only American who has been decorated by the St. Cecilia R Academy of Rome—a tribute to her rendition of the soprano part in the Verdi Requiem Memorial, in 1901. Though Mac Blauvelt is said to earn $30,000 a year by her voice, she is looking for new fields to conquer, and has just made her débu London in grand opera. In private life she is Mrs. W. F. Pendleton.

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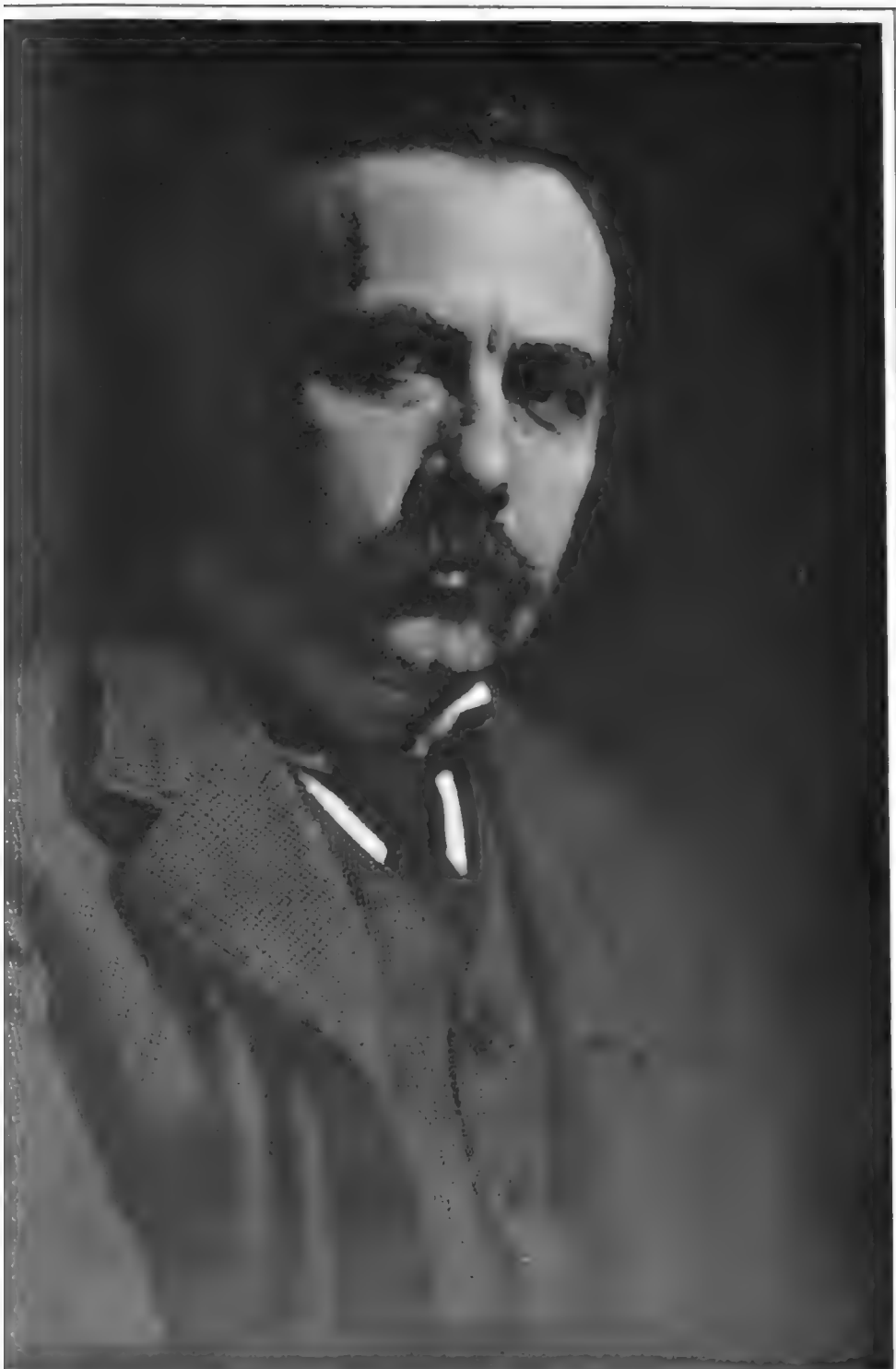

Photographed by Frederick Colburn Clarke.

CHARLES SCHREYVOGEL.

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The Reign of Queen Isyl

By GELETT BURGESS and WILL IRWIN

I

PROLOGUE

How Gaffer Golcher sate in his inn and watched the feast of Saint Joseph and those that journeyed thereto: his parley with a knight adventurous, and how they made merry over the goodwife: THE TALE OF LOVE STRATEGIC.

OLD man Golcher sat at the door of his road-house, smoking a corn-cob pipe and studying over a problem in the chess column of the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

The landscape lay beaten flat and gray under the retreating sunshine of Santa Clara, the hottest, kindest sun that smiles on California. File on file, green fruit-trees, bending like weeping willows under their half-ripe loads, stretched back to the mountains.

Where road met hill, a speck appeared; it dipped into a hollow, was lost, reappeared again. It was followed by another and yet another. Old man Golcher gazed at the approaching vehicles over his paper, and committed himself to an opinion.

"Blamed, bustin' fools!" he said. Then he fell back into silence, resuming his study of his knight's move, until the first wagon came pulling through the dust and drew up at the watering-trough.

It was a two-seated surrey of ample and matronly proportions. In front sat a woman formed like her conveyance; through the open throat of her linen duster one could catch a glimpse of pink muslin. The man beside her was also in festival attire; his coat was shiny black, and when, in process of wiping away the dust, he took the protecting handkerchief from his collar, he disclosed a robin's-egg-blue tie of astonishing make. Behind sat two girls, large, plump, cosey, and most good to look upon. Linen dusters hid their finery, also, but it was suggested by elaborate hats and the white kid gloves they carried in their hands.

"Hello, Bill!" said the man of the party, loosening his horse's check-rein, "where's your store clothes?"

"My store clothes," remarked old man Golcher, deliberately, "is where they've been for goin' on twenty-two years, in the lower left-hand corner of the cedar chest, about midway up, between the marriage license and a Bible. I've had no call for any of 'em since. I don't have to get 'em out to know I'm a married man."

"But ain't you goin' to the Fiesta, Mr. Golcher?" asked the larger, and by a shade the prettier, of the two damsels.

"I am not," said Golcher, whereat he flicked a horsefly away from his cowhide

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boots and gazed at the landscape. The slobbering of drinking horses broke a painful silence.

"I am not," he went on. "There bein' ladies present, I ain't givin' my ideas on Fiestas. But don't you let those darters of yours, John Bates, ever grow up to be Fiesta queens! If I had a sweet and lovely package of innercence under my protectin' care, an' she was took with the Fi-esta wheel in her sun-bunnit, I'd talk to her in some such caressin' words as this:

"'Look here, darter,' I'd say, 'what you need is exercise an' employment. They's six ton of alfalfa hay that needs mountin' back in the barn. By the time you've done with that, an' washed mother's dishes an' dipped a few boxes of prunes, you'll feel better. I'm sayin' this for your good, and papa loves you!'"

The prettier girl giggled. Mrs. Bates drew herself up haughtily. "Youth must have its fling," she announced. John Bates gave vent to a laugh, half amused, half scornful, wholly foolish.

"Yes, Queen of Youth an' Beauty, at ten cents a vote!" continued old man Golcher. "It don't make no difference whether she's lop-sided an' freckle-faced an' pigeon-toed an' thin as a rail, she's Queen of Love and Beauty all right, if she's got fool friends enough, an' her dad can deliver the votes, at ten cents per. Say, honest—do you expect old Bob Almeric thinks he's got the 'Drag' cinched any tighter because he dug up a thousand dollars to call himself the queen's pa?"

"Well, you know, Bill," said Bates, with an air that showed where he stood politically, "the 'Drag' has got to win!"

"They'd do a good sight better winnin' a few aldermen than a Queen of Hate an' Homeliness in a pink silk petticoat," said the old man. "Not sayin' but that Dolly Almeric is as bad as that, if she *is* kind of swelled up since she went to Stanfords. But there you are again; she ain't in the runnin' with that Shea girl, only old Shea is a blacksmith and Bob Almeric is county boss."

After Mr. Bates drove on, old man Golcher quietly resumed his paper, but not for long. The vehicles were coming almost in procession now; some stopped for water, some exchanged greetings and went on. All were trimmed with flowers and loaded with gorgeous clothes, all bore a festival aspect. Here was a crazy old phaeton, bearing a Spanish family arrayed in violent reds and greens and yellows. Here was a smart trap, its wheels trimmed, rim and spoke, with bright geraniums, manned by a tall, well-dressed youth with a girl in a correct tailor-gown. Here came an enormous carryall at breakneck speed, spilling over with fresh-faced boys, who shook bunting at old man Golcher and barked the Stanford University yell as they passed; working students these, off to San José for a holiday.

Last of all came an open omnibus, filled to the steps with young men in white duck trousers, yellow coats, red sashes, and straw hats with elaborate striped bands. Beside the driver was piled a bale of Japanese umbrellas, and the rails of the coach bore this gaudy legend:

"Sutter Commandery, No. 47,
KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN GATE,
Los Gatos."

When this equipage bore down on him, old man Golcher tarried no longer, but hastily got behind the bar and prepared for business. It came with a rush. Fourteen thirsty Knights shoved and jostled and joked and fought for the privilege of paying for the refreshment, with flamboyant Californian good-nature.

"I suppose," said the old landlord, when the glasses were all filled and he himself stood furnished with a pony of whiskey "on the crowd," "I suppose you boys are going to play particular Hades at the coronation to-night."

"Coronation, nit!" said he who had succeeded in paying for the drinks; "the procession goes for us, but no coronation in ours, is there, boys?"

"Not on your life!" they assented, and their spokesman added in explanation, "not after the way they threw down Isyl Shea!"

"Which I take it," said Golcher, "you're a bit sore."

"Well, Bob Almeric will be sorer when he counts the Los Gatos vote next year, if he did try to hedge by making Isyl Shea Maid-of-Honor. Well, boys, here's to our candidate, the prettiest girl in Santa Clara county, defeated but not disgraced, by ginger!"

The place emptied, and the chariot of the Knights of the Golden Gate tore away for San José. The sun dropped low and lower. Old

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man Golcher watered and fed the stock, then built a fire in the kitchen range, and set a thin beefsteak frying in water. He laid the table for one in the kitchen, disdaining the white-plastered dining-room of his little inn. There he ate, looking out across the orchards to the lights of the city of San José, just beginning to twinkle in the dust; and as he looked he shook his head as one who ponders something quite beyond his understanding.

The night fell darker. Then a blaze of red fire glowed between the electric lights; a rocket mounted, and ran its stately course skyward. He fancied he could almost hear the distant sound of cheering and the poumping of brass bands. After a final examination of his stock, the old man pulled down the shutters and began to prepare for bed.

Just then a wheel scraped on the bit of curbing outside the house. In no mood for patrons now, Golcher kept quiet, listening for the knocking on the door to cease. Instead, it grew momentarily more violent; and then he heard an easy, impudent voice saying:

"Darned if I don't believe he went to the Fiesta after all! Well, we'll have to annex the house and lot!"

"Not my house, you won't!" shouted the proprietor, from through the door, betraying himself by his sudden rage.

"Hello! I thought we could make you loosen up," said the voice, as the old man opened the door.

Golcher turned the reflector of his coal-oil lamp upon the visitor, and saw a large, easily-built lad of perhaps twenty-four years. From under his cap a shock of warm, Irish hair struggled toward the light. At first sight you realized that he was homely, and at the second sight you were glad of it. His chin was aggressive, his nose impudent, and his eyes alert and merry.

"To proceed to business," he began; "can you put me onto the course trod this evening by the fairy feet of Mrs. Golcher? I take it that she's not at home, and that you represent the family."

"Oh, certainly, anything you want, of course! Bless you, my child, take my wife, take the house, take the cow, take the prune orchard, but kindly leave me the old apple-tree over in the corner, because my father planted it," said Golcher, sarcasm seeming to him to be the only possible defence. "But if it ain't too much trouble, would you please let me in on who it is that's succeedin' me in the affections of Bee Golcher?"

"Certainly," said the red-haired lad. "I am proprietor, general manager, and advance agent of the worst-managed ranch between San José and Campbell's, and the proud author of a forthcoming work on 'How to Fail in Prune Farming.'"

"From the description," said old Golcher, "that would be the Parrish place."

"Ting, ting, bull's-eye!' said the stranger, in assent.

"The old woman's at her Aunt Helen's, an' if you can get her it's more than I can do," said Golcher.

The lad opened the door, and called out to a city hack which was standing in front of the road-house. "Mrs. Winston's—straight ahead for half a mile, third gate to the left," he said. "Tell Mrs. Golcher that the cow's got the colic. Tell her Bill Golcher's been elected to the Assembly and wants to begin rejoicing. Tell her anything I want her and Golcher wants her. He don't know it yet, but he will in a minute."

Stifling with indignant astonishment, Golcher reached for a bung-starter. The young man put his hand in his pocket and drew out a heap of gold-pieces. One by one he strung them out on the bar until he had counted five gleaming eagles, saying:

"Certain things being likely to happen to-night, that is for the hire of this house till noon to-morrow." He laid down another. "That is for Mrs. Golcher." Another. "That is for the good-will of the concern."

"This is a respectable house—" old Golcher began.

"This deal is straight and perpendicular in every respect. It's on the double dead level, and so strictly correct that we've sent for a chaperon. That's why I despatched the Courier of the Czar for Mrs. G. Chaperons are scarce in Fiesta times, but we have gone to this expense to have the best in the county. She's known to be copper-sheathed, ninety-proof, and comes to us highly recommended by the *élite* of Golcherville. Prithee, am I singing on the key? Do you find my pipe upside down? Are you with us or forninst us? Speak, or forever after hold your peace."

"I guess you can count me in," said Golcher, as he swept the gold into the cash drawer.

"Much obliged," said the youth; "you're all right, if you do have fits."

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"I guess I can afford to set 'em up, on the strength of that," said Golcher, as he pushed a large bottle across the counter. "Have one on the house." He set out two glasses.

"Well," said the new-comer, "here's to Mrs. William Q. Golcher. She's the Pearl of Pekin and the roseate five-pointed star of the sixty-fifth magnitude. Long may she wave! And it is my glorious hope that when she dawns on the horizon of T. Parrish, Esq., she'll prove to be as good a fellow as you are!"

"Well, I dunno. Mis' Golcher's sometimes considered an acquired taste. She was to me, anyway. It takes time to understand her. But she's the kind that grows on you, if you know what I mean."

"I do not, in very truth," said the lad. But it sounds horrible. What d'you mean? Say, I hope she won't veto this treaty. What you say goes, don't it?"

"No, sir!" said Golcher. "It don't go an eighth of an inch if the old lady don't like the smell of it! I was twelve years signin' contracts for myself and repudiatin' 'em for Mrs. Golcher before I learned better. You bought the house, young man, but you ain't bought Mrs. Golcher. I ain't had my own way since I married her, an', in point of fact, for about six months before that."

"You've got a manager, eh? How did you happen to marry her anyway? Tell me about it. If you can cook up a sparkling storiette to enliven the time till the lady gets here to stop the fun, I don't mind hearing about it."

"How did I happen to marry her? I didn't, by crickety! She married me! I ain't a-kickin', young feller, you want to understand that right at the start. I reckon I'd have died the fool I was born, if she hadn't come along to train me. The old lady's a class by herself, that's all. She's got the qualities of mind and will that made Napoleon the biggest chess champion with live pawns that ever come over the pike. If you want to hear about it, well and good. I'll tell it. It does her credit. She's what the chess experts call a strat-e-gi-cian. Pull up a chair and take a cigar—you don't need to smell of it too hard—it'll burn, all right."

With his feet on the table and one hand lovingly nursing his corn-cob pipe, he then began

Old Man Golcher's Story

THE THREE-MILE LIMIT; OR, LOVE STRATEGIC

I had a hound pup once that would eat anything in the world if he only got the idea that you was takin' it away from him. Sawdust or grass or chunks of coal, it made no difference to the pup. Just hold it out, an' make like you was goin' to haul it back again, an' he'd grab it an' sink it so quick he never knew how it tasted. He only wanted it because he couldn't get it.

Now, when I was younger, they was points of resemblance between me an' that pup. That's the only excuse I could ever cook up for my fallin' in love with Matie Kenney.

You see, old man Kenney had a line of fence across our private road. Twice a year my pa used to go out with a shotgun and take pot shots at old Kenney, while our hired man sawed down the fence-posts. An' twice a year Kenney would swear out a warrant for pa. It come as reg'lar as Christmas an' Fourth-of-July. Snipin' Kenneys was the favorite sport of my childhood's happy hours.

Seein' that buckshot is penetratin' an' sometimes permanent in its effects, I never met Matie Kenney till I was nineteen, when, one July day, havin' nothin' particular to do, I went up to take a look at the mines at Almaden. She blew into the superintendent's office with another girl while I was hearin' how amalgam works.

"Miss Willmarth, Mr. Golcher," he says, an' then, "Miss Kenney, Mr. Golcher."

Well, sir, when he said Kenney, I was for dodgin' behind the desk by instinct, an' drawin' quick, but by the time he had finished sayin' Golcher, I was laid out cold. She caught my game complete. I approved of her most cordial. I s'pose it was the hound pup in me, for she was a doll if they ever was one.

She was little, an' kind of chunky an' huggy, with a pink face an' great big black eyes, all smeary dark around the edges.

Now I reckon that when what Ella Wheeler Wilcox calls a normal young man sees what she'd call a normal young woman, the first

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"I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PICTURE THE WAY I FELT WHEN I SAW HER IN A PINK CALICO APRON."

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crack out of the box he begins to wonder what it would be like to own her. Anyway, that's the way it hit me, all of a heap; an' my second idea was that I couldn't have her, not without a blamed embarrassin' funeral. An' so that's what nailed me cold to the proposition that I *had* to have her.

Well, the Willmarth girl I knew then, some, havin' took her to dances an' so on. She got in, an' worked her converser heavy to make things pleasant, but, all the same, it was Matie Kenney I walked alongside of when we left the office to look at the quicksilver tanks. Before we got through doin' the sights, Matie had begun to train them smeary black eyes of hers on me as if I was the whole works, an' I had spoiled the only five-dollar gold-piece I had on me, dippin' it into the quicksilver to show her how the amalgam stuck on. It took me two nights roastin' that five over a coal-oil lamp before I got it off, but I would have risked a twenty.

When we got to her buggy to go home, I let her know that I was willin' to enjoy more of her society. Seems like they was a little speck of hound pup in her, too, for she said, "I generally visit Bee Willmarth Sunday nights." Then I predicted that Bill Golcher wan't goin' to attend evenin' services next Sunday, very heavy. You bet I didn't either.

Bee Willmarth fixed it all up. She found business for her pa, an' an engagement for her ma, an' left us alone on the piazza with nothin' but the cat an' a hammock. That was her first move on the chess-board of love, an' I'll bet that even then she could have announced mate in twenty-seven moves, like this here Lasker. But Lord! I didn't suspect nothin'. Why should I? After Matie was gone, I was that grateful that I kissed Bee Willmarth, when I wouldn't have dared to try the Kenney girl. Of course I didn't mean nothin' an' I was miles away from suspectin' how much it meant to Bee.

It was the next Sunday, and the Tuesday after that, and then the Sunday followin', an' then it come in bunches. I had it pretty bad, an' so did Matie, an' for that matter, Bee, too. Over at home, pa growled all the time because I was puttin' in so much time runnin' round with the boys, as he thought, an' over to the Kenney ranch. The old man just thought Matie was studyin' French with Bee.

Well, one day Bee says to me, "The folks will all be away to-morrow. Don't you want to come over, an' you an' Matie an' me will get supper?" It sounded so nice an' housekeepin'-like, with Matie an' me in the kitchen together, that I shivered. I was lookin' at it like a kitchen built for two—Matie and me, of course, with Bee representin' the hired girl.

If I was teetotally gone on that Kenney girl before, I don't know how to picture the way I felt when I see her in a little pink calico apron wrestlin' with the cook-stove, while Bee tried to show her how. I just sat an' pretended to be peelin' potaters, but all the time I was watchin' Matie. I ain't sayin' she was so dog-gone much on results, though. When she started to beat up some eggs, she sploshed 'em all over her pink apron, which would have looked kind of messy to anybody but a feller as luny as I was. The omelette she made of 'em was an insult to a man's stomach, but I downed it as well as I could. An' the difference between her coffee an' the stuff Bee used to turn out of the pot was certainly wide an' far-reachin'.

On the contrarywise, Bee's biscuits was a dream, an' in twenty minutes by the clock she produced an article of fancy marble cake that just naturally got in close to where a man lives, an' didn't make no fuss there, neither. So, by an' bye I got in an' jollied Bee's cake an' biscuits a little, just to do the right thing by our accommodatin' hostess, who was certainly doin' her share to give us a good time. I omitted to speak of the omelette. It touched Matie off like a blast of giant powder, an' she got up an' left the room mad. I jumped up to follow her, an' she slammed the door. Bee went out an' brought her back after she'd done something or other to her eyes, but Matie wasn't decent to me for the rest of the evenin', an' she didn't even let me take her down to the fence, the way she generally did.

When she was gone, Bee says to me, "Promise me you'll forgive Matie, Will. She does the best she can to control her temper, an' you know cookin' sort of gets on her nerves. She ain't used to it."

"She's got the prettiest little patch of temper I ever saw," I said, an' so she had. About all the Kenney blood that was in her showed up for the month after that. I didn't care. She had me goin', an' a boy of twenty can be so big a fool he can't see the walls when he's inside of the house.

Bee kept fixin' up things so we could be together, but nothin' seemed to suit Matie

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for a cent. She made fun of my neckties, an' then Bee would pick one of the kind women-folks think are right, an' wear it a day, an' then offer to swap hers for mine. I never tumbled; I thought she liked to have it. Matie's one fault was that she had rather big feet, while Bee's was number 2A or something like that. I suppose Bee worked for two weeks, in the way only a woman knows how, before she got me to notice the difference between 'em. And so it went, she surroundin' me with her pawns an' bishops an' bringin' her rooks to bear doubled for the end-game, an' me thinkin' an' Matie thinkin' too, that we was doin' great work. Lord, it was Foreordination against Freewill all over again!

Well, about that time old Kenney connected with the fact that somethin' more than a desire for knowledge of French verbs was afflictin' Matie over to the Willmarth place. He investigated, an' found me with Matie's head restin' calm an' unsuspectin' upon my manly shoulder by the golden moonlight. When Matie got home she hit trouble good an' plenty.

Next day, while I was stackin' over in the North lot, a half-breed Spanish boy passed me a note, an' I saw that they had to be somethin' doin' pretty *pronto*, before old Kenney got after me with a gun. So I sent back word by the same Dago route, sayin' that now was the appointed time to bust over the line an' get married.

She didn't lose no time, I tell you. She wrote back, "Have a rig at the fence at six to-morrow morning."

I had a hundred an' fifty dollars tucked away in a cigar-box, an' I got it. Matie had let Bee in on the game, to go along as a witness, an' Bee was ready with me at six when I drove up to the Kenney fence. We took the first train out of San José for the city.

As luck would have it, old man Kenney come over to the house with a shotgun to reason with me before the trail was cold. Pa met him, an' they got a mutual drop on each other, which led to explanations. Which one of 'em was maddest I have no idea, but the result was that for the first time in their lives the Kenneys an' the Golchers come to a friendly understanding.

An' so when I blew into the marriage license office at the City Hall in San Francisco, ready to swear my life away that we was both over twenty-one, the clerk give me a look-over, and called me into his room. He showed me a telegram that had us described perfect, signed by pa an' old Kenney, an' it said hold us both for abduction.

"See here," says the license man, rather friendly, "I ain't goin' to have you pulled, for my business an' my pleasure is to promote matrimony, an' not to discourage it. But I can't issue you a license, because you're both under age."

"What'll I do?" I asked him.

"The reg'lar, ordinary, commonplace way to beat this combination in San Francisco," he says, "is to hire a tug, an' get married by the captain on the high seas. As soon as you're three miles off shore you don't need a license. It'll cost you fifty for the tug, an' twenty to square the captain, an' I give you my blessin'."

Well, we chased down to the water-front and I dickered with the skipper of a little pup tug, an' handed my blushin' bride an' my unblushin' witness aboard, an' the voyage begun like a picnic, with everybody smilin' an' joshin' in high spirits.

When we passed Alcratraz, Matie was lookin' as pretty as a peach, an' I was hungry to eat her. When we passed the Fort she proposed that we keep right on to Honolulu an' spend our honeymoon there. But in about three minutes after that we started to cross the bar. Ever tried it in a forty-foot tug with a southwest breeze, fightin' a racin' ebb tide? Well, don't unless you're about as sure of your inwards as Bee Willmarth was. They was a dirty chop that made the tug roll like a log, an' I noticed Matie wa'n't talkin' so much as she had been in the Gate. She seemed to be losin' interest in the conversation, an' she didn't say no more about goin' to Honolulu.

Bee was watchin' her, an' now she chirked up considerable, Bee did, an' she proposed that we go out to the bow of the boat an' get the spray an' more of the jolly pitchin'. Matie just give her one look like she'd proposed to eat raw dough.

You can guess what was happenin'. I wa'n't so blame sure of myself, to tell the truth, but I kept my face to the wind, and fought against it. Matie's face begun to grow green, an' the freckles loomed up in a way that was shockin' to see. Her hair was in strings, down over her ears. She begun to cry, an' when she wiped her eyes, all that pretty, smeary black I admired so much come off on her handkerchief. But Bee was as pink an' sassy as a carnation, walkin' up

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an' down, joshin' the captain, an' tryin' to hold the wheel in the pilot-house. I don't believe she ever looked so pretty before nor since as she did then, for her hair was curlin' into little tight locks all over her head, an' she took off her hat so we'd be sure to see it, too.

After a while they came a fearful lurch, an' Matie caved in. I picked her up an' carried her into the cabin, she seemin' to prefer that smelly place to the air outside, an' I fixed her on a lounge with a pillow.

"What's the matter, dear," I said; "are you seasick?"

I must have smiled, I s'pose, as I spoke, for she got pretty mad. "No!" she says; "I have a headache, that's all."

"Perhaps you're a little faint an' hungry," I says. "Couldn't I bring you a ham sandwich or something?"

"Will Golcher," she says, "if you *dare* mention anything to eat to me!"

"Why, Matie," I says, "I only thought you might be hungry."

"You didn't!" she flared out. "You was only makin' fun of me, you an' Bee, too."

"Oh, pshaw," I says, tryin' to get her out of her tantrum; "hadn't you better come out on deck an' get some fresh air?"

"You only want to go out so you can flirt with that Bee Willmarth," she says. "Go on out, if you want to; you don't have to stay here. I hate you! I'm sorry I ever said I'd marry you!"

By this time I'd begun to get mad myself, and I says, "Well, by ginger, you don't have to, if you don't want to!"

"You bet I don't!" she says, "an' I won't, neither, see if I do! You just tell the captain to turn round and go back to the city. I'm all through with you, Will Golcher!"

I went out to where Bee was standin' at the wheel in the pilot-house, with the captain showin' her how, an' I called her aside.

"I guess they ain't goin' to be no weddin' on this tug," I says. "Matie's mad, an' we better turn round an' go home."

She looked kind of funny at me. Then she says, "Oh, perhaps she'll change her mind. Let's keep on out to the three-mile limit, anyways. Matie won't mind, if she don't know which way we're steerin', and they say seasickness is good for people." Say, she begun to look at me pretty hard by that time. I expect I sort of felt it before I saw what was up.

We went up forward and sat in the bow, for I was beginnin' to feel fine. Bee just touched my hand once or twice. I thought it was accidental at first, so I investigated. She wa'n't the kind of a girl that allows accidents to happen. Finally I was holdin' her hand and she was leanin' up to me. I didn't care how far out we went to sea.

Pretty soon the captain yelled out, "Pile out there, now; here we are, all right, three miles off shore! Hurry up! I have a date for this tug at the Lombard Street wharf at four, so step lively!"

"What'll we do?" I asked Bee.

"I dunno," she said, very slow, an' then, seein' I wasn't suggestin' anything, she said, "I'll go into the cabin an' see how Matie feels about it." So she went back.

I was in front of the pilot-house then. Well, sir, I don't know to this day what happened, whether she did go in to see Matie, or only pretended to, or what she said if she did go in. I never dared to ask, an' anyway, I generally prefer to let these women-scraps alone an' dodge the hammers. But Bee come back an' she held out both of her hands to me, an' looked up at me, an' she says, as near as I can recollect:

"I don't believe she wants to marry you, William. Ain't she a fool?" Then she begun to cry.

Then I tumbled, an' it was checkmate for her. I caught her up in my arms an' I says, kissin' her, "Shall you an' me do it, then?" An' she says, "Of course, silly!"

I went back and called through the door, "I'm goin' to marry Bee, Matie. Have you got any objections?"

She says, "Go an' marry her, if you want to, the sly old thing. I hate the both of you, an' the worst thing I hope for her is to have you for a husband!"

So we done the act. The captain never said a word about my changin' girls at the last minute, but he grinned some. It was all the same to him, so long as he got his twenty, I expect.

Well, sir, when I come to my senses, I realized that Bee had saved my life, an' I ain't one to criticise methods of feminine warfare with my preserver. But Bee was a chess-player, all right. Invitin' me to meet Matie Kenney was her openin' gambit, an' from then on she had me cinched, an' I never knew it. An' I thank God that I married a woman with brains an' beauty that's weather-proof. Here comes Mrs. Golcher now, just in time!

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II

THE CORONATION

How La Beale Norine disappeared from the castle and the Lady Isyl was crowned in her stead. How the queen sate in the great hall in dolour and was comforted by a mysterious stranger: THE TALE OF LOVE TERPSICHOREAN.

IN a large bare room of the Agricultural Building at San José, two girls were sticking the last scraps of court plaster to their faces, finishing a prinking that to a man would have seemed shameless. The elder and the taller and the blonder of the two was Norine Almeric, Queen-elect of the Fiesta, gowned in low-cut white satin and lace, girdled with a rainbow of artificial gems, which branched and fell to her feet. As she skirmished round her enormous billowy train and reached for a long ermine cape, the other girl ran to assist her.

Miss Isyl Shea, her Maid of Honor, was a good foil for the Queen. She was not at all statuesque, but of an entrancingly domestic sort of blushing plumpness, dark olive of complexion and extravagantly feminine. An impertinent man might have said that he would like to kiss Miss Almeric, but that he would rather have Isyl kiss him. The Maid of Honor was costumed almost as elaborately as the Queen, but in scarlet appliquéd with silver cloth.

"Isyl," said Miss Almeric, "you're a perfect picture! You should have been Queen. You're a thousand times prettier than I ever longed to be. I feel like Elizabeth persecuting Mary, Queen of Scots. Why didn't they elect you? I didn't want it. Heavens! I have had everything I wanted since I was old enough to make funny faces at Daddy; I've had my school-teachers discharged just because I didn't like the way they wore their hair. I only agreed to this on account of Daddy's friends, they made such a point of it."

"I didn't care, either," the other answered, but something in the steadiness of her mouth belied her as she went on. "Papa had set his mind on it too, and he was terribly disappointed. He refused to come to-night. The Golden Gate boys aren't coming either. They said the election was unfair."

"Most likely it was," Miss Almeric assented calmly. "Daddy's friends have a way of winning very often." She smiled rather sarcastically.

The Maid of Honor partly opened the door leading into the corridor, and peeped out. Through this slit the buzz and rattle of the increasing audience in the hall came to them with the nearer noise of talk and laughter down the corridor, where the court, babbling, flirting, and fooling, was assembling for the procession. A determined voice was uttering orders for the formation of the pageant.

Suddenly from the other door of the waiting-room came a brisk tap and Isyl turned to see Miss Almeric answer it. A small messenger boy in uniform entered and, gazing in fascinated admiration, handed her an envelope. Miss Almeric tore it open at once and glanced over it.

"Wait a minute, Isyl," she said, "I will be right back;" and without further explanation she passed through the door and ran downstairs. The boy followed her.

Several minutes passed and Miss Almeric did not return. Then the sound of horses' hoofs was heard in the street below. Isyl ran to the window just in time to catch a

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glimpse of a hack swiftly turning the corner into the Alameda. Then came another knock, this time upon the door which she had closed upon the corridor.

She opened, to find the Prime Minister appointed by the Queen. He was wearing, as unaffectedly as possible for a man that seldom soars to heights above a black diagonal "cutaway" and derby hat, a brilliant costume in which one might pick details from nearly every epoch since the Renaissance. He was primed with dignity and accomplished for the first time officially a wonderful obeisance, involving his whole body above the waist.

"The procession is ready to start, your Majesty," he announced, with his eyes on the floor. He raised them, to find Isyl's merry smile the only other living thing in the room. "Why, where's Miss Almeric?" he demanded, losing his gravity in the surprise and disappointment of wasted endeavor.

Isyl's smile fled, and she puckered her brow. "I don't know," she said, anxiously. "She just left the room a few moments ago, and she ought to be back. I am a little worried about it, to tell the truth."

She went to the door, opened it, and looked down. The Prime Minister, with a nervous hand upon his sword, descended. In another minute he reappeared with staring eyes.

"She ain't there," he cried. "She ain't anywheres. She's gone! Well, this is a fix! We can't have the Coronation without the Queen! What'll we do?"

Isyl giggled hysterically. "We might advertise for her," she suggested, her sense of humor triumphing over the suspense.

"This thing is serious, by Jove!" the Prime Minister exclaimed. "There's a crowd outside that's paid money to see the Coronation, and somebody's got to be coronated. We can't wait a minute!" He stood for a moment in a Napoleonic attitude, and then sprang for the door.

"Call Kit Wilkinson," he cried to a page outside. "Hurry up now," he added, sharply.

Mr. Christopher Wilkinson came on the run, garbed in an indescribable outfit supposed to simulate the aspect of a Lord Chamberlain and Master of Ceremonies. An enormous brass chain, festooned from shoulder to shoulder, kept him from visibly bursting with importance, and a white rod of office, like a slim exclamation point, called attention to his grandeur. He was flurried with the burden of his duties and furious at the delay. It was the Chamberlain who had planned the whole Fiesta with a pomp of ritual and ceremony. This hitch in the proceedings exasperated him.

"For Heaven's sake, what's the matter?" he inquired; and then, as his eye ran around the room, "Where's the Queen?"

The Prime Minister shrugged his shoulders; the Maid of Honor was uncertain whether to weep or laugh. "She is gone!" the girl answered.

"Gone!" he roared, and he looked at Isyl as if he suspected her of having the missing Queen concealed about her person. Then his surprise dissolved in a melodramatic caution. He hastily closed the door and locked it.

"Now, what do you mean? Tell me what is all this foolishness. Hush, please; if there's anything wrong we don't want the crowd to know it—least of all, the newspaper people."

The tale was retold in whispers, while an impatient tumult grew louder outside. The Chamberlain was distraught with disappointment, and all three members of the court stared at each other in consternation. A state secret, big with portent, confronted them. It must be met and solved without delay. A rapping at the door emphasized their suspense. But the Chamberlain rose to the occasion.

"Miss Shea," he announced, "you must be crowned Queen of the Fiesta. We have no time to look for Miss Almeric. I can't imagine what has happened, but we'll say that she was suddenly taken ill and has gone home. I won't have this show ruined now, after all I've done for it. But remember," he added, "nothing is to be told of Miss Almeric's disappearance, until we have had time to investigate. You must promise on your honor!"

They nodded, quite serious now, and the Prime Minister, giving his arm to Isyl, led her into the corridor, where the procession was waiting in high disapproval of the delay. Behind the courtiers a bevy of reporters, already scenting trouble, was watching sharply. The word was passed down the line that, as Miss Almeric was ill, Miss Shea was to be made Queen, and a murmur of discontent did not make Isyl's position any easier to face. She took her place, however, under a bobbing canopy, and the word was given to move.

Preceded by a small herald wearing a blue baldric and holding to her lips a pasteboard trumpet, the procession debouched

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into the hall of the Pavilion, and marched up the centre aisle. The "Drag" was out in force, full of expectation, triumphant as usual, whether at election, trial, or junket. The great concourse of spectators was as if one great family had gathered under the patriarchal guidance of Bob Almeric, the uncrowned King of the County. To-night his abstract majesty was to be made visibly manifest in the coronation of his twenty-year-old daughter, and his Aldermen, his Judges, his police officers, and his heads of departments were ready to do her homage.

But, as they watched, lo! here walked the defeated candidate, Isyl Shea, escorted in triumph by a retinue of the boss's own choosing! It was incredible, and a murmur of many protesting voices rose to the ceiling. No one could deny that Isyl was the prettier of the two girls and the more fitting to be crowned a Queen of Beauty. She walked, bashful and hesitating as a bride, looking neither this way nor that, toward the throne, but there were no cheers for her when she ascended the dais.

The mystery was explained by an announcement from the Chamberlain, and Bob Almeric, tearing himself away from a nest of sympathetic friends, arose and hurried from the hall. The ritual proceeded.

The Prime Minister delivered half-heartedly his Coronation speech. Isyl advanced with dignity, and, bending her head, received the crown and assumed the throne, a high-backed piece of furniture seldom seen outside of photographic studios. The Mayor of San José arose, and, in a few magnificent words highly eulogistic of "this our Garden Spot of the World," presented the Queen with the keys of the city in a burned leather casket.

The band now struck up "God Save the Queen," and, amidst a great clattering of chairs removed by a frantic Floor Committee, the processional promenade was formed to pass the throne.

So these subjects of her Carnival kingdom passed her in review, led by the ubiquitous Board of Trade. Some couples stopped and bowed with exaggerated formality; some showed awkward, sheepish embarrassment; some scarcely paused in their conversation, but nodded their heads cavalierly. It was over at last, and the Chamberlain announced the first dance.

The ball should have been opened by the Queen, Isyl knew, but no one came to escort her to the floor. Her Ladies-in-Waiting, seated below her, were carried off one by one, and she was left alone upon her conspicuous perch, like a statue on the cupola of a gilded dome. It was evident now that the "Drag," unable to honor their own favorite, was to dishonor her. The humiliation of the public affront burned a crimson stain upon her cheek.

The throne, where Isyl now found herself sequestered as if in some quaint dream, was upon a high platform built at one end of the great hall. All about were hung the Fiesta colors, purple and gold, with flags of all nations and streamers pendent from every angle of the roof trusses. On the floor the whirling dancers wove varying patterns, as the uniforms of the different secret fraternities mingled with the brightly colored gowns of the ladies. The swell and rhythmic cadence of the orchestra came up to her with a hum of conversation. The music, the murmur, and the twinkle of many electric lights, fascinated her, and she sat as if hypnotized.

"Oh, Isyl!"

There was a voice behind her. She looked and saw only a wall of parti-colored bunting gently waving in full festoons. She seemed to be alone on the great platform, cut off from the surging, swaying crowd below. Again she heard the voice, and a clergyman officiating at a funeral and suddenly interrupted by a jest from the corpse could have been no more surprised than was the Queen.

"Is an uncouth stranger permitted to address the Goddess of Liberty basking in the limelight?"

"Who in the world are you?" she said, "and *where* in the world are you?"

"I am *not* a Nihilist with a dynamite bomb ready to blow up your throne; that's who I am! And I am standing on a keg of nails in the door-way of the Committee Room about eighteen inches behind your royal left elbow. If you'll kindly stretch back your lily-white hand, I will greet your Majesty as royalty was ever greeted in the iron-bodied yoretime."

Seated in the full gaze of thousands on the floor below, Isyl dared not laugh aloud, much as she wished to. She held her fan in front of her lips, and asked:

"How in the world did you get there?"

"Not being able to force my fiery warhorse up the stairs, I came on foot," replied the affable mystery. "Now where is that right hand, please?—duty before pleasure!"

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She was just reckless enough by this time to assent. The invisible stranger, reaching through an opening in the bunting, pressed his lips to her outstretched hand. Then, to her surprise, he slipped a ring upon the fourth finger.

"Oh!" cried the Queen. "What's this for? Why, I can't take it, really."

"Please keep it till called for; owner will pay charges," said the stranger. "It's wished on, remember."

Isyl turned it on her finger in wonder. There was something familiar about the sapphire, yet she could not remember just where she had seen one like it. She was, after all, having a better time than she had expected.

"What did you come here for?" she asked.

"The fury of a restless desire, adulterated with a four-per-cent. solution of nothing-else-to-do," he answered.

"Did you see me in the hall?" she asked.

"I did," he replied, "and you were a star of the first magnitude. But I had an instinctive premonition that it might be chilly at your lofty latitude, removed from the common herd of cheap Swedes. I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind a few merry how-de-do's, not to be discovered in Hoyle, his Book. Hence these jollies. Say, does that go?" he added anxiously.

"Did you escape from the Agnews Asylum?" Isyl asked, amazed at these figures of speech. "You seem to be a rather talkative young lunatic!"

"Oh, if you are otherwise engaged in profound contemplation, or ruminating on the Theory of Indeterminate Asymptotes, why then I can fade away. But say, you don't mind a royal intrigue on the Q. T., do you?"

"Idiot," said the Queen, "what do you want?"

"See here, little girl, seriously, you're not having a very good time up there, are you?"

"No," said Isyl, looking at the sapphire, "I'm not."

"It was a low Dutch trick to cut you out like this," he went on emphatically. "I wouldn't stand for it."

"What can I do?" she asked. "I can't take my dolls and go home. Really, it's awfully good of you to come up here and sympathize. Of course, though, I must admit that it's an inexcusable impertinence. I don't even know you."

"Then it is the proper time to get acquainted," said the unseen.

"Well, you might stay a little while and amuse me, if you have nothing else to do," she suggested.

"All right," he assented. "Of course, I can't do many parlor tricks or palmistry stunts, standing on a barrel behind the arras, but if there is any witchery in the human barytone to charm an ostracized princess, just let me know and I'm your nightingale. Shall I warble a few low notes? I'm just out of conundrums."

"Oh, just talk and amuse me," said Isyl.

"Say, I know! That two-step they're spieling reminds me of a funny thing I ran across once. It's a true story. Shall I sing you a song of the long ago?"

"If you can tell it in the English language, do," said Isyl, and she prepared to listen, looking pensively over the assembly.

"Wait till I change my feet," was the reply, and he proceeded with

The Mysterious Stranger's Story

TWO-STEP WILLIE; OR, LOVE TERPSICHOREAN

The newsiest elopement in San Francisco never happened. So the only reason I know anything about it is because I patronize the Tonsorial Parlors of William J. Biddle, B.S.; which initials stand for the degree of Bachelor of Shaving as conferred by the Barber's College on Third Street.

A barber has to talk: perhaps because the comic weeklies have committed him to the custom, and perhaps because his trade is as near being a feminine accomplishment as a man of spirit will undertake. Anyway, W. J. Biddle is no exception to the rule, and this is the cause of his occasionally varying his ordinary nickname of Two-Step Willie with that of Gabby Bill. The brief but joyous history of his fatal plunge into the society of San Francisco's four hundred will explain both aliases.

About ten years ago, the Real Thing in San Francisco's swell drag was Pierpoint Browning, and unless every festive function had his name blown in the bottle it didn't write up for more than two or three lines in the social columns of the *Wave*. He was only a marine underwriter's clerk before he

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"WHERE IS THE QUEEN?"

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graduated into steering the *haute ton* and leading cotillons, and all this happened at about the time he was in the transition state.

"Browny," as they used to call him, when they wanted his help, was all things to all women. He was a good "tame cat" when you needed a seat filled in your theatre-box, he could everlastingly decorate a dinner-table and tell you how to drape fish-nets, he could invent freak cotillon stunts to beat the trolley, and he knew down to four places of decimals just who was who in a town where most millionnaires' ancestors, half a generation back, are washwomen or terriers. The buds said he was just lovely," the married women said he was "so interesting," and he was solid with the dowagers. He had a free annual pass everywhere worth going. He was a "universal favorite" and ever "the life of the party." What was more to the point with the swells was that Browny was of a good rich, ripe, juicy Southern family himself, if he was an underwriter's clerk, and he had grandfathers to throw at the birds.

The consequence was, he soon became a kind of social dictator and blue-book expert. He could make out a list of invitations for a reception that required no asterisks or footnotes to explain why. A debutante didn't dare to come out till her old man had squared "Browny" and got his sanction; or if she did, she soon found herself with the wall-flowers. Nobody ever quite knew how he managed to wire the town so well, but if you cut "Browny" you cut a live wire and were socially paralyzed.

Of course Browny had his pick of the town, and he marked a bud named Flora Donovan for the future Mrs. Browning, and proceeded to nail her down. He was in a position, by this time, to give any favorite of his a pretty good time, without it costing him a bean, and so Flora came in for the cream of everything doing. If she wanted to go to Del Monte that summer, Browny made Del Monte the only possible resort for any one in the swim. If she preferred Castle Crags, the tavern underneath Mt. Shasta became the Mecca of the swells. If Flora gave a tea, she got no "regrets"—everybody came—they had to. Flora could get into drawing-rooms where her mother wouldn't try to push past the door. If there was a distinguished stranger or literary guy hit the town, Flora had him and Browny up to dinner, and sent her father to bed.

Now Flora Donovan wasn't what you might call of the elect or to the manner born, but was strictly Browning-made. That is to say, her father was a day-laborer in Virginia City before he struck pay dirt and swelled up into seven figures. Her mother used to cook for thirty terriers at the Black Betty Mine. But anything like that goes all right in San Francisco, if it has money and the social backing of Pierpoint Browning.

Flora, then, as you may imagine, was a bit short on the Intellectual Life. She was all sorts of a good fellow, though, with a will and a way of her own and plenty of blood-red corpuscles. But she wouldn't have known Differential Calculus if she had eaten it fried *à la* Maryland. She was big and pretty, and everybody liked her and no catch questions asked. Everybody thought that she and Browny were as good as engaged, when, bing! they had a little spat, which, at last, introduces Two-Step Willie.

Browny was in the habit of patronizing a little three-chair barber-shop near his office on Montgomery Street, and he had broken my friend Biddle to cut the Browning hair and trim the Browning beard exactly as Browning wanted it done, and no foolishness about sea-foam shampoos or dandruff cure. Biddle talked ever as he worked, in the way that barbers will.

One day when Willie Biddle was stropping his razor, he said, "Say, Mr. Browning, I understand you get up a good many parties around town. Is that right?"

Pierpoint Browning spluttered out an "Oh, yes," and Biddle went on, insinuatingly, showing what a good fellow he could be.

"Say, you know I'm more or less of a dancing man, myself, and I wouldn't mind if you got me an invite to some of those flare-outs."

Browny giggled. He had heard something of Biddle's history, for the barber was then renowned, south of Market Street, as "Two-Step Willie," that being his favorite dance, wherein he excelled, fabulously. He was the President of the Chrysanthemum Social and Outing Club, too, besides having won first prize "for the best-dressed gent" at the Christmas Masquerade Ball of the "Vultures." All of which, being translated, means that Two-Step Willie, was, in his own set, quite as great a man as Browny was in his, although, as you know, there's very little reciprocity between the North and the South of Market Street. Being able, moreover, to dance a two-step to perfection, and having charmed one-half of the city with

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his nimble, twinkling heels, Willie was longing for more worlds to conquer.

Now, Willie Biddle's request just happened to remind Browny of a remark of Flora's that rankled. "You can't dance the two-step for raw potatoes—that's why you won't have them in your dance programmes," was the characteristic way she had put it, for Browny was particularly down on the new jump, and wouldn't stand for it. The jest lay rather in the manner than the matter of it, but it had made Browny pretty sore.

A horrid thought entered Pierpoint Browning's head. It took unto itself roots and grew. It was weird, for a person of Pierpoint Browning's staid powers of imagination, and it bewitched him. If Flora Donovan wanted someone whose chief requisite was an ability to trip the light fantastic two-step, why not introduce William J. Biddle, the Pride of Minna Street? It would be a good joke on Flora. As for the murder of Biddle's subsequent career, that would be easily managed.

"H'm," Browny said, after he had thought all this out, "I don't know but I might manage to get you an invitation sometime. I'll see." And he did.

It took him about two weeks to get Two-Step-Willie into training for the Friday Night Cotillon, and Browny had him around to his room coaching him on all points and sundry. He reorganized Willie's Minna Street Theory of Dress, and trimmed down some of his Tar Flat ideals of free and easy deportment. By tightening up a screw here, loosening a nut there, and oiling him up all over, he succeeded in making Willie socially presentable. The talky-talk part was easy. A barber meets a good many different sorts of people, and this one had a rather smart and fetching line of gab that would fool any ordinary onlooker.

So, one Friday night, Browny trotted out his new entry as Mr. Will Biddle and introduced him to Flora and the rest of the debutantes, mentioning something hazy about his being related to the Biddles of Philadelphia. Willie did actually happen to have a second cousin there. You know, of course, that in Philadelphia there are Biddles and Biddles. This one was a plumber.

Mr. Biddle, of San Francisco, then sailed in, with his customary expectation of easy victory, jauntily jollied Miss Donovan and her 300-pound mamma, and then entered for a two-step, which Browny had taken good care to put in on the list of dances. Willie was not disappointed. He scored a gold bull's-eye. Then he made good all along the line, for when it came to sitting out for a corner-chat, or a heart-to-heart flirtation in the supper-room, he was perfectly able to deliver the goods.

Perhaps all clever and successful men make love in the same way; and no doubt what went with the salesladies of Minna Street was only a part of the General Girl Proposition. He made a hit with Flora, at any rate. In fact, he did it a good deal too well and too soon to suit Pierpoint Browning; and no doubt Flora enjoyed playing off the handsome stranger against her would-be, on account of the spat which hadn't quite healed over. She certainly was good to Willie.

Meanwhile Biddle had put in some fine work with Flora's mother. Most people had an idea that the mention of life in Virginia City in the early sixties would be considered indelicate and in bad taste by the Donovans, since their rise to social eminence, but Willie was innocent, and butted right in with a remark about his having lived in Virginia City himself about that time, and the old lady took him into her heart straightway. The fact was, she loved to talk about old times, but Flora wouldn't let her. The consequence was that Willie left the cotillon with an invitation to dine at the Donovan's next day. He didn't tell Browny.

That next day the gods called Pierpoint Browning out of town. He went to El Paso on hurry business, and from there to Mexico, and it was two weeks before he got back. He had forgotten all about Two-Step Willie, though he had thought some about Flora. It never entered his head that Willie could have been climbing the social ladder, hand over hand, meanwhile. When Browny went up to call on the Donovans, he nearly fainted away.

Willie had been industriously sawing wood, and by this time he was an old friend of the family. Old Mr. Donovan was calling him Bill, the old lady had half-talked him to death, Flora had introduced him to nearly everybody in town, and the bull pup had stopped growling at him.

How Willie had kept up his end, the Lord only knows. From what he let drop, I imagine that he had spent about every cent he had saved to buy an interest in a shop with, and I have no doubt he counted the money well

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lost. He had splurged in flowers and cabs and suppers and theatre-tickets in a way that did him credit as a rapid-fire spender. He had done it up brown, travelling every night after 7.30 as W. Jimpson Biddle, a relative of the Biddles of Philadelphia, and yelling "Next!" every day at his chair in the Montgomery Street shop. Talk about Monsieur Beaucaire! He led a double life, all right. It was lucky for him that none of the men in Flora's set happened to patronize that tonsorial establishment.

Browny sat and stared, while his protégé patronized him in a way that would have made a hen laugh. I don't suppose it had ever entered Willie's head that he wasn't the social equal of anyone who couldn't two-step. He really believed that this was a free country, and all men equal.

What the devil was Browny to do? If he showed up Two-Step Willie he would have to confess to having played a pretty mean game himself, but he couldn't bear to let the thing go on any farther. It certainly wasn't right to Flora. It was a hard nut to crack. He couldn't ask Willie to step down and out at this late hour. His one hope was that the barber wouldn't be able to stand the pace and would sink back into a Minna Street oblivion from lack of funds. But just about as soon as he decided this, Willie showed his hand. He was helplessly in love, and was actually trying to marry Flora Donovan. He told Browny about it himself!

How Flora could stand for him, Browny couldn't see, but she advertised the fact liberally. She had him everywhere, and Browny didn't even have a chance for a look-in. If he called in the daytime, Flora was out. If he called in the evening, or met her at a blow-out, little old Two-Step Willie would be surely moored alongside. Browny never could get her alone, even if he'd dared to tell the horrid truth, which was becoming harder every day.

So matters went along for a week, and Browny lay awake nights over it. He'd begun to want the girl pretty bad himself by this time, only he didn't dare to confess. Two-Step Willie had now got his second wind and was a game stayer.

Finally Browny took his life in his hands and sent word to Flora that he must see her that afternoon. She said she'd be in. Browny, I think, was going to settle the puzzle by proposing to her himself, and calling for a show-down.

He was taken into a little reception-room off the hall, and while he was waiting, he heard Flora come from the dining-room where the maid didn't seem to have looked for her, and she went to the telephone and began to talk. When Browny heard her say, "Hello, Willie," he listened like a school-girl. And he certainly heard things.

Yes, he heard enough to make him perspire freely. From what he caught, he grew pretty certain that Flora and Willie were engaged, and that they were planning to elope that very evening and take the Owl train to Los Angeles. That settled it for him. But of course he didn't know that Flora hadn't taken the telephone off the hook at all, and was really talking to the hat-rack.

Flora came into the reception-room with her hat on, and seemed to be very much surprised to find Browny waiting for her there. He didn't lose any time, but went to it like a man.

"I have come to say what I ought to have told you long ago, Flora, only I didn't dare to. I introduced you to Mr. Biddle, and I wilfully deceived you about him. I deserve to be horsewhipped. But you mustn't have anything more to do with him, Flora."

"Why?" asked Flora. "I think he's awfully interesting."

"He's not what you think he is," Browny stammered. "He's—the fact is, he's a barber!"

Flora laughed.

"Well, Mr. Browning, you've decided to tell me at last, have you?"

It was now Browny's turn to be bewildered.

"Do you mean to say you knew it before?" he asked.

"I've known it for some time," she answered, smiling at him in a highly pleased way, "and I was only waiting to see whether or not you'd be honorable enough to confess your rather poor joke on me. I'm glad you have at last, though it's pretty late in the day."

Well, Browny married her that winter, so I expect they made it up all right. And I believe that Two-Step Willie is still a friend, and calls regularly—always after 7.30 P.M., though. The funny part of the whole thing, or the pathetic part, if you like, was that Willie told Flora his business, in all innocence, the night he was first introduced.

(To be continued.)

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Can I Afford an Automobile?

By ARTHUR N. JERVIS

SHALL I get a horse and carriage, or buy and run an automobile? This question has become pertinent this year. If a man can afford the former, why can he not afford the latter?

Perhaps he can; it depends upon the sort of man he is, the sort of horse or of automobile he wants to own, the character and severity of the service he will exact. At best, the answer to the question must be a qualified one; there are too many fluctuating quantities to be reckoned with to permit of any oracular affirmative or negative.

A few years ago the proposition would have been deemed ridiculous, and with reason. Many may still think it absurd; yet the mechanical improvements made in automobile manufacture during the last few years have so greatly advanced the efficiency and reliability of motor vehicles that they are far from being the expensive conveyances to maintain that they were. No longer are they regarded as vehicles exclusively for millionaires. The advance in their reliability has been so great, indeed, that it is now possible to make comparisons with some degree of satisfaction between the cost of keeping a horse and that of running an automobile, or, to use a newer term, a motor car.

INITIAL COST OF A CAR

Seeking the answer, there is to be considered at the outset the greater first cost of the motor vehicle, and against this must be balanced its greater power and speed, its superior radius of travel, and its modern stylishness. But this extra initial outlay does not exalt the automobile above the reach of the man of moderate means. The comparisons must be made in community of classes. Against the cost of a roadster for all-around family use must be compared the charge for an ordinary light motor carriage. A man who can buy a horse and carriage for $450, a fair estimate for a rig to fill such a need, should be able to invest $650 for a gasoline, electric, or steam runabout. If not, the horse would have a sorry master. If his purse enables owning a pair of fast steppers, two or three vehicles, a groom and a coachman, then the comparison must be made with the expense of an imported touring car, having a tonneau body and a chauffeur. But the initial outlay here would not have the same proportion. The automobile would cost six or seven times as much as the equine outfit, say as $1,500 is to $12,000, and the chauffeur must be paid as much as both the hostlers. But this class is beyond the scope of the present inquiry, which is to throw light on the problem for those who must count the cost.

In the purchase price lies the main difference between the expensiveness of the motor vehicle and that of a horse and carriage. This is not commonly appreciated, and it may therefore seem extravagant to insist that the comparison in cost of maintenance, *per se*, is, on the whole, in favor of the automobile. Yet this is so. Feed for the horse costs more than does fuel for the motor, and bare board-bills, to begin with, are in favor of the power vehicle. The automobile is fed only when it works. The horse eats daily, the year round. Regular shoeing is an extra charge against the horse. Both horse and motor will require a certain amount of grooming and doctoring, which will be widely variable in different cases. The horse may be often ill, and the motor may frequently be out of order, or both may work along with little in the way of repair. The amount of use, the care bestowed, and also luck will figure in the account, and no two men will agree on what the average is. In a given number of cases, though, the repair expenses for the motor car will average in fair showing with the bills for doctoring and for providing various extras for the horse.

The item of wear and tear must be considered. The annual depreciation of a motor car is much greater than that of the horse. After using a horse for a year, a man may be able to dispose of him for even more than he paid, often he does. A motor car, second hand, seldom brings better than from ten to forty per cent. below its cost. The $200 horse might fetch $250 at the end of a year, if in good condition. The $650 run-

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about, in excellent shape, would bring hardly more than $450. In the accounting we must figure that the carriage and harness, lap-robes and other equipment, also have depreciated from ten to forty per cent., and besides, the horse is apt to develop a permanent lameness, or to fall sick and die, and so be a total loss, which cannot happen to the motor car.

"EXTRAS" OF THE AUTOMOBILIST

Other factors in the argument cannot be expressed in terms of dollars and cents. First among the intangible items that count in considering whether a horse or motor car can better be afforded is the motor car's greater range of travel and speed. The extended boundary of exploration counts to the credit of the automobile, for whatever purpose used. To the pleasure-seeker, its greater speed furnishes greater sport. The physician using an automobile finds that he can make more calls, and debits that to the account, for time is his most important consideration. The time-saving, with the man of leisure, will scarcely deserve place on the credit side. There is next to be calculated the extra mental and physical exertion of running an automobile. A horse must be fed and groomed, but, as with the wage-worker, he has some intelligent initiative of his own, and his brain relieves the driver of much strain of attention and effort. The slavish, insentient automobile enslaves its driver by the attention and care its guidance requires. It does more work and its feed costs less, but there is no intelligence in its activity, and to run it through crowded thoroughfares demands some muscular effort and absolute concentration of mind. This must be figured on the debit side of the physician's account with the automobile, but with the pleasure-seeker all this extra care and effort is part of the game. Work while at sport is only play, and the extra effort of automobiling actually goes on the credit side of the sportsman's ledger, just as would the unusual mental and physical energy expended in driving a high-spirited horse. Another point in this comparison is the cost and inconvenience of mishaps on the road, or of derangements in general. The horse breaks down on the road, but let him have rest and Nature cures him without charge. His power returns. It requires special and expert attention to restore the engine's power. On the other side, the motor, as a rule, can be quickly put into shape, but the horse, if deranged more seriously than by weariness, may be out of commission for weeks and be an extra expense during such time.

A YEAR'S EXPENSES

All these things are to be considered in weighing the question, but to draw conclusions we must reckon in figures. Here comes the rub; no two horsemen and no two automobilists will agree on what is the cost of keep for either horse or motor car. This is because of the varying quantities to be estimated. In the case of the automobile, twin cars from the same factory, placed in the hands of separate owners, will cost widely different sums for keep. One man will study his engine till he understands it, keep it cleaned and lubricated, favor it on rough or sandy roads, as a careful horseman would his steed. Another will let his car stand without care, and half the time have it at the repair-shop for troubles caused by his neglect. At the end of a year the careful man will have a car on which he has not spent more than five per cent. of its cost for repairs, salable at a loss of not more than twenty per cent., whereas the other will have expended probably fifty per cent. of the car's first cost on repairs, and his car is worth about half what he paid for it. Of course, the same is true with regard to horses, but the care of them is not so exacting as in the case of the automobile, and the penalty of neglect is not so severe. The element of luck, or chance, figures considerably also. Two equally careful men, with duplicate cars, will have widely different bills of expense, due to one having more mishaps not his fault than the other. A horse may travel five miles soundly and pick up a nail, or go lame from some other cause in the sixth mile, and this is charged to luck. Luck accounts, also, for one motor car having a $20 tire ruinously cut in one mile, and a piston broken in the second, while another car of the same make goes on and on without mishap.

ACTUAL COSTS—HORSE VS. MOTOR CAR

Allowing for all such things, some positive figures may be stated, which, with the uninitiated, will help in settling upon an answer to the question—horse or motor car?

Let us consider the carriage for pleasure

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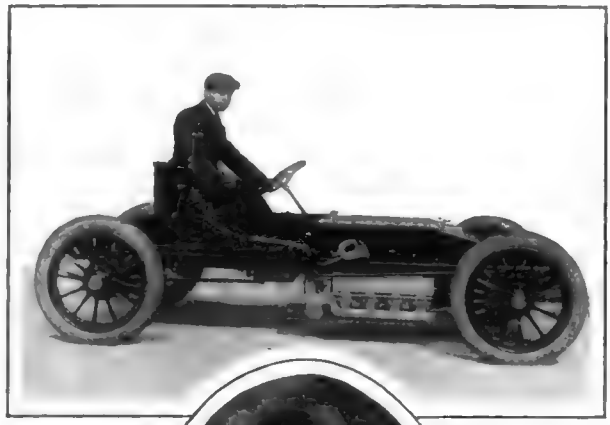
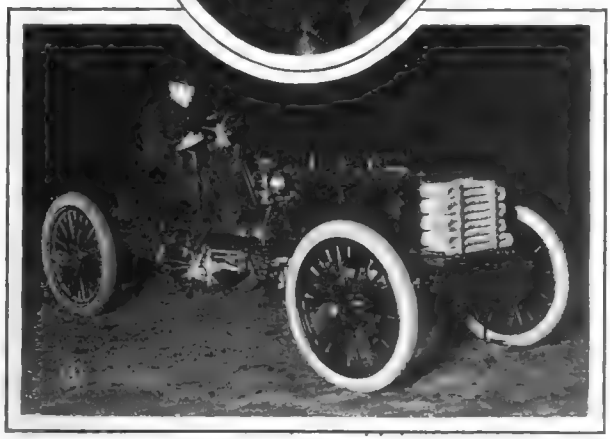
alone. A man desires a vehicle for the use of himself and family, and for $200 manages to assemble a horse-drawn outfit that will enable him to do what Speedway frequenters call "get out on the road." But if he wants a real "toppy" turnout, it will cost him from $800 to $1,000. A sound and passable road rig can be had for $450, but our man is not apt, within these figures, to get a horse that will make any showing in the brushing. For $225 he may find one that will travel at a fairly good gait, inside of three minutes, appear well, and have staying power. A first-rate light road-wagon will be $175 more. Then there will be harness, $25; robes and horse-blankets, $15; extras, in the way of boots, whip, etc., $10. This brings the cost of the outfit to $450, and he will have something of which no man need be ashamed.

Now, for the motor car: It is apart from my purpose to exploit in detail the relative merits of the several styles of power—steam, gasoline, and electric. Each has its merits and defects, and each has a field of service in which it excels. Briefly, steam is the elastic power which alone can be called upon for extra effort, and a steam automobile is the best hill-climber; its speed can be regulated with the greatest nicety, and it has no vibration. The electric motor is the cleanliest, quietest, and most simply managed, but its weight increases in direct ratio with its power, and at best its range of travel without recharging is a small one, an average of twenty miles. For the use of women about the city, however, it is the ideal car. The gasoline car is the most vibratory and noisiest, but it has the greatest range of action, is speediest, most economical, and requires less constant watching when in operation than the steam carriage. Because of its all-around utility and its economic superiority, the gasoline car will here be used for comparison. A gasoline runabout can be bought for $500, $550, $600, or as high as $1,800. A type that is to-day selling in large quantity is one with a single cylinder motor, rated five-horse-power, and a sustained speed of twenty-five miles an hour. It weighs 750 pounds, and its price is $650—a little less than a dollar a pound. Gen-





Photos by Davis & Sanford.

THE AMERICAN TEAM ENTERED FOR THE INTERNATIONAL CUP RACE IN IRELAND, JULY 2.

1. Percy Owen; 2. Alexander Winton; 3. Louis P. Mooers.

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erally the price includes lamps and a horn, and the only accessories to be purchased will be lap-robes. No whip is needed, but a tow-line may be. All the extras can be had for $25, making $675 the total cost of the outfit.

Regarding the cost of maintenance: livery board for a horse and carriage varies in New York City from $20 to $40 per month, according to locality, but for the class of man and beast under consideration $30 per month in Manhattan Borough is a fair allowance. Then comes shoeing, for which $2 per month should be allowed; repairs to harness and carriage, new straps, boots, and incidentals, $2 a month more, or $25 a year. There are also to be figured stable tips to the extent of about $25 a year. In respect to tips, the horseman is at a disadvantage, for the steed needs constantly a great many little attentions, and hostlers must have regular fees for continual service, while the automobilist is called upon for gratuities only when he uses his car. These items bring the annual cost of keep for the horse and carriage up to $434. The regular rate for storing a light motor car in New York City is $20 a month. This is almost absolutely uniform, and includes cleaning, pumping tires, etc. For this price most *garages*, as the storage stations have come to be styled through the absurd adoption of one more French term, will send the motor vehicle to the house of the owner when it is requested. Allow $1 a month for tips, and the cost of fuel is the only thing remaining to be reckoned. A gallon of gasoline will run such a car from twenty to thirty miles, but for the sake of being conservative let us estimate the fuel at five gallons for a hundred miles and the average cost of it at eighteen cents per gallon. This brings the operating expense to ninety cents per hundred miles. Five hundred miles' travel a month is more than a car is used on the average, and certainly is several times the distance a horse would be driven in that time; but let this be the estimated service and the total monthly cost is raised $25.50, or $306 a year. To this add an allowance of about $10 for renewing batteries, and about $25 for lubricant, extra spark plugs, nuts, bolts, wiring, and incidentals. This brings the cost up to $341. These figures represent averages made from actual experience. One $650 car in New York City is known to have been kept in condition and run 3,200 miles in one year at a total cost for board, fuel, repairs, and extras, of $291.

The personal equation has more to do with the variation in the cost of keep than has actual service, or the element of luck. Some men of mechanical turn of mind love to tinker about a car themselves. They keep it in good running order and seldom have recourse to the repair-shop. For them the cost of maintenance is much less than for those who are helpless in the face of mechanical difficulties. In these summaries I have not included the extraordinary items of repairs due to accidents, nor of doctor's hire in case of illness to the horse. There generally is a veterinary's bill to be paid every year by the horseman and a repair bill for new parts by the motor-car owner. The amount of these is too uncertain to justify averaging, but it should not be much more in one case than in the other, so durable are motor vehicles now being made. In our annual total we must not forget the cost of new tires. These are the most expensive part of a motor runabout, and they are a certain charge, because to keep the vehicle in good condition a new set is needed at least every two years, at a cost of $60. This figures in the depreciation account, but tires are liable to be punctured at any time, and require repairing at a cost of from fifty cents to $2, or to be cut so as to need replacing. As the up-to-date roadwagon is fitted with pneumatic tires, this is a risk of expense that the horseman, generally speaking, has in common with the operator of a motor car, but the horseman's tires are lighter and cost less to buy and to mend.

AUTOMOBILE THE CHEAPER

From this it will appear that, if a man be willing to figure pleasure as interest on his money, he may, by investing a somewhat larger sum at the outset, maintain a small motor car for considerably less than he can keep a horse and carriage. The figures given show:

Cost of horse and vehicle, $450; cost of keeping, $434. Cost of motor car, $650; cost of maintaining, $341. This gives an excess of $200 in the first cost of the automobile and a saving of $93 in the cost of maintenance. Both estimates have been made exclusive of (1) interest on the investment; (2) the depreciation in value; (3) the outlay for extraordinary repairs or doctoring.

On the whole, this seems to favor a decision on the side of the motor car, and it does. It is not, however, because the more

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serviceable vehicle can be kept for less, but because it is worth much more than the amount extra that it will cost. The figures given are misleading until a peculiar phase in the factor of depreciation is counted in. The life of a carriage and of a motor car are about the same. They will give good service for about five years. The horse and carriage may be kept that long; the automobile should not be. The same advance in motor vehicle construction that has made it now possible to maintain a car cheaper than one can keep a horse renders it desirable to buy a new car every year. Automobiles are being improved at a rapid rate, which is not true with regard to carriages. The depreciation of the motor car goes on in proportion to the improvements being made, even if it is not being worn in service. The manufacturers are turning out new machines each year which are cheaper in the cost of maintenance. For these reasons the annual depreciation should be pocketed, the old machine sold, and a new one bought every spring, for the next few years. In a short time this condition will end, and a motor car can be kept for several years without getting out of date. This annual changing of machines means an additional outlay every year of about $200, which again makes the yearly cost of the motor car overlay that of the horse vehicle by about $100. Considering this to be as near a final figure as it is possible to get, the original question still can be answered in favor of the automobile.

A spin of forty or fifty miles is a matter of a couple of hours with the motor car; it is beyond the power of the average horse. The recreative delight there is in riding smoothly and swiftly along without physical effort, and with nothing in front to obstruct the view, must be experienced to be measured. It is wearing on the nerves to urge a tired horse, and the possession of a steed that does not tire, will not shy, or run away if left alone, is itself exhilarating. The pleasures and benefits of automobiling are as distinctive and positive as were those of the bicycle.

In the matter of utility, the comparison is all in favor of the motor vehicle. The most important practical application of the automobile at present is as a physician's carriage. An automobile concern in New York recently compiled some records of the cars it has sold to city and country doctors. In more than forty cases there was not one where a physician had returned to the use of a horse after having tried an automobile, and in the majority of instances the physicians reported the motor car to be more economical, by direct comparison, without counting on its greater power of accomplishment. Rural physicians, especially, declare it to be a boon that enables them to cover twice as much territory as formerly, and yet have leisure.

There are men who love the horse and abhor machinery who would not have an automobile if it cost them nothing in either cash or care; but, apart from such sentimentalists, the progressive man, once he tries it, will find that his motor car affords him more sport, broader scope of travel, greater economy of time, and less worry than his horse, and for that reason will conclude that it pays to choose the automobile.

BARNEY OLDFIELD IN HIS "RACER," WHICH HAS A RECORD OF A MILE IN 1.01½.

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The Unemployed Rich

A Wedding

By MARY MANNERS

EXCEPT that we have the same name, you would never guess Ethel Grundy to be my cousin. Her father made a good deal of money, and mine lost what little he had. She lives in a large house in town, and I live in a small house in the country. Everybody knows her, and nobody knows me. She has travelled all over the world and seen all sorts of interesting places and people, and I've been nowhere. Above all, she is going to be married to an enormously rich man, and I don't see any prospect of my being married to anyone. But at least I'm going to be her bridesmaid. Mamma did not know how to refuse when Aunt Mathilda wrote and asked me, particularly as she very kindly insisted upon giving me the dress, and so here I am, comfortably established in a room as big as our whole ground floor, and, in the depths of my heart, rather lonely and bewildered.

Ethel seems to have so much, and not to know she's got it. It must take a great deal of the edge off luxury always to have been accustomed to it. Now there are her rooms. She has a boudoir, and a bed-room, and a bath-room, all to herself. *I* thought them fine enough for a princess when she took me through them to-day, but when I told her, she only laughed and said, "Do you think so? I hate these flowered papers and chintzes, myself. Indeed, I only care for pure Louis XVI. Selman Dwight is doing the interior designs for my own especial suite in the new house. Would you care to look at them?" She unfolded a lot of paper tracings and explained which marks were doors and which were windows, and how much brocade of the particular shade of pale green she most affected was being woven for the walls, etc., but I couldn't help thinking green brocade out of place in a bed-room, no matter if it were as large as a dining-hall, and full of French oak carving. I was sure I should have preferred the faint festoons of roses and ribands which disported themselves over the delicate cream color of her present apartment. Her little sitting-room is sweet, all light blue and violets, and her bath-room has so many looking-glasses in it that I should think she'd be embarrassed—unless she keeps her eyes shut while she's stepping into the water.

However, she does not seem to find her surroundings worthy of her, any more than I find my little barn of a room worthy of me, so after all she's no better off in that way. Still, of course she is *going* to be able to gratify every whim when she is married, and I shall probably never be able to gratify any whims, married or otherwise; there's *that* to be said!

She showed me her trousseau, and asked me if I liked Valenciennes or Irish lace on my underclothes, which puzzled me very much to answer, because I've never been allowed anything but a tiny embroidered edge on mine, which I usually do myself. I don't think she wanted to be answered, though, for she went on talking about how many dozens of things one *absolutely needed*, till I was quite giddy.

Everything was of fine lawn with lace frills and flounces, and there were pink ribands showing here and there, and her new initials embroidered beautifully in conspicuous places. She had stockings and slippers to match all her gowns, and such gowns! Ball dresses, and dinner dresses, and things she called "tea gowns"—which were almost as fine as her evening dresses—and street costumes, and all sorts of wraps and cloaks. She told me she had *fourteen hats!* and I should like to have seen them all out at once, but somehow she appeared to take it as such a matter of course that she should have fourteen hats, or forty if she wanted them, that I was ashamed to show how excited I felt. She had the smartest short skirts and coats, and all sorts of beautiful silk and cotton blouses to go with them. I could have stayed there for hours looking at them hungrily—no girl could help envying another such pretty things. There was one charming pink dressing-sack that was to be worn when one sat up in bed to take one's break-

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HER TALL, STATELY WHITE FIGURE SWAYING ABOVE HIS.

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fast—I only do that when I am too ill to sit up—which I almost thought I could have copied; only it was open in the neck, and I knew Mamma would have considered *that* most improper.

Ethel carried me off to see her presents before I had half finished the glories of the trousseau. I think she enjoyed dazzling me, now that she herself had passed the dazzled stage. It must be delightful to be a bride and have such beautiful things and such a grand wedding.

Aunt Mathilda was in the room where the presents were set out. They had been shown to the most intimate of the family friends the previous day and were now to be packed away before the wedding. Ethel said it was "such a nuisance to have a man there to watch them." I didn't know whether she meant the friends, or the jewelry and silver, but it seemed odd to invite people to your house whom you *could* suspect of *stealing*. She explained that she didn't mean the guests, but some sneak thief who might easily slip in among so large a company.

"What are you going to do with them?" asked I, gazing.

"Send them to Tiffany's to be stored until I get back from my wedding-trip," she answered, indifferently.

I thought it would take a very large safe to store them in. There were a set of gold plates, and the centre ornaments and candelabra to go with them. There were more silver dishes and candle-sticks and sets of spoons and forks than one could count; pepper-pots and salt-cellars to furnish an army; clocks enough to strike every minute of the hour; pictures, ornaments, furniture, books; and then the jewels! A diamond and emerald necklace and tiara from the groom's father; pearls from his mother; rubies from his sister! A diamond collar from Aunt Mathilda! A diamond crown—no less—from my uncle! Bracelets, rings, scent bottles, fans with twisted monograms in brilliants upon them! I was as confused as Simple Simon at the Fair.

"These are the things I'm going to change," remarked my cousin, approaching one of the heaped-up tables. "They are all hideous. Don't let the men make a mistake and pack them, Mamma."

I examined the things with interest. They were not hideous in my eyes, but I suppose I am no judge.

"That's the tenth silver-embossed portfolio," observed my aunt, waving the pencil with which she was checking off the presents, toward the table. "Who sent it?"

"I've forgotten," said Ethel. "I suppose the card is in it. Oh yes, the Darings—I consider it very saucy in them to send me anything at all. I hardly know them."

"Perhaps they expect to be numbered among your friends in the future," suggested her mother.

"The portfolio isn't good enough," returned Ethel, laughing, "but if I can change it for something I just happen to want, I may leave my card at their ever-open door once in the season."

This conversation would have struck me as vulgar if it had been carried on between two less distinguished persons, but before I left home Mamma had told me to be guided in everything by my aunt, who knew the world and the usages of society, so I supposed that living among a certain favored and exclusive set of people made you, of necessity, suspicious as to the motives of outsiders. Then I suddenly remembered that *I* was an outsider, and wondered whether the little silver lamp my family had with such difficulty saved the money to buy (in the cause of relationship) could have laid us open to like speeches. Perhaps my invitation to be bridesmaid was to be taken as the cancelling of all future obligations. I tried to remember whether Aunt Mathilda's letter had preceded or followed the sending of the lamp. But after all, what did it matter? There I was, and there I must stay till after the ceremony next day, and I certainly looked for no more especial friendship from my cousin in the future than I had enjoyed in the past.

There was to be a dinner that evening for the bridesmaids, eight of us in all, and I was greatly perturbed about my dress. I had a heavy old light blue silk, which had belonged to the days of my mother's finery. It was rather full in the skirt, and had a lace fichu and long ruffles in the sleeves. I had thought it became my white skin and reddish hair when I saw myself in the glass at home, but it did not look like any of the gowns I had seen in Ethel's trousseau, and I was beginning to have an awful fear that I was going to be "queer." However, when I had got myself into it, without the help of Ethel's supercilious English maid (which I declined tremblingly through the door), I thought I looked rather nice, and when I went downstairs, one of the girls who had just arrived

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from Paris had a flowered silk made almost exactly like mine (only that it had coat-tails and velvet ribands), which shows how fashions repeat themselves, particularly in "picture dresses." I felt quite at my ease at once—except for having to hide my slippers, which ought to have been blue, too, and weren't. Black beaded ones were the best I owned.

My uncle and aunt dined out, and we had the house to ourselves. Such a chattering as there was! All about clothes and men, and the last new play and men, and bridge-whist and men, and the books one ought or ought not to read and men, and the event of the next day and men!

The table was all decorated with pink roses, and the candles had pink shades, and the cakes and candies were pink. There were pink topaz heart-shaped pins—Ethel's present to each of us—in little pink boxes at our plates, and the menus were painted on pink cards which stood in small silver holders here and there.

ETHEL ENJOYED DAZZLING ME WITH HER PRESENTS.

I forget what we had for dinner—oysters, I know, because I tried to eat them and couldn't, and fish, all dressed up to look like the ghost of itself, and something in little mounds (an *entrée*), and spring lamb with young peas and new potatoes, and the very smallest chickens I ever saw, with an orange and banana salad, and then pink ice-cream. I do seem to have remembered, after all. We had champagne, too, but it made my nose prickle so I could not take more than a sip or two. Indeed none of the girls drank anything but water till someone proposed Ethel's health, and then we all took a little and that's how I know about the prickles.

There was a Miss Terry on one side of me and a Miss Nomer on the other, and they both talked incessantly and most extravagantly about Ethel and her good luck, and good looks and cleverness, the wonderful match she was making, and the wonderful things she would do with her money, and how crazy Mr. Ambergilt was about her, until my ears buzzed and I felt she was the most-to-be-envied girl in all the world. And there she sat at the head of the table taking it all as calmly as possible. I thought it like a fairy-tale, to be sought out by the Prince of Millionnaires, and be going to live happy ever after with a charming husband and everything else you wanted.

"The only unfortunate thing about Ethel," Miss Terry was saying as I finished my last spoonful of ice-cream, "was her name. Grundy isn't a pretty name, is it? Oh, I beg your pardon! Of course, it's yours, too. How stupid in me! But you don't mind, do you? Well, it's *not* a pretty name, and now she's going to change it."

"Ambergilt is prettier," I conceded. "What does Mr. Ambergilt look like? Is he handsome? I have not seen him yet."

"You didn't expect to see him to-night, did you?" she asked. "He's giving his last bachelor dinner. Handsome? Well, I don't know that I should call him exactly handsome, but that doesn't matter. What kind of looks do you admire in a man?"

Now, I like dark hair and blue eyes and a tall figure, and the initials of my favorite man's name are R. B. (I met him once at a country-house party last autumn), but I could not tell that to a stranger. I said I had not thought much about it—which was not at all true. So, instead, she told me what she preferred, and the other girl joined in and teased her. When we left the dining-room I stole

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off upstairs to write everything down in my diary before I forgot it.

If I'd been Ethel I should not have slept a wink thinking of my wedding next day. Indeed, I did not sleep very well as it was, for

THE BEST MAN WAS VERY TENDER IN HIS MANNER.

the cars and carts and carriages made such a ringing and roaring and rattling; but I was too much excited to mind, and I got up long before I was called and read a most thrilling book named "Soldiers of Fortune," which I found on my table.

They sent my breakfast upstairs, with a message that the hair-dresser would come to me a little before eleven. I thought I had done my hair very nicely, but when I saw what *he* made of it I realized my mistake. He put a hat like a little flower-basket turned upside down, with the flowers tumbling out, on one side of my head, and departed. Then the housemaid arrived (my aunt's maid and Ethel's were too busy, thank goodness, to attend to me) and insisted upon my getting into my delicate green draperies feet foremost, so that I should not jeopardize Monsieur Tufto's structure, and by the time I was ready to go downstairs the carriages were waiting at the door.

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Ethel looked too beautiful in her white and silver dress, with her crown of orange-blossoms and her long lace veil. She and my uncle (to whom no one paid much attention) went in one carriage, accompanied by Ethel's maid, who was to straighten out the folds of the bride's train at the last moment. My aunt and I went in another, and very fast we had to drive in order to reach the church before them. Of course, Aunt Mathilda had to be at her place in the front pew before the bridal procession appeared.

The other bridesmaids were waiting in the vestibule, all asking each other how their hats became them and telling each other how well they looked. I peeped through the glass in the red baize doors, and saw the ushers hurrying the last stragglers into their pews, and heard the organ beginning the wedding-march. At last we started. The eight dark-gray-coated, white-boutonnièred men first, then the eight green-robed, white-bouqueted bridesmaids, and then the bride, leaning on her father's arm, superbly placid, with her blond head held high and her gray eyes steady, and only a little more rose color than usual in her cheeks. I have a vague idea that the choristers came down, singing, to meet us. I saw a quantity of different colored hats and bonnets with faces under them turned in our direction. The church was packed. I remembered that the street had been crowded with sight-seers also, who surged against each side of the awning, but their hats and bonnets were not so gay. I saw palms and garlands of flowers. We appeared to be approaching a perfect bower of blossoms, behind which waited a bishop and some of the lesser clergy. The ushers separated and stood, four on each side of the chancel steps, while we walked between them and stood in our turn, four on each side, beyond the steps.

The bride and her father passed up to the railing, and then suddenly I became aware of a short, fat, pasty-faced young man, with eyes like clouded marbles, and hair that hung on his forehead limply, as if combed too wet, too recently, and with too large a comb. He looked dull, obstinate, and conceited. It could not be—I would not believe that this was Mr. Ambergilt. But he had already taken Ethel from her father, and the service was beginning. I hated to look at them—her tall, stately white figure swaying above his like a lily over a bull-frog, which animal he rather resembled.

If this was a great match, a much-to-be-desired connection, a marriage which one was *envied* for making, give me some other kind of good luck! Were he twenty times a millionnaire, nothing could persuade me that Mr. Ambergilt was not just as unpleasant as he looked, and that was saying a good deal. I did not dare pity my cousin, because I knew that she had deliberately chosen this way in life as the one which would give her the things she wanted most, but I pitied the girl she might have been with all my heart.

At the time when the ring is given I saw the groom turn to someone who stood behind him and whom, owing to some of the floral decorations, I had not noticed. The best man, of course—tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed! R. B.! Good gracious! How came he to be a friend of Mr. Ambergilt's?

I don't remember what happened after that till we were all following the bride and her new-made husband down the aisle. I suppose my uncle had given her away at the right moment and that the ceremony was properly performed, but I certainly was too confused to give it my full attention. That is what living in the country does to one. The least surprise of—well, of a *masculine* sort—upsets one.

I could see the gorgeousness of the gowns and hear the comments of the people (I almost said audience) as we came out of church. Everyone seemed to think it a most successful affair so far, and my cousin's beauty was almost as much extolled as Mr. Ambergilt's fortune.

There was a perfect tangle of carriages at the door, but we got away at last, among the jokes of the populace and the chiming of the bells.

I hardly knew the house when I got back. I had not had a minute to look at it that morning, and it appeared that a noted firm of florists had been at work all night transforming it into fairyland. The walls and ceilings were hidden under tents of smilax, and great garlands of green, and white carnations. It had something the effect of a grotto under the sea, I thought, and Ethel in her white and silver made a beautiful Undine, though I'm afraid she carried her soul in her pocket. She and her husband stood for a short time in front of the mantel-piece—or where the mantel-piece used to be—receiving flocks and herds of friends. We stood in a semicircle on each side, and R. B. came and talked to me.

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Then a big table was brought in for all the bride's party, and for the guests small tables sprouted like mushrooms in every room on that floor. A band played gayly in the hall, and men and women laughed and talked and ate and drank noisily and happily. I was not hungry, but I did not think the breakfast a bit too long. We had clam broth with beaten cream on top—I didn't like the combination; then lobster à la Newberg (I quote from the menu); then those same funny little chickens we had the night before (I mean the same *kind*), only these were boned, and melted in your mouth—"Incubator chickens"; then aspic jelly, with a salad, and then strawberries and ice-cream, and coffee. Everybody drank champagne, though it was only one o'clock in the day. At the bride's table there was a great silver loving-cup which went round three times, and every time we all had to take a sip and wish her something pleasant. I did not dare wish her anything *I* should have thought pleasant. There was a beautiful, great monument of a cake with a ring in it, and *I* got the ring. (Of course the real wedding-cake was in richly decorated white-satin boxes in the hall for each guest to take at the moment of departure.) R. B. was very tender in his manner. I wonder—but of course it doesn't mean anything, and I'm sure he's too good-looking to have a cent to bless himself with.

When Ethel rose to go upstairs and change her dress, everybody else got up too, and drank her health and cheered. All the bridesmaids ran after her into the hall to see which could take the first pin out of her veil. Her two most intimate friends went up with her, but I stayed and talked to R. B. on the stairs.

When she came down in her gray travelling dress and joined Mr. Ambergilt, who had also changed his wedding-garment in some mysterious way, we showered her with rice, and she drove away with her husband in the most beautiful little dark green brougham with prancing chestnut horses. I saw her face at the window, perfectly satisfied and radiant with color. Perhaps Mr. Ambergilt *is* nicer than he looks.

"You must be very tired, dear Mrs. Grundy," people were saying to my aunt, "and very sad to see your daughter leave you. But what a satisfactory marriage! He is charming, I'm told."

And Aunt Mathilda was replying: "Yes, indeed, a perfect son-in-law. I could not have chosen better for Ethel than she has chosen for herself."

Well, I hope she will be very happy, but I'd rather marry R. B. (if he asked me) and live in Harlem. At least I think so.

The Blind

By THOMAS WALSH

AT midnight, through my dream, the signals dread,
From star to star, brought word the sun was dead.
It seemed as though entire creation heard,
Yet gave no answer—neither call of bird
Nor low of cattle; but the townsfolk crept
In silence to their roof-tops. No man slept,
But merchant, bondman, prince and scribe and priest,
Their faces haggard, searched the fateful East.
Down from the hill-sides to the city gates
No market wains came rumbling with their freights;
No sentry's voice along the citadel
Announced the hour; no matin peal or knell
From dome or campanile; nor a sail
Stirred in the harbor offing. Then a wail,
Despairing, swept across the roofs, a sigh
From land and sea, as slowly on the sky
The sun's black bulk between the stars uprose—
One sigh of elemental grief, and at its close
Came silence once again more terrible!
'Twas then, methought, a new-born infant cried,
And where the gates stood opened gaunt and wide
A blind man crouched and stretched his empty palms
Into the darkness and moaned, "Alms! Alms!"

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The Love-Affairs of John Wesley

By Rev. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

JOHN WESLEY, the preacher, who in his lifetime preached more sermons than any other man in the world, and whose printed discourses are still studied in regular course by the candidates for the ministry of the most numerous Protestant denomination; John Wesley, the author of more than a hundred volumes, many of which had large circulation in his own day, and more than a hundred years after his death are still issued and re-issued; John Wesley, the saint, whose lofty spirit and noble personality has been a source of inspiration for a good part of two centuries, the reading world is fairly well acquainted with. But how strange it looks when you put in cold type the words, "John Wesley, the Lover!" This is Wesley's bicentennial year, and eulogies and biographies are being published broadcast in all parts of the world. Little will be said, however, in any of these, of that human side of Wesley which deals with his love-affairs.

The reason for this reticence, no doubt, is that there is a feeling that it is unkind to the memory of a great man to publish his weaknesses to the world. But is that fair to ourselves? Is it true to history? A man is the sum of all his qualities. If we are to publish only the strong points of great characters, we rob them of much of their power to inspire and encourage ordinary mortals. The truth is that John Wesley was always intellectually and morally strong.

This strength, combined with an indomitable will and an energy that very few men in history have possessed, made him one of those epoch-making men who are more alive a hundred years after their death than while they lived and breathed in the flesh. But we shall surely not admire John Wesley the less, or have less veneration for his splendid and spotless character, because in studying closely into the details of his long career we find that he was not equally strong at all points.

Wesley by no means stands alone in this. It only proves that he is human. If Lord Byron had been as strong in social morality as he was in brilliant gifts as a poet, he would still be the idol of the English-speaking world. If Edgar Allan Poe had been the master of his own spirit, the genius which conceived and penned "The Raven" would not have been so long obscured from the appreciative vision of multitudes of the lovers of good literature. We should rather love Wesley the more that we find something in his personality to awaken our sympathy and our compassion. He was of flesh and blood like ourselves, and his frailties bring him close to us.

Wesley's first romance came to him in America, whither he had come with the purpose not only of preaching to Governor Oglethorpe's emigrants, but of founding a mission among the Indians. On landing in Georgia, in 1736, he met a Miss Sophia Christiana Hopkey. He was then thirty-three years of age. Miss Hopkey was a young woman of bright mind, of elegant person, and agreeable manners. She was introduced to the young preacher as a sincere seeker after the Christian life, and nothing could have aroused more interest in John Wesley than such an introduction. Miss Hopkey sought every possible opportunity of being in his company. Governor Oglethorpe, who was partial to the young lady, as he was to Wesley, interested himself in doing all that he could to help on the courtship. The climax came when Wesley became ill with a fever, which confined him to his bed for a number of days; the young lady at once established herself as nurse, devoting herself faithfully to him, night and day. She had evidently made up her mind to the capture, for she went so far as to consult Governor Oglethorpe as to Wesley's fancies concerning a woman's dress, and acting on his advice, thereafter always came dressed in white, neatly and simply elegant. Charles Delamotte, a ministerial friend of Wesley's, saw that whatever Wesley might feel, Miss Hopkey was sorely wounded by the arrows of

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Cupid, and bluntly asked Wesley if he meant to marry her. Up to this time Wesley seemed to have been letting matters drift, as lovers often do, not caring to put the question straight to his own heart. But now he was forced to admit that he was very much in love with her, and that if he followed his own desires, he would make her his wife.

Now in other matters John Wesley was one of the most courageous and strong-willed of men. He knew what he wanted very clearly, he made quick and strong decisions, and lived up to them. But in this affair of the heart he seems to have abdicated his ordinarily strong and forceful self-control. Instead of deciding the matter himself, he called on David Nitschmann, the Moravian Bishop, and laid the case before him. The old Bishop answered, "Marriage is not unlawful; but whether it is now expedient for you, and whether this lady is a proper wife for you, ought to be maturely weighed." In deeper perplexity than ever Wesley took the strange course of asking the Elders of the Moravian Church to meet in conference and decide the case for him. Imagine a modern Methodist preacher asking a Presbyterian synod to sit in cold blood and decide whether he should marry a certain woman! While they were in session Wesley entered the room. Bishop Nitschmann said to him: "We have considered your case; will you abide by our decision?" After some hesitation Wesley replied, "I will." "Then," said Nitschmann, "we advise you to proceed no further in the matter!" Wesley solemnly answered, "The will of the Lord be done!"

The natural conclusion would be that Wesley could not have been very deeply in love, but there are reasons for believing the contrary to be true. Throughout his life Wesley kept a journal, in which he wrote down all important occurrences. This is what we find concerning his courtship with Miss Hopkey and its ending: "One of the most remarkable dispensations of Providence toward me began to show itself this day. For many days after I could not at all judge which way the scale would turn, nor was it fully determined till March 4th, on which day God commanded me to pull out my right eye; and, by his grace, I determined to do so; but, being slack in the execution, on Saturday, March 12th, God being very merciful to me, my friend performed what I could not." And nearly fifty years later, writing with reference to this event, John Wesley said, "I remember when I read these words in the church at Savannah, 'Son of man, behold, I take from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke,' I was pierced through as with a sword, and could not utter a word more, but our comfort is, He that made the heart can heal the heart."

It is interesting to speculate what would have happened if John Wesley had married Miss Hopkey. The entire current of men's lives have been changed by much less important events. Whichever way John Wesley turned, he must have been a forceful personality, but it is very doubtful whether marriage at this time would not have diverted him forever from his great career. This may have had something to do with his decision. Writing in his journal a little after the final breach, he comments: "Had God given me such a retirement with the companion I desired, I should have forgot the work for which I was born, and have set up my rest in this world." It is quite believable, had the course of true love run smooth, that future generations would have remembered John Wesley as a great missionary among the American Indians, rather than as the mightiest evangelist of the eighteenth century, and the founder of Methodism.

Thirteen years passed away before Wesley's second romance was to stir his heart and deeply affect his life. These were years of tremendous toil and achievement. With the churches locked against them, John and Charles Wesley, and George Whitefield, began to preach in the open air; on the street corners, in the parks, in the fields they preached to multitudes, their congregations sometimes reaching from twenty to thirty thousand people.

A small man physically, John Wesley had in a remarkable degree that which we call "presence." Men felt, as they heard him speak, and came under the domination of his personality, that he was a man of power. He did not seem small to them. Indeed, he often seemed more than man. Two boys once came to hear him preach, determined to stone him. Their pockets were full of rocks, and they carried stones in each hand. After Wesley began to speak, they stood open-mouthed and wide-eyed for a few moments, and then one, dropping his stones, said to his neighbor, "He's not a man! He's not a man!" After the meeting was over, one of the youths stood near a gate where

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JOHN WESLEY.

From the painting by J. W. L. Forster.

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Wesley must go out, and as he passed slowly, the young fellow pinched Wesley's leg through his clothing, and shouted, "He is a man! He is a man!" Wesley laid his hand upon the boy's head, and said, "God bless thee, my lad." Afterward this boy became one of the Evangelist's most faithful preachers.

In August, 1748, when Wesley was forty-six years of age, he fell ill at Newcastle, from a bilious attack, which disabled him for about a week. A fascinating young widow of twenty-six, Grace Murray, nursed him through his sickness. Wesley was so rarely ill that it seems ever to have been a dangerous period for him, for he at once succumbed to the tender passion. In the days of his convalescence he proposed marriage to his nurse. She seemed astonished, and exclaimed, "This is too great a blessing for me; I can't tell how to believe it. This is all I could have wished for under heaven!" From that hour John Wesley naturally regarded her as his affianced bride.

Grace Murray had a history. She was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, of respectable parents. When but sixteen she had a love-affair, but grew weary of it, and threw her lover over. At eighteen she went up to London, and became a domestic servant. At twenty she married a sailor by the name of Alexander Murray, who, a few years later, was drowned at sea. In the meantime she had become an enthusiastic Methodist. A good talker, she had many brilliant qualities, very engaging manners, and was extremely fascinating.

After accepting Wesley's proposal of marriage, Grace Murray appeared so deeply devoted to him that she could not bear to be away from him. To satisfy and give her pleasure, he rather indiscreetly permitted her to accompany him as a helper in evangelistic work on a preaching tour as far as the circuit of the Rev. John Bennet. Here she expressed herself as being willing to remain. Now, it so happened that Bennet was a minister whom she had nursed for six months during illness, and with whom she had corresponded ever since. Wesley had not been gone but a few weeks before he received a letter from each of them, asking his consent for them to marry, she declaring that she believed it was the will of God she should. Wesley was naturally amazed, but wrote a mild answer to both, supposing they were already married. Further correspondence showed him his error, and for six months this remarkable coquette played with the two men. When she heard from Wesley, she resolved to live and die with him. When Bennet wrote, she replied to him in the tenderest terms. There was a period of several months in which she seemed entirely devoted to Wesley, but in August, 1749, she again turned to Bennet and wrote him a loving letter. Soon afterward he came to see her. Bennet visited Wesley and told him that Grace Murray had sent to him all the letters which Wesley had written her. On hearing this, Wesley decided that she and Bennet should marry without delay, and wrote her a letter telling her so. On receiving it, she came to Wesley in an agony of tears and begged him not to talk so unless he wished to kill her. Wesley held firm to his decision that she should marry Bennet, though he felt the deepest anguish at his own loss. Then came a message from Mrs. Murray stating that she was very ill. When he called on her, she cried, "How can you think I love anyone better than I love you! I love you a thousand times better than I ever loved John Bennet in my life. But I am afraid if I don't marry him he'll run mad."

After several more emotional passages the affair came to a point. Wesley told her that she must choose for good and all between them. Again and again she declared, "I am determined, by conscience, as well as by inclination, to live and die with you," and she urged Wesley to marry her immediately. The Evangelist is not to be blamed for wanting advice on this occasion. He wished to satisfy John Bennet; to secure the consent of his brother Charles; to send an account of his reasons for marrying to all his preachers and societies, and to desire their prayers. It must be confessed that here was a perilous variety of preliminaries.

When Charles Wesley received his brother's letter, he was shocked that his brother should think of marrying a woman who had been a domestic servant; and believing that it would break up all their societies, he did not wait to write, but hastened at once to his side. He assured John that all their preachers would leave them, and all their societies would disperse, if he married so mean a woman.

John Wesley replied to his brother that the meanness of Grace Murray's origin was no objection in his eyes, for he loved her not for her birth, but for her qualities. He charac-

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terized her as being remarkably neat; nicely frugal, yet not sordid; gifted with a large amount of common-sense; indefatigably patient and inexpressibly tender; quick, cleanly, and skilful; of an engaging behavior, and of a mild, sprightly, cheerful, and yet serious temper; while, lastly, her gifts of usefulness were such as he had not seen equalled.

After listening to this eloquent description, Charles Wesley was convinced that he was working at the wrong end of the line. He bade his brother farewell, and proceeded the next morning directly to where Grace Murray was staying. Meeting the intended bride, he said, "Grace Murray, you have broken my heart." By some means he persuaded her to go with him to Newcastle, where he had probably arranged for John Bennet to be waiting. She fell at her lover's feet, acknowledged she had used him ill, and begged him to forgive her. Charles Wesley remained with them until six days later, and to his unspeakable joy he had the privilege of witnessing their marriage. Three days afterward John Wesley had an interview with Bennet and his wife. Instead of upbraiding him, Wesley kissed Bennet and parted with them both in peace.

This was undoubtedly a great sorrow to Wesley. He poured forth the anguish of his heart in a long hymn of thirty-one six-line stanzas. Nineteen of these verses, with many erasures and corrections in John Wesley's own abbreviated long-hand writing, are at the end of a manuscript in the British Museum which contains the facts I have here stated.

The iron quality of John Wesley's manhood, and the sublime fortitude of which he was capable, comes out in the fact that the very next day after his trying meeting with Bennet and his wife, concerning which he wrote to a friend, "I believe you never saw such a scene," he proceeded on his preaching tour, preaching once at Birstal and twice at Leeds.

Many questions naturally arise concerning this remarkable conduct on the part of Grace Murray. One of Wesley's most painstaking biographers believed that throughout this affair John Wesley was a dupe, Grace Murray a flirt, John Bennet a cheat, and Charles Wesley a sincere, but irritated, impetuous, and officious friend. I am inclined to believe that one of Bennet's friends was nearer the mark who told Bennet while Grace was turning from one to the other, "If Grace Murray consults her aspirations, she will marry Mr. Wesley; if she consults her love, she will marry you." Taking into consideration the fact that for thirty years she was Bennet's happy wife, and a widely respected mother of children who rose up to call her blessed, we may probably find the solution of her strange conduct in a battle royal between her ambition and her love.

Two years after Wesley's unhappy courtship of Grace Murray he had the misfortune to slip on the ice in crossing London Bridge. He fell with great force, the bone of his ankle striking on a stone, and one of his legs was severely sprained. He was taken to the home of a Mrs. Vazeille in Threadneedle Street, London. This lady was a widow whom Vincent Peronnet describes as "a woman of sorrowful spirit." But she had engaging manners when she wished, and she devoted herself to Wesley. The Evangelist's fatal weakness of falling in love with those who were kind to him when he was ill was this time to produce a lasting result. A few days later he told his brother Charles that he was resolved to marry. This time it was beyond the famous hymn-writer's power to rescue him. In despair he writes: "I groaned all the day, and several following ones, under my own and the people's burdens. I could eat no pleasant food, nor preach, nor rest, either by night or by day."

The courtship lasted some fifteen days, and John Wesley and the widow were wedded. Perhaps there never was a marriage at once more ill-advised, and ill-assorted, than this. One of his biographers declares that if he had searched the whole kingdom, the Evangelist would hardly have found a woman more unsuitable than she whom he married. She was absurdly jealous of him, almost from the start, and quarrelled at him whenever he was in her presence. She did not even confine herself to her tongue in her attacks. On one occasion she seized his letters and other papers and put them into the hands of people she knew to be his enemies that they might be printed, thinking they would damage his reputation. She even interpolated letters which she had intercepted so as to make them bear a bad construction, and then read them to different persons in private for the purpose of defaming him. In one or two instances she published interpolated or forged letters in the newspapers. She would sometimes drive a

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hundred miles across the country to observe who was in the carriage with her husband on his entering a town. More than once she laid violent hands on him. "Jack," said John Hampson to his son, "I was once on the point of committing murder. It was when I was in the North of Ireland, and I went into a room, and found Mrs. Wesley foaming with fury. Her husband was on the floor, where she had been trailing him by the hair of his head; and she herself was still holding in her hand venerable locks which she had plucked up by the roots. I felt," continued Hampson, who was a giant of a man, though not one of Wesley's warmest friends, "I felt as though I could have knocked the soul out of her."

Southey, the poet, in his life of John Wesley, says: "Fain would she have made him like Marc Antony give up all for love; and, being disappointed in that hope, she tormented him in such a manner, by her outrageous jealousy and abominable temper, that she deserves to be classed in a triad with Xantippe, and the wife of Job, as one of the three bad wives." It went on like this for twenty years. One can hardly imagine the sorrows that Wesley must have endured. While he had been very hasty and unwise in his marriage, there is every indication that he was a most loving and patient husband. Charles Wesley, who never failed in clear-headed and keen criticism of his brother John, where he thought he deserved it, writes that nothing could surpass his brother's patience in bearing with his perverse and peevish spouse. Several of his letters to her, written after their marriage, have been preserved, and display the tenderest affection, and justify the opinion that, had it been his happiness to be married to a woman who was worthy of him, he would have been a most loving husband.

The last ten years of her life she spent largely away from him, finally dying at the age of seventy-one, October 8, 1781. The epitaph on her tombstone describes her as "A woman of exemplary piety, a tender parent, and a sincere friend." It is wisely silent concerning her characteristics as a wife. Thus, John Wesley, one of the greatest as well as purest of men, in the course of his long life, loved three women, not one of whom gave him happiness.

In Memoriam

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

THE pen falls idle from my anxious hand;
Oh, I am dumb who have too much to say,
Too great, too fine the tribute I would pay
For any words my fellows understand.
I come as one who over-long hath planned
To stand unshamed in his Beloved's way,
And with fair words his passion to betray,
Yet, at the last, by love itself unmanned,
Finds no speech but "I love you," and too fain
For eloquence, is still with utter bliss.
Oh friend, as mute from very strength, my pain
That finds no speech to pierce Death's silences,
Only I cry "I loved you," and again
"I loved you," and I have no word but this.

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The Marriage of Martin.

By Frederick Walworth.

PATRICK O'SHEA, called somewhat reluctantly into the presence of his offspring, removed his black clay from his mouth and stared helplessly, burdened with a sense of personal impotence. And when Mrs. O'Shea informed him that one was already named Martin and the other Peter, he dumbly scratched his head for a moment and asked in deep bewilderment,

"But, which o' thim—ain't the other?"

It was a pertinent inquiry. Martin might have been Peter and Peter Martin, and none but their respective guardian angels been the wiser.

Although Mrs. O'Shea drove the discomfited Patrick from her presence with scornful contumely, it soon became evident that she herself was at no little difficulty in distinguishing them. Indeed, it is probable that they were carelessly mixed many times during infancy, and it is a matter of honest doubt whether the one who eventually answered to the name of Martin was the one whom the priest so christened, or his brother Peter. When the novelty of them had dulled, if Mrs. O'Shea were asked which was which, the one she happened to lay hand on first invariably became Martin, the first born.

Patrick, laboring under his own incompetence, observed this tendency, not without an unrighteous scepticism.

"Which wan'll this be?" he would demand, grabbing one of the sprawling infants by the slack and holding him aloft.

"'Twill be Martin, ye lummox," was always the answer. Patrick would lower the squalling child and retire with a smile of masculine superiority. He didn't know them apart and freely acknowledged it, and after sufficient though cautious experiment, he gathered that Mrs. O'Shea was in similar case, albeit unwilling to admit the disquieting fact.

So the twins grew through the abomination of long dresses and short and arrived at the heroic age of pants, inextricably mixed. True, one of them by that time had elected to be known as Martin and the other as Peter; but how this came to pass is not clear, for each was as likely to be addressed by his brother's name as by his own. Apparently they had put their small red heads together and come to a mutually satisfactory arrangement of the matter. Patrick fell into the habit of addressing them impartially by both names.

"You Martin," he would call, "or are ye Pete? Fetch me a match fur me poipe."

This had the desired effect and became an established form with him.

With their snappy Irish wits the two early learned the possibilities of their mixed identity. In school they were the despair of teachers. Martin had a paper route which demanded his attention immediately after school. If an infringement of the rules necessitated his remaining after hours, he purchased his freedom from Peter by a transfer of marbles and departed to serve his customers. Peter stayed and took the reprimand with a cheery lightheartedness born of a bulging pocket.

One bewildered teacher was wont to say the only way to tell them apart was to count their freckles; that Martin had forty-nine on his stub nose and Peter forty-seven, or perhaps, after all, it was Peter who had forty-nine and Martin forty-seven, she wasn't sure.

At fourteen they left school, and found positions together as wipers in the roundhouse of the M. & K. railroad. Either alone would excite no comment at this time. He was simply an ordinary, quick-witted, Irish-American lad. But if, for instance, one was talking with Peter and Martin strolled up, the sight produced a shock.

They were so nearly identical in appearance that only sharp scrutiny with the two side by side could determine between them.

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Their broad, good-natured features had been run in the same mould, their red hair dipped in the same vat, and they kept a perfectly even pace as they grew. They looked alike, spoke and acted alike, thought alike, and ended by falling in love alike.

They had more than one offer from dime museums to appear as Siamese twins (dissevered, of course), but preferred to stick to their jobs. Martin was advanced to firing an engine first, not because any more steady or efficient than Peter, but because but one vacancy occurred, and the two tossed a quarter for it. Peter got his promotion six months later. Then the two being all even once more and in receipt of ample wages, they proceeded, together as usual, to think about homes of their own, an eminently proper and whole-

COUNTING THE TWINS' FRECKLES.

some condition of mind, but which brought them to the parting of the ways.

"Pete," says Martin, "I'm thinkin' I'll git married."

"No!" says Peter, incredulous. "Who'll have ye, ye red head?"

"Sure there's plenty would have me, no fear, but I'm thinkin' of one in partic'lar. The fine girl she is, too."

"Oh, sure," says Peter, "but I've one in me own eye will make anny of them take the count," and he nodded shrewdly.

Martin opened his eyes.

"Ye'll not be gittin' married, too, Pete?" he asked.

"I been thinkin' about it," replied Peter, calmly.

"Who's the girl you're thinkin' of, Pete?" Martin demanded, not without anxiety.

"Well," said Peter, "I've had me eye this long while on Maggie Doyle, an' the sweet——"

"What d'ye say, ye thief?" shouted Martin, leaping up. "Maggie Doyle! Would ye steal me girl from me arrms?" He shook a big fist in Peter's face. Peter was up, too, his blue eyes hot.

"Would ye claim Maggie then, ye bla'guard?" he shouted back, his own fists doubled.

Now it would have been a battle royal, for they were big men and hot blooded. They had fought often and fiercely as boys, but nature had made it too even a game for an abiding decision. Martin suddenly dropped his hands.

"Have ye asked her then?" he demanded, anxiously.

"Why wouldn't I?" replied Peter, with caution.

"Because I've not," said Martin.

"Then no more have I," said Peter, "an' 'tis no use to fight." They sat down and looked at each other.

"Perhaps," said Martin, after a pause, "we better find out will she have either of us or not."

"Yes," replied Peter, sheepishly, "likely we would."

So a mighty battle was avoided, at least for the time being. Dating from that day, however, began another struggle, not less strenuous, and there is evidence to show that until the matter began to pall, Miss Maggie Doyle had the time of her life. She wore Martin's brooch and Peter's bracelet, Martin's watch on Peter's chain, and so on through endless intricacies, each striving to surpass the other if only by a hair's-breadth. If she went trolley riding with Martin one Sunday afternoon, she went in a livery rig with Peter the next. A catalogue of their agonizing struggles, each to outdo the other, would prove unprofitable, for the point demanding notice is that neither made the slightest apparent gain. Nay, worse, Maggie could not tell them apart even when they stood side by side in her presence, a thing which seldom happened.

In time it came to be a pitiful case. The poor girl was willing enough to marry either of them if she could get him separated from the other in her mind and keep him so long enough to make sure he was himself and not his brother. There was the rub. About the time she determined to accept Martin she fell to wondering if she were not thinking about Peter after all. If she set herself to enumerate the sterling virtues of Peter she presently discovered that they precisely fitted the neg-

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lected Martin. So she hung between the two.

So matters went for the better part of a year. The twins were by that time desperate and near bankruptcy, and Maggie no less desperate and rapidly becoming overburdened with jewelry. Whereupon she determined upon a *coup* which should end this intolerable situation. Marry one of them she would. Which one she did not know, but was minded to find out.

"I'D BE GLAD TO TAKE EACH OF YOU IF THE OTHER WASN'T AROUND."

Consider then the arrival of Martin and Peter at the Doyle abode on a given evening. They came by invitation within a few minutes of one another, each evidently surprised at his brother's presence. As they sat with an exaggerated display of ease and glared sidewise at one another they were a remarkable pair. That initial inquiry of the bewildered Patrick held good, and which of them wasn't the other, it were indeed hard to state. Nerved by the almost intolerable past, Maggie proceeded bravely yet not without blushes and some confusion, the situation being delicate.

"Boys," said she, "you know I'd be glad to take both of you, or—that is—I mean, I'd be glad to take *each* of you, if the other wasn't around confusin' me. But with the two of you so like, I'm near out o' my mind. One o' ye's got to be disappointed. That's sure, for I can't take both, though—I'm wishful—to do it. I do' know which one it'll be, for I do' know one from the other as you sit now."

She nervously twiddled a fold of her apron for a moment.

"But I'm thinkin'," she continued, "that Martin's a handsomer name to be callin' me man by than what Peter would be, so—I'll take Martin. I'll marry him Monday week. Now which of ye's Martin?"

"I am," came with forceful unanimity from both of the twins, and Miss Maggie's beautiful scheme fell wofully to the ground. From that moment Peter was not, or, more precisely, became a mere supposition, an animate conundrum, walking the earth in the sight of men, yet hidden as by the cloak of invisibility.

Each of them rose instantly with strong language on his lips and blood in his eye, but which was shamming and which was not, even the distressed Maggie could not determine. Peter, whichever he was, was playing for a wife and played well. In despair Maggie swore them to peace and sent them away. Later, after a long, comfortable cry, she felt somewhat better. At least the day was set and whichever Martin came first should have her.

Passed then a riotous week in the shanty O'Shea. The twins respected their promise to Maggie to the extent of refraining from actual blows, but their language was no less than murderous. Mrs. O'Shea, her faith unshaken by twenty years of Patrick's covert scepticism, and with intent to pour oil upon troubled waters, selected one as the original Martin and an hour later was tricked by the

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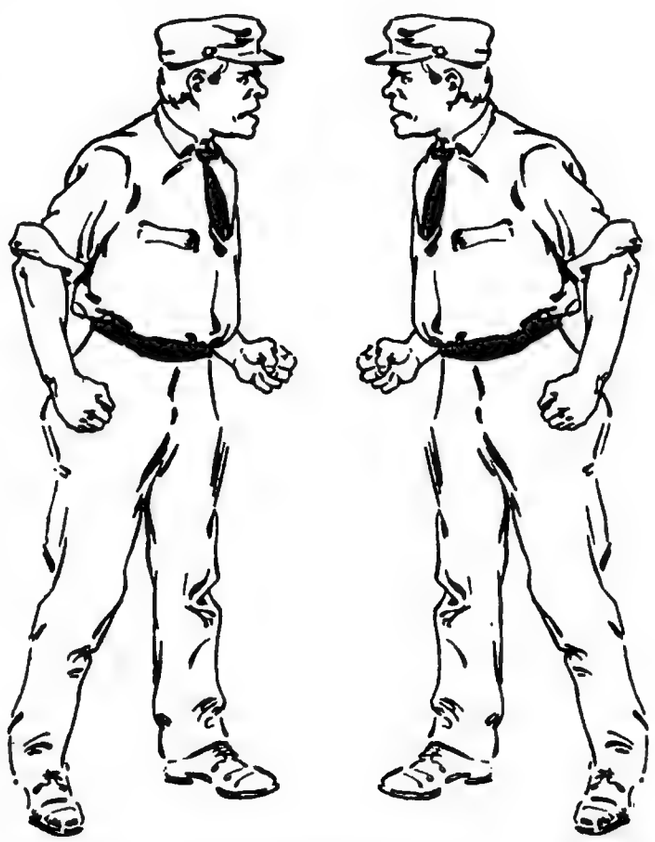
other into choosing him. The result was more like kerosene on a bonfire.

"Fight ut out, bhoys, fight ut out," counselled the paternal O'Shea, himself not unwilling to witness such an unparalleled meeting, and fight it out they would but for their promise. By Saturday this promise was worn very thin, holding by a frayed strand or two, so to speak, the friction having been beyond belief. As it was, one of them sought out Maggie and with tears in his eyes begged permission to "pound the head of the liar," between whiles strongly asserting his own right to the coveted name of Martin. Maggie refused to be party to any head-pounding, and the two remained peaceful perforce.

Each morning they turned up together and asserted their respective rights to Martin's foot-board. Martin's engineer chose profanely but impartially between them, and the unsuccessful candidate retired with bitter language to fire in the one time Peter's place. It was a week charged with mighty possibilities, but it rolled away without a conflict, and the appointed day arrived. It happened also to be pay-day on that division of the M. & K., and therein lay a pregnant source of trouble for the spurious Martin. When it came to signing the pay-roll one or the other must sign "Peter" if pay was to be forthcoming for both. Moreover the one who was not Martin would assuredly stand discovered if he set his hand to paper and endeavored to sign his brother's name.

The two went to the pay-car together surrounded by a heavily charged atmosphere. They went not alone, there being a general impression, as expressed by Barney Flynn, that here was where things broke loose. One of the two hastily jostled the other aside and signed, and beyond question stood revealed as the injured party, for his signature was the signature of Martin. Whereupon the second advanced brazenly, signed "Peter O'Shea," and received his envelope with a sturdy grin.

Martin went temporarily insane. He frantically called the bystanders to witness this open exposure. He shook his fist under Peter's nose, dancing with the joy of it, and his language would have enhanced even the extensive vocabulary of the paternal O'Shea. Gesticulating wildly he circled about the discomfited Peter, whose face, however, exhibited no distress, and directly his right hand came sharply in contact with the pen in Peter's hand. The inky point tore through the skin and the black fluid spread in a broad mark across his fist.



THE TWINS REFRAINED FROM ACTUAL BLOWS.

For an instant Martin was inclined to take this as no accident. Then the glorious possibilities of the chance scratch intervened and he shouted afresh. Peter was indeed delivered over to him. In the presence of many witnesses he, the original and only genuine Martin O'Shea, had been indelibly marked. He judged the matter settled and took himself off to arrange details with Maggie.

Whereupon Peter, supposedly trampled upon and crushed, selected his friend Barney Flynn from the crowd and the two adjourned to the baggage-room of the station. Here Peter put an inky pen in Barney's hand and stretched out his own.

"Barney," he said, "if ye love me, stab me."

So Barney stabbed him and once more Peter was not.

Meanwhile Martin had arrived with two witnesses in the presence of Miss Maggie. It had been infinitely better if he had not lost sight of his deceitful brother. With pardonable relish he retailed the circum-

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stances of Peter's identification, exhibited his tattooed fist, called upon his witnesses for corroboration, and, this being given, demanded her acceptance of him, the genuine Martin, a demand Miss Maggie thankfully granted. Whereupon Martin, a happy man, left her to await the appointed hour.

A scant thirty minutes later one of the two knocked again at Maggie's door. It might have been Martin or it might have been Peter, Martinized so to speak. He displayed a lacerated right hand not without ostentation.

"Maggie," says he, "I'm thinkin' we better find Father Ryan and have done with it."

"For why?" demanded Maggie.

"I'm fearful of Pete," he replied.

Maggie glanced at the tattooed hand.

"But aren't ye marked, darlin'?" she asked.

"Sure," he assented, dubiously, "but supposin' now Pete was to up an' mark himself. Then where'd we be? I'm thinkin' we better be about it. Pete's that's desprit 'tis dangerous to wait."

Maggie considered this aspect of the case. A reopening of the settled controversy with all the harrowing difficulties of the mixed identity was a thing to be avoided at any cost. A moment's thought decided her.

"I'm with you in a second," said she, and ran for her things.

As they started away he might have been observed to glance cautiously about, but Maggie was too nervous to notice. Luckily they found Father Ryan, and the look of the pair no doubt announced their errand.

"So you'll be marryin'?" said the priest, with a smile, and being a busy man, went at the matter without delay. They stood before him, the bridegroom plainly nervous, shifting from foot to foot, the bride now self-possessed and smiling, with a rose in each cheek.

"Do you, Martin, take this woman?" "Do you, Margaret, take this man?" A little mumbled Latin, and he raised his hand to bless them and pronounce them man and wife.

He got no further, for here the door burst open and swung back crashing to admit the other brother, wild-eyed and murderous, breathing out sulphurous fumes, eager for blood. The situation was eloquent, and with a soulful yell he jumped for the startled bridegroom. The priest halted in amazement and Maggie stepped between with all the dignity of a new-made wife, which she was not.

"What is it, Peter?" she demanded.

"*Peter!*" howled the new-comer, black in the face. "Peter is it? Then look at me hand."

Maggie looked and drew back.

"I'm Martin, I tell ye," shouted the raving man. His eye fell upon his brother.

"Come outside wit' me, ye lyin' thief o' perdition," he urged. "I'll——"

Father Ryan took a hand.

"Are you Martin?" he asked of the new-comer.

"I am that," came the answer, fiercely.

The priest looked him in the eye and thought he saw truth. He turned quickly upon the bridegroom.

"Peter," he said, quietly, "let me see your hand." And Peter, the subtle, with all his cunning, stretched out the mutilated fist.

"That's enough," announced the priest, with a smile. "We'll have to begin over again, Maggie child. This is Peter, not Martin."

"YOUR REVERENCE, I'LL BE KEEPIN' THE ONE I GOT FIRST."

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"And we aren't married?" gasped Maggie, suddenly seizing Peter's arm.

"Not yet, Maggie," said the priest, smiling. Peter's face grew long with real anxiety, but he died hard.

"But yer riverence," he stammered, "ye married us. Ye said the words."

"I did not," said Father Ryan. "Can I marry one man in the name of another?" And Peter stood silent. Martin's smile grew broad.

"Ye'll be marryin' me now, Maggie darlin'?" said he. "Me that's no thief an' liar." He shot an exultant glance at Peter and advanced with assurance. "Sure didn't I come in the nick o' time though? A little more an' ye'd 'a' been cheated for fair. Leave go of her, will ye!" This last to Peter. Peter was wasting no time in words. His sole demonstration at this crucial time was a gentle stroking of Maggie's hand. Incidentally this displayed Barney Flynn's work upon his own to the very best advantage.

Now the workings of Maggie's mind are beyond the gropings of my psychology. There are things which no man can fathom; and if the wise Solomon, not lacking experience, found the ways of a man with a maid too wonderful for him, what shall be said of the ways of a maid with two men? Also I am at a loss whether to call it consistency in her in sticking to the one she had chosen or inconsistency in refusing the one she had thought to choose; for Maggie, far from spurning the deceitful Peter, as surely she should have done, clung ever tighter to his brawny arm.

"Marry us again, your reverence," says she, "and make a better job of it this time. I'll be keepin' the one I got first." She smiled up in Peter's face, and Peter smiled back. Also his arm slipped about her waist.

As for Martin, his jaw dropped and his eyebrows went up. This was the blow he had least expected, and as the meaning filtered through to his consciousness he opened his mouth to express his bursting sentiments. But Maggie interrupted what would doubtless have been a masterpiece.

"Martin," she said, "aren't you going to —kiss the bride?" She meant it kindly, but I think that was "rubbing it in." Mechanically he kissed her and unconsciously wiped his mouth with his fist, and so departed.

As Mr. and Mrs. O'Shea followed a little later, Maggie lifted Peter's hand and examined the black mark. "Did you do that just to get me, Peter?" she asked.

"Who else?" answered the grinning Peter. Maggie thought a minute.

"Peter darlin'," she said, glancing slyly at him, "I'm thinkin' 'twas you I liked best all the time," a remark which undoubtedly declared her a fitting helpmeet for her deceitful husband.

Yea, Verily

THERE is only one man who can talk about himself without being a bore.

Man loves the idea of being married; woman, of getting married.

We know better where we were aiming when we see what we have hit.

In cases of real love, the girl loses her heart; the man his head, as well.

The difference between this and that depends on where we happen to be standing.

What the curious see on trying to peer into a glass house is often only a blind.

The marriage ceremony is the door leading from fairyland into the everyday world.

He who loves to fight goes down before him who hates to fight.

When a man is in love with a girl, he doesn't know why, and she doesn't care.

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The Atavism of JOHN TOM LITTLE BEAR

. . . by O. Henry . . .

I SAW a light in Jeff Peters's room over the Red Front Drug Store. I hastened toward it, for I had not known that Jeff was in town. He is a man of the Hadji breed, of a hundred occupations, with a story to tell (when he will) of each one.

I found Jeff repacking his grip for a run down to Florida to look at an orange grove for which he had traded, a month before, his mining claim on the Yukon. He kicked me a chair, with the same old humorous, profound smile on his seasoned countenance. It had been eight months since we had met, but his greeting was such as men pass from day to day. Time is Jeff Peters's servant, and the continent is a big lot across which he cuts to his many roads.

For a while we skirmished along the edges of unprofitable talk which culminated in that unquiet problem of the Philippines.

"All them tropical races," said Jeff, "could be run out better with their own jockeys up. The tropical man knows what he wants. All he wants is a season ticket to the cock-fights and a pair of Western Union climbers to go up the bread-fruit tree. The Anglo-Saxon man wants him to learn to conjugate and wear suspenders. He'll be happiest in his own way."

I was shocked.

"Education, man," I said, "is the watchword. In time they will rise to our standard of civilization. Look what education has done for the Indian."

"O-ho!" sang Jeff, lighting his pipe (which was a good sign). "Yes, the Indian! I'm looking. I hasten to contemplate the Red Man as a standard bearer of progress. He's the same as the other brown boys. You can't make an Anglo-Saxon of him. Did I ever tell you about the time my friend John Tom Little Bear bit off the right ear of the arts of culture and education and spun the teetotum back round to where it was when Columbus was a boy? I did not?

"John Tom Little Bear was an educated Cherokee Indian and an old friend of mine when I was in the Territories. He was a graduate of one of them Eastern football colleges that have been so successful in teaching the Indian to use the gridiron instead of burning his victims at the stake. As an Anglo-Saxon, John Tom was copper-colored in spots. As an Indian, he was one of the whitest men I ever knew. As a Cherokee, he was a gentleman on the first ballot. As a ward of the nation, he was mighty hard to carry at the primaries.

"John Tom and me got together and began to make medicine—how to get up some lawful, genteel swindle which we might work in a quiet way so as not to excite the stupidity of the police or the cupidity of the larger corporations. We had close upon $500 between us, and we pined to make it grow, as all respectable capitalists do.

"So we figures out a proposition which seems to be as honorable as a gold mine prospectus and as profitable as a church raffle. And inside of thirty days you find us swarming into Kansas with a pair of fluent horses and a red camping wagon on the European plan. John Tom is Chief Wish-Heap-Dough, the famous Indian medicine man and Samaritan Sachem of the Seven Tribes. Mr. Peters is business manager and half

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owner. We needed a third man, so we looked around and found J. Conyngham Binkly leaning against the want column of a newspaper. This Binkly had a disease for Shakespearean rôles, and an hallucination about a 200 nights' run on the New York stage. But he confesses that he never could earn the butter to spread on his William S. rôles, so he is willing to drop to the ordinary baker's kind, and be satisfied with a 200-mile run behind the medicine ponies. Besides Richard III., he could do twenty-seven coon songs and banjo specialties, and was willing to cook, and curry the horses. We carried a fine line of excuses for taking money. One was a magic soap for removing grease spots and quarters from clothes. One was Sum-wah-tah, the great Indian Remedy, made from a prairie herb revealed by the Great Spirit in a dream to his favorite medicine men, the great chiefs McGarrity and Silberstein, bottlers, Chicago. And the other was a frivolous system of pickpocketing the Kansasters that had the department stores reduced to a decimal fraction. Look ye! A pair of silk garters, a dream book, one dozen clothes-pins, a gold tooth, and 'When Knighthood Was in Flower,' all wrapped up in a genuine Japanese silkarina handkerchief and handed to the handsome lady by Mr. Peters for the trivial sum of fifty cents, while Professor Binkly entertains us in a three-minute round with the banjo.

"'Twas an eminent graft we had. We ravaged peacefully through the State, determined to remove all doubt as to why 'twas called bleeding Kansas. John Tom Little Bear, in full Indian chief's costume, drew crowds away from the parchesi sociables and government ownership conversaziones. While at the football college in the East he had acquired quantities of rhetoric and the arts of calisthenics and sophistry in his classes, and when he stood up in the red wagon and explained to the farmers, eloquent, about chilblains and hyperæsthesia of the cranium, Jeff couldn't hand out the Indian Remedy fast enough for 'em.

"One night we was camped on the edge of a little town out west of Salina. We always camped near a stream, and put up a little tent. Sometimes we sold out of the Remedy unexpected, and then Chief Wish-Heap-Dough would have a dream in which the Manitou commanded him to fill up a few bottles of Sum-wah-tah at the most convenient place. 'Twas about ten o'clock, and we'd just got in from a street performance. I was in the tent with the lantern, figuring up the day's profits. John Tom hadn't taken off his Indian make-up, and was sitting by the camp-fire minding a fine sirloin steak in the pan for the Professor till he finished his hair-raising scene with the trained horses.

"All at once out of the dark bushes comes a pop like a firecracker, and John Tom gives a grunt and digs out of his bosom a little bullet that has dented itself against his collar-bone. John Tom makes a dive in the direction of the fireworks, and comes back dragging by the collar a kid about nine or ten years young, in a velveteen suit, with a little nickel-mounted rifle in his hand about as big as a fountain-pen.

"'Here, you pappoose,' says John Tom, 'what are you gunning for with that howitzer? You might hit somebody in the eye. Come out, Jeff, and mind the steak. Don't let it burn, while I investigate this demon with the pea-shooter.'

"'Cowardly redskin,' says the kid, like he was quoting from a favorite author. 'Dare to burn me at the stake and the paleface will sweep you from the prairies like—like everything. Now, you lemme go, or I'll tell mamma.'

"John Tom plants the kid on a camp-stool, and sits down by him. 'Now, tell the big chief,' he says, 'why you try to shoot pellets into your Uncle John's system. Didn't you know it was loaded?'

"'Are you a Indian?' asks the kid, looking

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up, cute as you please, at John Tom's buckskin and eagle feathers. 'I am,' says John Tom. 'Well, then, that's why,' answers the boy, swinging his feet. I nearly let the steak burn watching the nerve of that youngster.

"'O-ho!' says John Tom, 'I see. You're the Boy Avenger. And you've sworn to rid the continent of the savage Red Man. Is that about the way of it, son?'

"The kid half-way nodded his head. And then he looked glum. 'Twas indecent to wring his secret from his bosom before a single brave had fallen before his parlor-rifle.

"'Now, tell us where your wigwam is, pappoose,' says John Tom—'where you live? Your mamma will be worrying about you being out so late. Tell me, and I'll take you home.' The kid grins. 'I guess not,' he says. 'I live thousands and thousands of miles over there.' He gyrated his hand toward the horizon. 'I come on the train,' he says, 'by myself. I got off here because the conductor said my ticket had ex-pirated.' He looks at John Tom with sudden suspicion. 'I bet you ain't a Indian,' he says. 'You don't talk like a Indian. You look like one, but all a Indian can say is "heap good" and "paleface die." Say, I bet you are one of them make-believe Indians that sell medicine on the streets. I saw one once in Quincy.'

"'You never mind,' says John Tom, 'whether I'm a cigar-sign or a Tammany cartoon. The question before the council is what's to be done with you. You've run away from home. You've been reading Howells. You've disgraced the profession of boy avengers by trying to shoot a tame Indian, and never saying: "Die, dog of a redskin! You have crossed the path of the Boy Avenger nineteen times too often." What do you mean by it?'

"The kid thought for a minute. 'I guess I made a mistake,' he says. 'I ought to have gone farther west. They find 'em wild out there in the cañons.' He holds out his hand to John Tom, the little rascal. 'Please excuse me, sir,' says he, 'for shooting at you. I hope it didn't hurt you. But you ought to be more careful. When a scout sees a Indian in his war-dress, his rifle must speak.' Little Bear give a big laugh with a whoop at the end of it, and swings the kid ten feet high and sets him on his shoulder. And the runaway fingers the fringe and the eagle feathers, and is full of the joy the white man knows when he dangles his heels against an inferior race. It is plain that Little Bear and that kid are chums from that on. The little renegade has already smoked the pipe of peace with the savage; and you can see in his eye that he is figuring on a tomahawk and a pair of moccasins, children's size.

"We have supper in the tent. The youngster looks upon me and the Professor as ordinary braves, only intended as a background to the camp scene. When he is seated on a box of Sum-wah-tah, with the edge of the table sawing his neck, and his mouth full of beefsteak, Little Bear calls for his name. 'Roy,' says the kid, with a sirloiny sound to it. But when the rest of it and his post-office address is referred to, he shakes his head. 'I guess not,' he says. 'You'll send me back. I want to stay with you. I like this camping out. At home, we fellows had a camp in our back yard. They called me Roy, the Red Wolf. I guess that'll do for a name. Gimme another piece of beefsteak, please.'

"We had to keep that kid. We knew there was a hallabaloo about him somewheres, and that Mamma and Uncle Harry and Aunt Jane and the Chief of Police were hot after finding his trail, but not another word would he tell us. In two days he was the mascot of the Big Medicine outfit, and all of us had a sneaking hope that his owners wouldn't turn up. When the red wagon was doing business he was in it, and passed up the bottles to Mr. Peters as proud and satisfied as a prince that's abjured a two-hundred-dollar crown for a million-dollar parvenuess. Once John Tom asked him something about his papa. 'I ain't got any

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papa,' he says. 'He runned away and left us. He made my mamma cry. Aunt Lucy says he's a shape.' 'A what?' somebody asks him. 'A shape,' says the kid; 'some kind of a shape—lemme see—oh, yes, a feendenuman shape. I don't know what it means.' John Tom was for putting our brand on him, and dressing him up like a little chief, with wampum and beads, but I vetoes it. 'Somebody's lost that kid, is my view of it, and they may want him. You let me try him with a few stratagems, and see if I can't get a look at his visiting card.'

"So that night I goes up to Mr. Roy Blank by the camp-fire, and looks at him contemptuous and scornful. 'Snickenwitzel!' says I, like the word made me sick; 'Snick enwitzel!' Bah! Before I'd be named Snickenwitzel!

"'What's the matter with you, Jeff?' says the kid, opening his eyes wide.

"'Snickenwitzel!' I repeats, and I spat the word out. 'I saw a man to-day from your town, and he told me your name. I'm not surprised you was ashamed to tell it. Snickenwitzel! Whew!'

"'Ah, here, now,' says the boy, indignant and wriggling all over, 'what's the matter with you? That ain't my name. It's Conyers. What's the matter with you?'

"'And that's not the worst of it,' I went on quick, keeping him hot and not giving him time to think. 'We thought you was from a nice, well-to-do family. Here's Mr. Little Bear, a chief of the Cherokees, entitled to wear nine otter tails on his Sunday blanket, and Professor Binkly, who plays Shakespeare and the banjo, and me, that's got hundreds of dollars in that black tin box in the wagon, and we've got to be careful about the company we keep. That man tells me your folks live 'way down in little old Hencoop Alley, where there's no sidewalks, and the goats eat off the table with you.'

"That kid was almost crying now. ''Tain't so,' he splutters. 'He—he don't know what he's talking about. We live on Poplar Av'noo. I don't 'sociate with goats. What's the matter with you?'

"'Poplar Avenue,' says I, sarcastic, 'Poplar Avenue! That's a street to live on! It only runs two blocks and then falls off a bluff. You can throw a keg of nails the whole length of it. Don't talk to me about Poplar Avenue.'

"'Aw, it's—it's miles long,' says the kid. 'Our number's 862, and there's lots of houses after that. What's the matter with—aw, you make me tired, Jeff.'

"'Well, well, now,' says I, 'I guess that man made a mistake. Maybe it was some other boy he was talking about. If I catch him I'll teach him to go around slandering people.' And after supper I goes uptown and telegraphs to Mrs. Conyers, 862 Poplar Avenue, Quincy, Ill., that the kid is safe and sassy with us, and will be held for further orders. In two hours an answer comes to hold him tight, and she'll start for him by next train.

"The next train was due at 6 P.M. the next day, and me and John Tom was at the depot with the kid. You might scour the plains in vain for the big chief Wish-Heap-Dough. In his place is Mr. Little Bear in the human habiliments of the Anglo-Saxon sect; and the leather of his shoes is patented and the loop of his necktie is copyrighted. For these things John Tom has had grafted on him at college along with metaphysics and the knockout guard for the low tackle. But for his complexion, which is some yellowish, and the black mop of his straight hair, you might have thought here was an ordinary man out of the city directory that subscribes for *Harper's Weekly* and pushes the lawn-mower in his shirt-sleeves of evenings.

"Then the train rolled in, and a little woman in a gray dress, with sort of illuminating hair, slides off and looks around quick. And the Boy Avenger sees her, and yells 'Mamma,' and she cries 'Oh!' and they meet in a clinch, and now the pesky redskins can come forth from their caves on the plains without fear any more of the rifle of Roy, the Red Wolf. Mrs. Conyers comes up and thanks me and John Tom without the usual extremities you always look for in a woman. She says just enough, in a way to convince, and there is no incidental music by the orchestra. I made a few illiterate requisitions upon the art of conversation, at which the lady smiles friendly, as if she had known me a week. And then Mr. Little Bear adorns the atmosphere with the various idioms into which education can fracture the wind of speech. I could see the kid's mother didn't quite place John Tom; but it seemed she was apprised in his dialects, and she played up to his lead in the science of making three words do the work of one.

"That kid introduced us, with some footnotes and explanations that made things plainer than a week of rhetoric. He danced around, and punched us in the back, and

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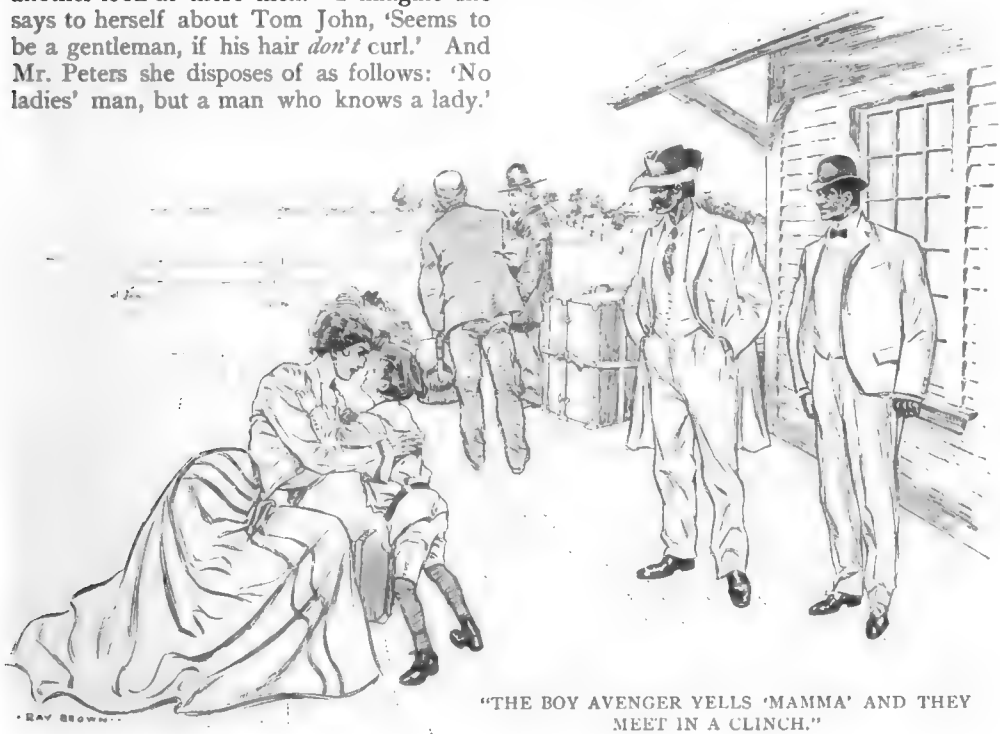
tried to climb John Tom's leg. 'This is John Tom, mamma,' says he. 'He's a Indian. He sells medicine in a red wagon. I shot him, but he wasn't wild. The other one's Jeff. He's a fakir, too. Come on and see the camp where we live, won't you, mamma?'

"It is plain to see that the life of the woman is in that boy. She has got him again where her arms can gather him, and that's enough. She's ready to do anything to please him. She hesitates the eighth of a second and takes another look at these men. I imagine she says to herself about Tom John, 'Seems to be a gentleman, if his hair *don't* curl.' And Mr. Peters she disposes of as follows: 'No ladies' man, but a man who knows a lady.'



"THE BOY AVENGER YELLS 'MAMMA' AND THEY MEET IN A CLINCH."

So we all ramble down to the camp as neighborly as coming from a wake. And there she inspects the wagon, and pats the place with her hand where the kid used to sleep, and dabs around her eyewinkers with her handkerchief. And Professor Binkly gives us 'Trovatore' on one string of the banjo, and is about to slide off into *Hamlet's* monologue when one of the horses gets tangled in his rope and he must go look after him, and says something about 'foiled again.'

"When it got dark me and John Tom walked back up to the Corn Exchange Hotel, and the four of us had supper there. I think the trouble started at that supper, for then was when Mr. Little Bear had an intellectual balloon ascension. I held on to the tablecloth, and listened to him soar. That Red Man, if I could judge, had the gift of information. He took language, and did with it all a Roman can do with macaroni. His vocal remarks was all embroidered over with the most scholarly verbs and prefixes. And his syllables was smooth, and fitted nicely to the joints of his ideas. I thought I'd heard him talk before, but I hadn't. And it wasn't the size of his words, but the way they come; and 'twasn't his subjects, for he spoke of common things like cathedrals and football and poems and catarrh and souls and freight rates and sculpture. Mrs. Conyers understood his accents, and the elegant sounds went back and forth between 'em. And now and then Jefferson D. Peters would intervene a few shop-worn, senseless words to have the butter passed or another leg of the chicken.

"Yes, John Tom Little Bear appeared to be inveigled some in his bosom about that Mrs. Conyers. She was of the kind that pleases. She had the good looks and more, I'll tell you. You take one of these cloak models in a big store. They strike you as

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being on the impersonal system. They are adapted for the eye. What they run to is inches-around and complexion, and the art of fanning the delusion that the sealskin would look just as well on the lady with the warts and the pocket-book. Now, if one of them models was off duty, and you took it, and it would say 'Charlie' when you pressed it, and sit up at the table, why, then, you would have something similar to Mrs. Conyers. I could see how John Tom could resist any inclination to hate that white squaw.

"The lady and the kid stayed at the hotel. In the morning, they say, they will start home. Me and Little Bear left at eight o'clock, and sold Indian Remedy on the court-house square till nine. He leaves me and the Professor to drive down to camp, while he stays up town. I am not enamored with that plan, for it shows John Tom is uneasy in his composures, and that leads to firewater, and sometimes to the green corn dance and costs. Not often does Chief Wish-Heap-Dough get busy with the firewater, but whenever he does there is heap much doing in the lodges of the palefaces who wear blue and carry the club.

"At half-past nine Professor Binkly is rolled in his quilt, snoring in blank verse, and I am sitting by the fire listening to the frogs. Mr. Little Bear slides into camp and sits down against a tree. There is no symptoms of firewater.

"'Jeff,' says he, after a long time, 'a little boy came West to hunt Indians.'

"'Well, then?' says I, for I wasn't thinking as he was.

"'And he bagged one,' says John Tom, 'and 'twas not with a gun, and he never had on a velveteen suit of clothes in his life.' And then I began to catch his smoke.

"'I know it,' says I. 'And I'll bet you his pictures are on valentines, and fool men are his game, red and white.'

"'You win on the red,' says John Tom, calm. 'Jeff, for how many ponies do you think I could buy Mrs. Conyers?'

"'Scandalous talk!' I replies. ''Tis not a paleface custom.' John Tom laughs loud and bites into a cigar. 'No,' he answers; ''tis the savage equivalent for the dollars of the white man's marriage settlement. Oh, I know. There's an eternal wall between the races. If I could do it, Jeff, I'd put a torch to every white college that a red man has ever set foot inside. Why don't you leave us alone,' says he, 'to our own ghost-dances and dog-feasts, and our dingy squaws to cook our grasshopper soup and darn our moccasins?'

"'Now, you sure don't mean disrespect to the perennial blossom entitled education?' says I, scandalized, 'because I wear it in the bosom of my own intellectual shirt-waist. I've had education,' says I, 'and never took any harm from it.'

"'You lasso us,' goes on Little Bear, not noticing my prose insertions, 'and teach us what is beautiful in literature and life, and how to appreciate what is fine in men and women. What have you done to me?' says he. 'You've made me a Cherokee Moses. You've taught me to hate the wigwams and love the white man's ways. I can look over into the promised land and see Mrs. Conyers, but my place is—on the reservation.'

"Little Bear stands up in his chief's dress, and laughs again. 'But, white man Jeff,' he

"She was of the kind that pleases. She had the good looks and more. I'll tell you. You take one of these cloak models in a big store. They strike you as being on the impersonal system. They are adapted for the eye. What they run to is inches-around and complexion, and the art of fanning the delusion that the sealskin would look just as well on the lady with the warts and the pocket-book. Now, if one of them models was off duty, and you took it, and it would say 'Char-lie' when you pressed it, and sit up at the table, why, then, you would have something similar to Mrs. Conyers."

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goes on, 'the paleface provides a recourse. 'Tis a temporary one, but it gives a respite; and the name of it is whiskey.' And straight off he walks up the path to town again. 'Now,' says I in my mind, 'may the Manitou move him to do only bailable things this night!' For I perceive that John Tom is about to avail himself of the white man's solace.

"Maybe it was 10.30, as I sat, smoking, when I hear pit-a-pats on the path, and here comes Mrs. Conyers running, her hair twisted up any way, and a look on her face that says burglars and mice and the flour's-all-out rolled into one. 'Oh, Mr. Peters,' she calls out, as they will, 'Oh, oh!' I made a quick think, and I spoke the gist of it out loud. 'Now,' says I, 'we've been brothers, me and that Indian, but I'll make a good one of him in two minutes if——'

"'No, no,' she says, wild, and cracking her knuckles, 'I haven't seen Mr. Little Bear. 'Tis my—husband. He's stolen my boy. Oh,' she says, 'just when I had him back in my arms again! That heartless villain! Every bitterness life knows,' she says, 'he's made me drink. My poor little lamb, that ought to be warm in his bed, carried off by that fiend!'

"'How did all this happen?' I ask. 'Let's have the facts.'

"'I was fixing his bed,' she explains, 'and Roy was playing on the hotel porch. And *he* drives up to the steps. I heard Roy scream, and ran out. My husband had him in the buggy then. I begged him for my child. This is what he gave me.' She turns her face to the light. There is a crimson streak running across her cheek and mouth. 'He did that with his whip,' she says.

"'Come back to the hotel,' I says, 'and we'll see what can be done.'

"On the way she tells me some of the wherefores. When he slashed her with the whip he told her he found out she was coming for the kid, and he was on the same train. Mrs. Conyers had been living with her brother, and they'd watched the boy always, as her husband had tried to steal him before. I judge that man was worse than a street railway promoter. It seems he had spent her money and slugged her and killed her canary bird, and told it around that she had cold feet.

"At the hotel we found a mass meeting of five infuriated citizens chewing tobacco and denouncing the outrage. Most of the town was asleep by ten o'clock. I talks the lady some quiet, and tells her I will take the one o'clock train for the next town, forty miles east, for it is likely that the esteemed Mr. C. will drive there to take the cars. 'I don't know,' I tell her, 'but what he has legal rights; but if I find him I can give him an illegal left in the eye, and tie him up for a day or two, anyhow, on a disturbal of the peace proposition.'

"Mrs. Conyers goes inside and cries with the landlord's wife, who is fixing some catnip tea that will make everything all right for the poor dear. The landlord comes out on the porch, thumbing his one suspender, and says to me:

"'Ain't had so much excitements in town since Bedford Steegall's wife swallered a spring lizard. I seen him through the winder hit her with the buggy whip, and everything. What'd that suit of clothes cost you got on? 'Pears like we'd have some rain, don't it? Say, doc, that Indian of yourn's on a kind of a whizz to-night, ain't he? He come along just before you did, and I told him about this here occurrence. He give a cur'us kind of a hoot, and trotted off. I guess our constable'll have him in the lock-up 'fore morning.'

"I thought I'd sit out on the porch and wait for the one o'clock train. I wasn't feeling saturated with mirth. Here was John Tom on one of his sprees, and this kidnapping business losing sleep for me. But then, I'm always having trouble with other people's troubles. Every few minutes Mrs. Conyers would come out on the porch and look down the road the way the buggy went, like she expected to see that kid coming back on a white pony with a red apple in his hand. Now, wasn't that like a woman? And that brings up cats. 'I saw a mouse go in this hole,' says Mrs. Cat; 'you can go prize up a plank over there if you like; I'll watch this hole.'

"About a quarter to one o'clock the lady comes out again, restless, and crying easy, as females do for their own amusement, and she looks down that road again and listens. 'Now, ma'am,' says I, 'there's no use watching cold wheel-tracks. By this time they're half-way to ——' 'Hush,' says she, holding up her hand. And I do hear something coming 'flip-flap' in the dark; and then there is the awfulest warwhoop ever heard outside of Madison Square Garden at a Buffalo Bill matinée. And up the steps and onto the

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porch jumps the disrespectable Indian. The lamp in the hall shines on him, and I fail to recognize Mr. J. T. Little Bear, alumnus of the class of '91. What I see is a Cherokee brave, and the warpath is what he has been travelling. Firewater and other things have got him going. His buckskin is hanging in strings, and his feathers are mixed up like a frizzly hen's. The dust of miles is on his moccasins, and the light in his eye is the kind the aborigines wear. But in his arms he brings that kid, his eyes half closed, with his little shoes dangling and one hand fast around the Indian's collar.

"'Pappoose!' says John Tom, and I notice that the flowers of the white man's syntax has left his tongue. He is the original proposition in bear's claws and copper color. 'Me bring,' says he, and he lays the kid in his mother's arms. 'Run fifteen mile,' says John Tom—'Ugh! Catch white man. Bring pappoose.'

"The little woman is in extremities of gladness. She must wake up that stir-up-trouble youngster and hug him and make proclamation that he is mamma's own precious treasure. I was about to ask questions, but I looked at Mr. Little Bear, and my eye caught sight of something in his belt. 'Now go to bed, ma'am,' says I, 'and this gadabout youngster likewise, for there's no more danger, and the kidnapping business is not what it was earlier in the night.'

"I inveigled John Tom down to camp quick, and when he tumbled over asleep I got that thing out of his belt and disposed of it where the eye of education can't see it. For even the football colleges disapprove of the art of scalp-taking in their curriculums.

"It is ten o'clock next day when John Tom wakes up and looks around. I am glad to see the nineteenth century in his eye again.

"'What was it, Jeff?' he asks.

"'Heap firewater,' says I.

"John Tom frowns, and thinks a little. 'Combined,' says he, directly, 'with the interesting little physiological shake-up known as reversion to type. I remember now. Have they gone yet?'

"'On the 7.30 train,' I answers.

"'Ugh!' says John Tom; 'better so. Paleface, bring big Chief Wish-Heap-Dough a little bromo-seltzer, and then he'll take up the Red Man's burden again.'"

Tired

By S. H. KEMPER

TO-DAY if I but close my hot, tired eyes . . .
The last faint, lucent gold in evening skies
And one brave night-hawk floating there alone,
All the home fields and wood, mysterious grown
In deepening dusk. Frogs in the meadow-pool.
The roadside grasses, long and lush and cool,
Brushing my small bare feet with crisp caress.
A string of little fish I called Success.
The garden path, petunias dimly white.
Then lamp-light shutting out the dark, sweet night.

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The Kindergarten of the Streets

By EDITH DAVIDS

Photographically Illustrated by Oscar Maurer

TO SPUR THE JEWISH BOYS ON BY STORIES OF OTHER BOYS WHO HAVE GROWN UP.

SCHOOL NO. — was tense with excitement. In the class-rooms work went quietly on, but one might have noticed that the quiet was bred of that hush of expectancy which momentarily awaits some vital intelligence. The Fifth Grammar boys were on a strike. The Fifth Grammar boys had been on a strike before, and the class-room had had to be temporarily closed. No. — lies in the section of the East Side district which skirts along the river front. The population of that section is a thing apart. It is not criminal; it is not poor to destitution, except in cases of extreme intemperance; it is not composed of an element conspicuously foreign in character, for most of the people down there are American born, of Irish extraction. But it is "tough"—consciously and gloriously "tough." The boys of No. — are the embodiment of the spirit of their community; the Fifth Grammar boys are the crystallization of that spirit. It is their boast that in any and every decision they carry the school with them. Just now they had decided that a strike was necessary to break the monotony of existence. They had disabled the class teacher and put an army of substitutes to flight. Desperate, the principal had put over them a man selected with a view entirely to pugilistic capacity rather than to pedagogy. But even six feet and two hundred avoirdupois went down before a hail of rotten apples and bricks. The iniquitous fame of the class had gone abroad, so that now no teacher could be induced to enter into relations with it. In the absence of an instructor, the boys were passing the time pleasantly in their own fashion—vaulting over desks, engaging in bloody contests, and enjoying the discomfiture of the principal.

"I shall have to expel the whole class and close the room," that unfortunate man decided, wearily. "It will demoralize the school, but there is nothing else to be done."

It was an unpleasant decision to have to come to. The principal lingered in his office, reluctant to carry it into effect.

The door opened and a girl came into the room.

"You have a vacancy here for a substitute teacher?" she asked, hesitatingly.

The principal looked the speaker over abstractedly, as from force of long habit. She was small and slender, and looked scarcely

THE WORLD'S LOVELINESS IS A SEALED BOOK TO THEM.

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CONSCIOUSLY AND GLORIOUSLY "TOUGH."

eighteen years of age. The lines of weariness and perplexity about his mouth relaxed, and a slow grin crept over his face. He was an Irishman, and he saw the humor of the situation.

"Yes," he said, simply.

Then the grin broadened. He shot himself suddenly into an upright position in his chair. He had an inspiration. He knew that nearly every boy in the Fifth Grammar was of Irish extraction; knew that almost every boy in that class had a sense of humor as keen as his own. Perhaps this small girl was the very thing that would appeal to them.

"Boys," he said a moment later, "this is Miss ——." Then he left.

Sixty boys turned sixty grinning faces on the small teacher. Then from all over the room came softly and in concert the sound of humming to the tune of "There's Only One Girl in the World for Me." A tall boy with twinkling gray eyes and a delighted leer shot up from his seat in the back row and introduced himself.

"I'm Lovett," said he, "the boy that hit the last teacher over the head with a lead pipe. That's why she's absent."

After that the room was mysteriously silent while the teacher moved to the far side to take a book from the closet. When she turned round again, a diminutive youngster was holding up his hand demurely. He was by far the smallest boy in the class, and had a face like a cherub, languid eyelids drooping, curtain-like, over wide, innocent eyes. His little voice had a certain peculiar inflection, which might have been childish timidity and might have been tantalizing, elfish humor.

"Teacher," he announced, "teacher, the whole first section has gone out into the yard."

In the silence, while the teacher's back was turned, fourteen boys had dropped down on all fours and crept out.

The teacher had been initiated into the ways of the Fifth Grammar boys of No. — .

Fortunately for herself, she possessed a keen sense of humor. It was that which won for her the first battle. During a reading lesson one day the larger boys were creating a disturbance. It was of no use to send them out to be whipped; their home training had been such as made any whipping they might receive at school a frivolous jest. The case seemed almost hopeless. She was only a slip of a girl herself, and some of these larger boys were fourteen and fifteen years old. But she was a keen observer, and noticed that whenever she chanced to touch one of them he would draw back shyly. This suggested the mode of punishment. Calling the largest boy to her, she said:

"Markham, I can't trust you out of my sight. So I'm going to take your arm, and you shall go with me as I move about the room."

The boy's face crimsoned as the teacher took his arm. A suppressed titter rippled through the class-room. A boy directly in front seemed particularly impressed with the humor of the situation. Markham watched his opportunity, and with his disengaged arm landed a punch that would have broken a nose less used to blows.

"Markham," exclaimed the teacher, sternly, "it appears that I can't even trust you

LITTLE SINNERS.

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TINY ITALIAN GIRLS DANCE TO TUNES PLAYED BY THE ORGAN MAN.

when you are at my side. You shall stand right in front of me."

And she placed the boy directly before her. Now the boy was about half as tall again and twice as broad as the girl. He completely concealed her from view. A howl went up from the class that could have been heard all over the school. The teacher collapsed in a chair, breathless with laughter. The noise brought the principal, and in this situation he found them. But he was a man who understood boys, and one glance at their faces told him that the girl had carried the day.

It was somewhat after this manner that one of the two worst boys in the class was vanquished. At first, of so desperate a character was the class, the teacher did not dare to keep any of the boys after school, as, in that event, those on the outside would have pelted the windows with stones. The majority of the boys won over, that obstacle to discipline was no longer to be feared. So she decided one day to keep Flaherty. When the others had all gone, Flaherty was called to a seat before the desk and left alone, he and the teacher faced each other. Obviously, the situation struck Flaherty as amusing. He had at all times a most infectious smirk, and now he sat quietly and with an air of bland contentment, twinkling and beaming on the girl. His delight and amusement seemed to increase with every moment. A long silence followed. Flaherty gave an extra beam and an extra twinkle. Then he chuckled softly and delightedly to himself, and asked, in a tone of urbane solicitude:

"Say, ain't you afraid your mother'll think you're lost?"

The teacher's sense of humor overcame her, and she laughed, first at the joke, then, being young, *with* the boy. They laughed together, and from that day they were friends.

The children of the East Side open their eyes to the light amid an environment of Old-World racial picturesqueness and wretchedness, their only heritage of birth fifty generations of foreign tradition and sentiment; for ninety-three per cent. of the dwellers in this district are of foreign parentage. Unlikeness to their small American neighbors of the north and west of town—unlikeness in tem-

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A GENEROUS CITY PROVIDES FOR ITS WARDS.

perament, character, and in the attitude they assume toward life—is their distinguishing characteristic. They are born into a land, to begin with, as different from that in which the other children live as though it were beyond the seas. A glimpse of life in the foreign quarter—a mere walk through its streets at sunset—is like stepping into an Old-World scene. While the golden light of the afterglow is fading from the sky, along the streets the bizarre, picturesque life of a foreign people spreads its panorama. Pell-mell in its fantastic confusion, its blending of motley, vivid color, the teeming population of the tenements pours out. The national life of twenty-nine different lands is here in miniature. Hester Street swarms with Jews of a dozen fatherlands—Russians and Poles, Hungarians, Roumanians, Germans—a mosaic of humanity as foreign in garb and feature as if they had never left their outlandish homes. As the night comes down, and one by one the torchlights in the stalls along the curb flame into tongues of golden flame, the long street prospectively melts into a sea of shifting light and color which is the rival in foreignness of any of the street market scenes of Europe. Over in the Italian quarter, Mulberry Street, in its narrowness and its crookedness, might pass for a street in Old Italy were it not for the height and ugliness of its tall tenement rookeries. Italians with faces as beautifully brown, smiles as quick to show the gleam of white teeth, and garments as particolored as though they were at home in their own Naples, lounge in lazy dalliance about the little shops bright with garlands of red peppers, tomatoes, festoons of bologna salame, and clusters of great cheeses. Low stoops are thronged with swart-faced women clad in the purple and green beloved of the races of the South. In their ears are great hoops of gold, showing against black hair which gleams with oily smoothness. And all are gesticulating as gracefully, and talking as volubly, and nursing the children at their breasts as openly, as though they were still in their Neapolitan homes. From the cellars along the street—the eating-places of the quarter—comes the sound of the guitar, a strain of haunting

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melody, the scent of rose-leaves in its music, the windings of the river in the moonlight, the passion of the storm. In the twilight gloom of a hallway entrance a dark-eyed youth lounges, playing that oldest of old songs, "Santa Lucia." It is all as distinctively Old World as if Broadway, with its long glittering lines of electric illumination, its throngs of fashionable men and women, were three thousand miles away.

With rhythmic grace of movement the children flash in and out among the sombre shadows of East Side life. They have all the pretty graces, the gestures, bows, the little coquettish looks and smiles of Old-World children. The self-consciousness of the small, pert Anglo-Saxon is alien to their temperament. The motley pageant of the streets on a pleasant afternoon, when the children of so many lands are playing in the sunshine, has throughout a rare fascination. But if one were asked to select the picture most replete with charm, I think it would be that presented by the group of tiny Italian girls who toss back their wealth of black curls as they dance to the tune of an old Spanish waltz played by the organ man. Or perhaps the picture of the old, white-haired priest of the Italian quarter, moving down the street, with a little band of children clinging to his cassock, would best please your fancy. Only over there you will witness the reverential Old-World custom observed by the children in kissing the hand of the parish priest. There, too, you may hear the children, in speaking of a gift bestowed in charity or a service freely rendered, describe it as given —in the beautiful Old-World phrase of the peasant class—"for the love of God."

The life of every child is lived, to a large extent, in a "make-believe" world of its own creation—a realm of the fantastic and the

IN SUMMER THE BAKED STREETS ARE COOLED BY FLUSHING.

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SHARING A DAINTY.

fairylike into which only a few rare grown-ups like Andersen and Lewis Carroll have ever been able to follow. But these Italian children possess a unique prodigality of that imaginative faculty which gives to childhood so many of its golden hours. It expresses itself quaintly in the East Side school-rooms. For example, upon being asked to solve the simple problem, "If a little boy's mamma gave him a penny, and by-and-by his papa gave him another, how many pennies would he have?" it would take the vivid imagination of an Italian child to insist that he had only "one penny."

"But what became of the first penny?" finally asks the teacher.

"He lost it," replied the small boy, with the absolute conviction of a highly imaginative child.

An instance of the Italian child's quick, poignant perception of the beautiful occurred the other day in one of the settlement libraries. A shy little maiden, with a world of dream-thoughts in the depths of her dark eyes, stood by the librarian's desk waiting for Andrew Lang's "Gray Fairy Book." But when it was given into her small hands, all the wealth of fairy lore between its covers was for a moment forgotten in contemplation of the cover, a dainty design in gray and silver. All thought of the story vanished; the child stood there eying the book with a look that was a caress, her hands just touching the binding, tenderly, as something of fragile beauty. And then, very softly, as if to herself, she said: "I mustn't get it the least little bit dirty. It's *so* pretty."

The language of these foreign children has unique poignancy. Early in the term a teacher in an East Side school had distributed supplementary readers, out of which there had been, as yet, no time to read. She was taking an inventory of books, and desired each child to hand in his supply with "what the book was used for" written on the outside cover. Glancing over the class, she observed a small boy looking with a puzzled, indeterminate expression at his supplementary reader. At length, with a quaint air of finality, he took up his pen, and, "This is a book to have, but not to use," he summarized.

LITTLE ITALIANS LOVE FORM AND COLOR.

ON THE CURB.

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In pithiness the small boy's summary recalls an anecdote of Father Kearney, rector of the Pro-Cathedral on Mulberry Street.

"See that child over there?" said Father Kearney, pointing to a wisp of a "guinnie" seated on the curb across the street. "Well, that child is the pest of my life. He has the passion for collecting bright-colored holy pictures and medals, has Tony, and, since I

"'Did you give *her* five cents?' he asked.

"'Yes, Tony.'

"'Well, my mamma says that she would like five cents.'

"'Oh, Tony,' said I, 'I'm afraid your mamma is too old to get five cents for her birthday. Besides, I don't believe you know when your mamma's birthday is; now do you?'

"'Oh, yes, I do,' eagerly.

THE NATIONAL LIFE OF TWENTY-NINE DIFFERENT LANDS IS HERE.

can remember knowing him, he has never let me escape without giving him one. Oh, my, but the shrewdness of that child! It's of that I started to tell you.

"I was coming down the street just now," he continued, "when a band of little girls beset me, and said one child meaningly, pointing to a little tot among them:

"'It's her birthday.'

"The significance of which remark, interpreted, meant that I was to give the little one five cents; which I did. Little Tony, watching from a distance for an opportune moment to descend upon me for his holy picture, saw this, and farther down the street he accosted me.

"'Well, when is it, then?'

"Tony didn't have to stop an instant to think. Said he, demurely:

"'Just now.'"

The hardships which devolve upon the little ones of the East Side are in but comparatively few cases the result of deliberate neglect or cruelty on the part of the parents. Indeed, it is usually the reverse, as in the case of four little girls who, one morning, came into school so thinly clad as to be almost frozen. The youngest had on nothing but a ragged calico dress. Although the snow was on the ground, her legs were bare and she was without a hat.

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A CELESTIAL CHERUB.

They had been absent from school two days, and, when questioned, the little one innocently admitted that during that time they had had almost nothing to eat, that there had been no fire at home, and they had merely come to school "to get warm." Investigation showed that the mother, a widow, had struggled on through illness, dire poverty, and discouragement to keep the family together. They lived in an old rear house, and she was obliged to bring from the yard the water to do the washing which she took in to support them. One winter's day she had slipped on the ice while filling her pail at the hydrant. Her knee was badly injured, but the pail of water must be carried upstairs and money made by washing; so, for weeks, she stood on one foot, resting the injured limb on a chair. Immediately after this accident, blood poisoning attacked the fingers of her right hand, and for six weeks the washing was done with one hand. At length work was no longer possible. On the morning in question, there had been no fuel nor food in the house for several days, and the family was about to be turned out into the streets.

The first seven years of the life of the East Side child, before he is old enough to go to school, are lived practically upon the streets. In the most densely packed city quarter in all the world, life during the day is so crowded, so desperately busy with the sorting of rags and the making of garments, that there is no place for him within doors. When the stifling night-air brings no relief from the burning heat of the day, the barracks of the tenements are more like huge ovens than homes. And far into the midnight, hours after

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hush-a-By Street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing, comes creeping

into the child-realm of the closely drawn white curtain and the shaded lamp, the little East Siders are kept up and out-of-doors because the rooms are unendurable. The tiny girl of four that I found on Monroe Street one night at two o'clock going round and round, with one arm encircling a barber's pole, and singing softly and happily to herself, "Ring around a Rosey," presents a picture not uncommon in the streets of the foreign quarter long after the midnight hour has rung out over the city. The streets are the only nursery these children know. They have no places for play within four picture-covered walls. Most of them never even hear of Central Park, where the little folk in smart frocks and gay sashes frolic on the green. I have seen a group of East Side youngsters hanging, open-mouthed, upon the descriptions of an adventure-loving, intrepid gamin who had travelled to that far-off wonderland as breathlessly as if he were a living Munchausen. Familiar only with the sights and sounds of the streets, the world's loveliness is a sealed book to them. A little band was waiting in the Grand Central Station for the train that was to bear them to the country home of one of the settlements. They were clad in their most brilliant finery for this gala occasion, and the small faces shone with the joy of anticipation. One solemn-looking little chap of seven, however, stood out in oddly grave relief against the radiant background. He gazed about him, with wide eyes, at the marble magnificence of the great depot, at the throng of well-dressed men and women, at the little gayly attired aristocrats. Then slowly he relaxed into an attitude of happy contentment, and two small hands were folded in demure satisfaction as he asked, softly, "Is this the country?"

It is often said of the older children of the

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East Side that their worst trait is uncleanliness. But what can be expected when the early years of many have been absolutely unruffled by any disturbing element in the shape of soap and water, brushes and combs? This condition was forcibly evidenced when the good pastor of an uptown congregation, visiting a mission school, essayed to recite to the children the story of the prodigal son. Ardently he tried to contrast the condition of the prodigal when he left home arrayed in purple and fine linen and his condition when he returned. The children listened breathlessly to the recital of his glittering departure. "And when he came back home," queried the clergyman, running his hands over his clothing in a manner meant to be suggestive of rags, "he was all covered with—?" And out of the fulness of their experience of life, from all over the room came breathlessly the answer, "Bugs."

Long before they can possibly comprehend their meaning, the small East Siders are familiar with the form of words which stand for adversity. Just before the school season closed, a bright little fellow brought into his class-room a number of mud pies and two diminutive figures which he had modelled. "Here's a man and a woman," he said, "made out of dirt, just like Adam and Eve." Asked why he had made them so tiny, the little fellow explained, soberly: "Oh, I couldn't make 'em no bigger, 'cause times is hard."

Perhaps you have never stopped to realize that to the trimness and tranquillity about everything in the quiet house that stood in the midst of the old-fashioned garden of your own childhood; the little white bedroom with the fresh muslin curtains at the window parting to show the snowy blossoms of the pear tree in late April; the cool shadowy parlor with the shutters carefully bowed to keep out the bright sunlight; the well-kept garden where time, fragrance-laden, seemed to move so slowly that on warm June afternoons it almost stood still; that to these early influences might be traced your love of a tranquil, well-ordered life. For inevitably the early familiar shapes one's ideals. Next to want and lack of privacy, the absence of tranquillity constitutes a prime factor in the East Side child's early familiar. This absence of tranquillity begets a restlessness which seeks an outlet in adventure. And as theft is the form of adventure most commonly known to the small East Sider, he becomes only too eager to enter the "Fagin" schools —by no means uncommon on the East Side —where boys, and sometimes girls, are trained as pickpockets. His story is already written, a story which will read like that of the young man of thirty rescued by Mrs. Booth of the Salvation Army. It was on Christmas-eve that he came to thank her. "To-morrow," he said, "will be my first Christmas outside of prison walls since I was a child of ten."

The little East Sider is pretty sure of at least a modicum of education; for the foreign parents realize that knowledge—especially knowledge of the language—is power. In the class-room, as on the street, the conflicting racial characteristics of the children of different nationalities, the influence of heredity, home-life, and environment, are all strikingly exemplified. The teachers soon come to

THE FIRST SEVEN YEARS . . . ARE LIVED PRACTICALLY UPON THE STREETS.

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realize that the surest way to spur the Jewish boys on to renewed efforts in their studies is to tell them constantly stories of the positions of power and wealth which await boys who have the education to fill them, stories of other boys who have grown up to fill such positions. This method does not appeal at all to the dreamy, indolent Italian children. They can best be reached by an appeal to their love of pure scholarship, their appreciation of the artistic, of rhythm and music, of the beauty of form and color. With nothing in their unlovely lives to awaken a spark of artistic creativeness, once given a glimpse of artistic procedure in the modelling and drawing classes, they display that marvellous talent for creation which is their heritage of race, and which has outlived the degradation of fifty generations. The children of the East Side, and especially the Hungarians, have a wonderful gift of language. They have, on the whole, a quicker, finer instinct of scholarship than have the children of the other side of town. The records of the settlement libraries show a remarkable love of books and reading among them. For one day the circulation of a certain library—and this is one of the very smallest settlements—numbered 424 volumes. Fairy tales, which are the delight of the young folk of every land, appeal especially to the romantic, imaginative foreign children. But these little people do a deal of reading in poetry and history; history being far more popular among them than with American or English children of corresponding age.

In the whole history of pathetic childhood, the saddest chapter is the story of the "Little Mothers" of the East Side. Scores of small girls, from five to twelve years old, are kept at home to assist their mothers in sweatshop work and to care for the babies. A scene in illustration of the premature sense of responsibility of these children was enacted one morning recently in an East Side court. It was when little May Corbett, aged twelve, came forward, leading her little brother Johnnie by the hand, and, approaching the magistrate, said she "wanted to put Johnnie in a home"; that her mamma was unable to come to court "because she is paralyzed. Johnnie," she added, "is getting to be a bad boy." It was ascertained that the commitment of the boy was the wish of the mother as well as of the little May.

"THEY HAVE ALL THE PRETTY GRACES . . . OF OLD-WORLD CHILDREN."

If the babies are not too noisy, the "Little Mothers" sometimes bring their charges to the schoolroom. It is a touching picture that is presented by a child nine or ten years old supporting in her arms a sleeping brother or sister, and at the same time trying to write a lesson. One of these, a little girl of

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OUT-OF-DOORS BECAUSE THE ROOMS ARE UNENDURABLE.

ten, pleaded to be admitted to the cooking class. The teacher questioned the child as to why she wanted to learn to cook. She explained that she had no mother, and, being the eldest of the family, took care of the home. She did the washing and ironing, and looked after two younger children. Poor little girl! "She didn't know only a little bit how to cook," she said, and it was in order to learn how to better prepare the meals at home that she pleaded so hard to enter the class.

Often it is not only the younger brothers and sisters that they must care for. Picking up the language and the customs of the American people on the street and in the public schools, they come to exercise a sort of protection over their parents, who, in many cases, remain all their lives aliens in a strange land, among a strange people whose language they do not understand. There is something pathetically incongruous in the tender solicitude with which these young ones watch over their parents, endeavoring to shield them from the strange things all about. I witnessed a touching instance of this reversal of the natural relations between parent and child not long ago. It was in one of the great hospitals. A Yiddish man was being exhibited before a clinic. His shoulders were stooped with premature age, induced by hard and unremitting toil, and his face, showing above the dark beard, was white and haggard with suffering. Evidently the treatment hurt much, for he cried out in Yiddish in a heart-rending manner. He could speak no word of our language, and with him was his little daughter, who acted as interpreter. As her father's cries pierced the room, the child's lips quivered and her eyes sought mine in mute appeal. "He's never been sick before," she said, with a quaint touch of motherliness, "and he was always so good to us." "You cannot judge of this man's suffering by his outcries," the lecturer was saying; "generations of low breeding—" and there was a curl about the great physician's lips. But irresistibly my eyes were drawn back to the quivering lips, the white, drawn little face of the child who stood there, the central figure of a picture beneath which might fittingly have been written the words, "And He took a little child and set it in their midst."

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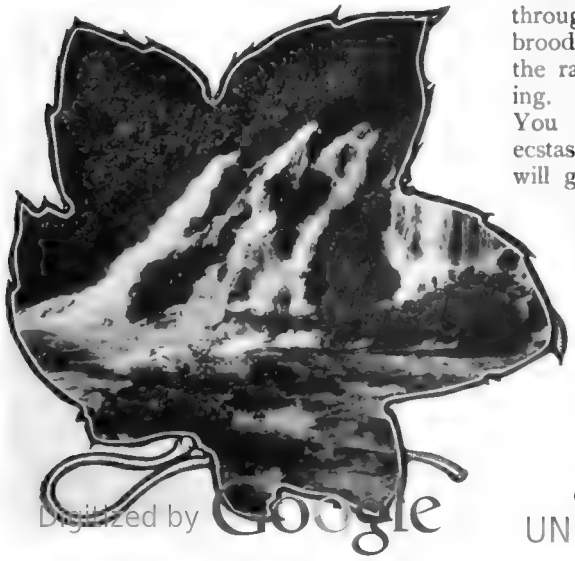
July Out-of-Doors

One could whistle and one could sing,
And one could play on the violin.

AND so they set out in three different ways for their July outing, and you may follow which you please, as the stirring takes you in the lips or the deep throat or the finger-tips. And if you can stretch your month to follow the three, you will have rounded up all the good times the land offers for this space on the calendar.

It is only fair to warn you that not one of the trio took the way of the hotel piazza, and all three wardrobes would have fitted into one steamer-trunk. If that dismays you, find another guide for your holiday, one who prefers embroidering wild flowers to gathering them, to whom the creak of the rocker is more musical than the wind in the cordage, and for whom the chatter of idle women has a charm above all the voices of the woods. We do not count yours *good* times, though they may be gay enough, and so they are not in our category.



Whistling will take you into the very heart of the woods, answering the birds back and forth, coaxing the reluctant notes. For, in July, the birds begin to put away their music, having family cares on hand. By the middle of the month the oriole has stopped singing because a peevish little oriole is making himself heard; bobolink and red-winged blackbird have no more melodies for the same domestic reason, while infant crows fill the air with immature opinions. Little soft feathers come fluttering down through the leaves, where one-brooded birds sit depressed in the ragged undress of moulting. This is the time to learn. You will not get the spring ecstasy of the woods, but you will get knowledge. In May they invite you to a concert, but in July you are taken through the nurseries, admitted to all the domestic labors and problems.

And when your eyes are tired of looking up, turn them down and

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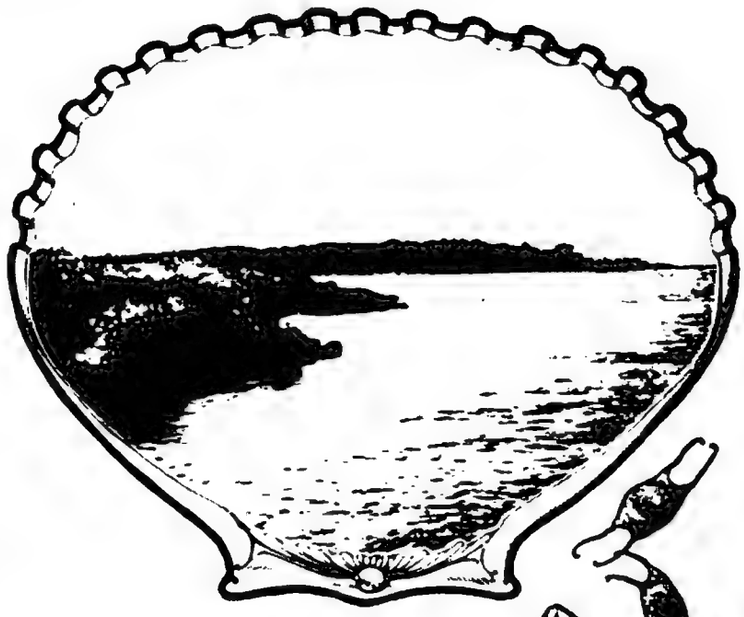

see what surprises the earth holds. You had supposed the flowers gone, but here are pink knotweed, yellow tansy, everlasting, early aster and golden-rod, thistles, Indian tobacco, wild pea, burdock, chickory—they are all to be found if you search the right corners. Corn-cockle blooms defiance in the grain-fields, and muskmallow borders the road; you will come home at night with full hands.

There are books to guide and enlighten your quest, if this manner of vacation appeals to you. If, however, your soul secretly finds nature-study a bore, give over pretending and find something that it does want. Only remember that the barrier between you and the love of earth may be merely an artificial one, the result of city living, which a single honest effort will overthrow. Many of our highest tastes are cultivated, and sympathy with outdoor life and growth is worth cultivating, if you do it to learn, and not because it is a neighbor's fad. "Nature's heart" has been a little overworked lately, yet the popular craze is a wholesome one, and has opened the door of the fields to many who might not have found it for themselves.

One does things lazily in July; a jogging old horse who drives himself is a far better comrade for the woods than any fancy trotter ever foaled. A boat on a winding river, a hammock between two trees, a broad hat and easy clothes and a spirit open to tranquillity—then you may "loaf and invite your soul" to mutual satisfaction.

Salt air in the lungs seems inevitably to mean singing. Every dipping craft that scuds by in the July breeze leaves a trail of song in its wake. A weatherwise little cat-boat, a trained hand on the tiller, a clean breeze and the bay an ecstasy of tiny leaping waves—who with a throat in his body can keep in his exultation? Sing badly if necessary, off the key if you must; the salt wind throws a mantle of charity over all, and in any case you will be happy yourself. The responsible nature finds its joy in the stern, sheet in one hand and tiller in the other and a canny eye into the breeze, while the lighter soul rides the tiny deck, in bathing-suit, with feet splashing joyously in the sound.

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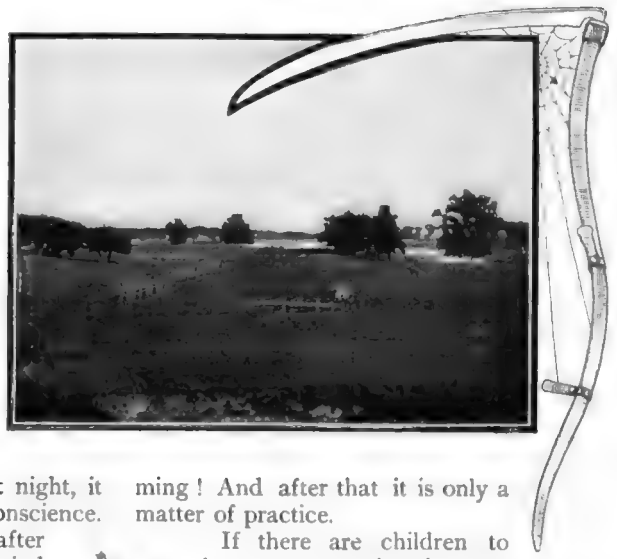
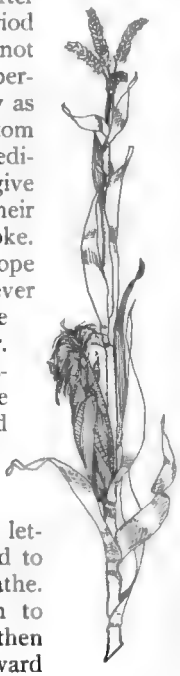
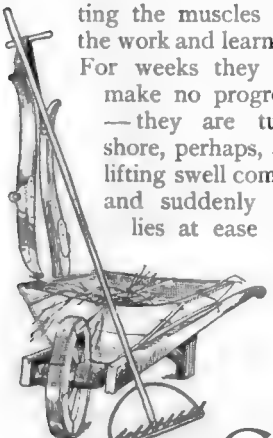


Beach the boat where the sand tempts, and wade in, the cold creeping up inch by inch, till you can throw yourself forward with a rush, and the water, suddenly warm, is streaming past your ears and breaking against your chin, and your body with every stroke is becoming lighter and more buoyant till it is a mere feather-weight for your reaching arms. Then come floating back to the beach and dry a little if you are particular; otherwise a mackintosh or a golf cape between you and the wind will be toilet enough for the run home. And if you do not eat well and sleep long that night, it will be because you have a bad conscience.

For many who learn to swim after they are grown there is a painful period of hopelessness. Confidence will not come. They can do their stroke perfectly on the piano stool and nearly as well in shallow water, but let the bottom begin to drop away and they immediately stiffen to a desperate rigidity, give up breathing, and work as though their future life depended on each stroke. Then they hang gasping to the rope and know it is no use: they can never learn. Yet, if they could only realize it, success is just round the corner. Knowing the theory (and three lessons from a professional teacher are worth thirty from the best-intentioned friend), they have only to go in daily without forcing matters: swim about in shallow water with brief ventures into the deep, letting the muscles get trained to the work and learning to breathe. For weeks they may seem to make no progress; and then — they are turned toward shore, perhaps, and there is a lifting swell coming from the open, and suddenly the body relaxes, lies at ease in the water, the arms stop jerking and take the sweep lazily with a pause at the end, the breath comes without effort—at last they are swimming! And after that it is only a matter of practice.





If there are children to share your vacation, it seems only fair that you should choose the sea-side. There is no such playmate as a beach, and children wallow in sand as naturally as little pigs in mud. To quote a nursery jingle:

Sand for the mermaid's palace,
Sand for the fort's gray might,
Sand in your hair and the hat you wear,
And sand in your shoes at night.
Sand for the cave of dragons,
Sand for the queen's mince pies,
Sand on your frock and, at eight o'clock,
Sand in your sleepy eyes.

And wet sand squeezed under little bare toes, with the waves playing creep-mouse up the beach to leave a wreath of foam on courageous ankles—the woods have no such game as that. One can dig for clams and sail toy boats and find seaweed treasures and learn water sports of every kind, and even secretly take a shovel and start to excavate a direct route to China—if the modern baby is not too sophisticated. We used to grow frightened after going down a couple of feet—rather dreading that first sight of Chinese slippers passing over our hole at the other end, and yellow faces stooping to peer at these daring little Americans; and so we never dug all the way through.

A shore that curves from the wind gives a delightful chance for beach teas, either elaborate ones with the servants and the supper sent over ahead, or a basket of good things and many hands to make light work.

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In either case the moon will be as benignant, the driftwood fire as alluring, and the staleless miracle of man and maid will cast the same glamour. Whichever way your lines may have fallen, you need neither envy nor look down on the other party, for, no matter what the accessories, the underlying elements are the same, and it is by these that happiness stands or falls.

If it is a truly earthy vacation you are after, go back to the farm—everyone has a farm in some way connected with him. When the implements have been penholders, the hands sometimes feel primitive longings for the smooth curve of a plough handle and the honest weight of a spade. The odors of the harvest are now in the land and the air breathes timothy and clover as the load comes creaking across the shining stubble. Take a pitchfork and help pile the wagons and ride back nested in the heap.

The woods, the ocean, and the farm—and each of the three has its separate inducement. After all, whatever one does in vacation, the secret is to do it thoroughly—with heart and soul and mind.

OFF THE CALIFORNIA COAST

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The Poet and the Hall Bedroom

By EMILY WATSON

September 3d.

"THE hall bedroom opposite to mine in the boarding-house across the street is let to a pretty girl," the poet told the elderly spinster, joyfully.

"What is she like?" asked the elderly spinster.

"I haven't been able to catch a glimpse of her yet," replied the poet, regretfully.

"How, then," inquired the elderly spinster, "can you even tell that the room is taken by a woman, let alone a young and pretty one?"

"For the last year," answered the poet, "as I have sat at my table, writing, my eyes have been offended by an extremely ugly pair of dun-colored curtains which have hung before that opposite window. To-day these have come down, and frilly white ones have taken their place, frilly white ones looped with pink ribbons. I presume you will admit that that is proof positive of the fact that the hall bedroom is now occupied by a woman?"

"By a woman, perhaps," allowed the elderly spinster, grudgingly; "but not necessarily by a young and pretty one. Even old and ugly women like frilly white curtains, you know."

"On a table in the window," went on the poet, "stands a jar full of roses. A lady living up three flights of stairs in a hall bedroom can rarely buy roses for herself. These were undoubtedly given to her. Only young and pretty women have roses given to them. Therefore——"

"If," said the elderly spinster, with the scathing severity of an old friend, "you had looked out of your window a little less all your life, and had written a little more, you might not now be occupying a hall bedroom yourself."

September 5th.

"I was quite right," said the poet; "she is pretty, adorably pretty, and oh so young! She came to the window this morning and leaned out, watching our gray Thomas and a white small cat settle a little difference in the area. You know how narrow the street is; I could see her perfectly. Her hair is not curly, just fluffy, and it looks as if it were incrusted with gold. Her eyes are violet—not blue I would have you understand, but violet—and they shine. She is the color of a rose—a pink rose. There is no lily at all in her make-up. Her face is pink all over. Perhaps," said the poet, dubiously, "that does not sound to you attractive; but it is—extremely so—and young—you should have heard her laugh when the white small cat chased our big Thomas up the area steps. Though I was in great straits over a rhyme at the time, I found myself perforce giggling in sympathy. Her name I may mention is Phyllis."

"Now how do you know that?" inquired the elderly spinster, suspiciously.

"Dear lady," replied the poet, "what is the use of belonging to my profession unless you get to have intuitions? It's about all you ever will get to have," he added, gloomily.

September 8th.

"Phyllis sews," the poet informed the elderly spinster. "Every morning she brings a little rocking-chair up into the window, gets out a work-basket, and starts in stitching; while she sews she rocks, and while she rocks she sings. I am sure she has a ridiculous throaty little voice, and that she can't sing in tune. As she works, happy thoughts come to her. I can tell when one comes, for she drops her sewing, looks away out of the window into space, and smiles."

September 20th.

"Phyllis gets a bunch of roses twice a week," said the poet. "They must be from her lover, for she kisses them when they come, and takes such care of them—snipping off their stems, and changing the water in the jar, that they may last as long as possible.

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You can always judge of the state of a woman's affections toward a man, by observing the manner in which she treats his flowers," announced the poet, sententiously.

September 30th.

"The lover does not live in this town," the poet told the elderly spinster. "Phyllis gets a letter from him every day. It comes by the twelve-o'clock delivery. Always, a few minutes before twelve, Phyllis lays down her sewing (what *can* she be making?), leans out of the window, and looks up the street for the postman. If he is late she gets so cross, wrinkles her absurdly pink forehead, and beats a tattoo on the pane with her little gold thimble. When he reaches her door she leaves the window, to run downstairs and get what he has brought for her. She must make the journey two steps at a time, for in a moment she is back again, all out of breath, and with the precious letter in her hand. Then," laughed the poet, "such a business! First the unopened envelope to be held at arm's length and admired. What a strong manly hand he does write. Next a little silver knife is found (he gave her that) and the envelope is opened, oh, so carefully—his envelopes must not be disfigured with unsightly gashes, you know. Now we get to the letter itself. Sometimes it is long, sometimes it is quite, quite short; but always it tells her the one important thing. Phyllis smiles and blushes while she reads it; once or twice she has run to the glass to see if what her lover says is really true. She kisses it, she holds it to her cheek—then she reads it over again at least a dozen times. At last back into the envelope it goes; out of the bosom of her frock she takes another letter—yesterday's letter—and puts the letter of today into yesterday's letter's place. She opens yesterday's letter, re-reads it, says good-by to it tenderly, and lays it away, on the top of a pile of other letters in a violet-scented box."

"Now, really," said the elderly spinster, "you cannot possibly smell the scent of violets across the street."

"Lady," answered the poet, "if there has been nothing in your life which tells you that that box is violet-scented, permit me to say that you have missed a very great deal."

For a moment the elderly spinster looked annoyed, then a charming color rose slowly in her pretty faded cheeks, and her keen eyes grew soft. "The box does smell of violets," she admitted.

October 1st.

"I have discovered that Phyllis is sewing at her trousseau," cried the poet, triumphantly. "This morning she evidently finished something with which she was very satisfied, for she rose to her feet and held it up in admiration. It was the prettiest little white thing—petticoat bodice I think you would call it—all lace and ribbons—shamelessly low-necked and with no sleeves. When she was tired of looking at it this way and that, she left the window to come back with a pile more like it, only prettier, if possible. She brought a big box and tissue-paper, and sachet powder, and daintily folded the dear little bodices away—smiling and blushing all the time. Little monkey! she knew how becoming the pretty things would be, and she was thinking of who would see her wear them."

"Stop!" interrupted the elderly spinster, "you may not mean it, but you are distinctly improper."

October 20th.

"Great doings, great doings," announced the poet. "Phyllis went away to-day to stop with her lover's people. All morning I could see she was packing, and whenever she looked out of the window, her face was so radiant I began to think she must be going to be married. But when I saw the little box she took away with her—it wouldn't have held half the pretty things she has been making herself—I knew that this was only to be a visit. So smart as she was, too, in a new blue dress and a big black hat, far too fine for travelling, really; but then he is going to meet her at her journey's end, and when one's lover meets one, one wants to look one's best, you will admit."

October 30th.

"What can have gone wrong?" the poet asked, anxiously. "Phyllis came home to-day. She had expected to stay away longer, for her landlady was surprised to see her, and went up to the hall bedroom to apologize for the room being still in disorder. She bustled about and got things into shape, while Phyllis sat on the bed and watched her. At last the door closed on the good woman, and Phyllis came to the window. She stood looking down on the roses in the jar on the table. They had been fresh and lovely when she left; they were dried and black now. She took them up one by one, touching their withered leaves sadly; then she put

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them in a long envelope and laid them away in the violet-scented box. She was crying. Poor Phyllis," said the poet, sadly, "and it seemed to me she locked away some of her own youth and freshness with the faded flowers!"

November 20th.

"She still sews," said the poet, "but not any more at the pretty trousseau. She makes horrible striped flannel garments, for the poor, no doubt, and she doesn't rock while she works, and she doesn't sing. The only thoughts that come to her are sad ones. When she puts down her sewing and looks out of the window, the tears flow. She wipes them away with the hideous striped flannel. There are no more roses in the jar."

December 2d.

"I should like to see that fellow," fumed the poet, "and tell him what I think of him. He is breaking my pretty Phyllis's heart."

"Perhaps he is dead," said the elderly spinster, softly.

"No, he isn't," replied the poet, "for she is still hoping to get a letter from him. She pretends to herself that she isn't, but she can't deceive me. About twelve she still comes to the windows and looks up the street quite casually. Not as if she were watching for anyone, you will understand. A girl may glance up a street without being on the lookout for anyone, I should hope. As the postman comes nearer, her color rises, and I can see her breathing fast. If he passes, her face falls, and she sits down again to her sewing. If he rings the bell, she takes up her sewing just the same, but she doesn't sit still long. She soon rises and leaves the room. She has remembered something that she wants from downstairs. She isn't so strong as she used to be, the stairs tire her now, though she takes them quite slowly. She has to rest with her eyes shut, when she comes back to her chair in the window. Sometimes she takes an old letter out of the violet-scented box and reads it, but that always makes her cry."

December 20th.

"It is all over," groaned the poet. "Phyllis has sent her letters and presents back to her lover. This morning she got out the violet-scented box. Did I ever tell you," asked the poet, "that it is a quaint old rosewood chest with brass clamps? It must have been her great-grandmother's dressing-case. She opened the box and took out all the letters. Such a lot of them; the engagement must have been going on a long time. Beginning at the bottom of the pile, so that she got the oldest letters first, she read them right through, putting each one back in the box as she finished it. Then two photographs went in on top of the letters, and two or three little trinket boxes. After that she pulled a ring off her finger; it came off easily, for her hands have grown quite thin of late. She hadn't cried till now, but as she hid the ring away under the letters, I could see that she was sobbing. At last the box was locked, wrapped up in paper, and addressed. It took a long time to get that address written. Perhaps it was the last time she would ever have occasion to write his name, you know. Phyllis didn't look for the postman at twelve o'clock, nor go downstairs, though letters were left at her door."

December 24th.

"Have you gone mad?" demanded the elderly spinster. The poet was waltzing wildly round her room. "God's in His Heaven! All's right with the world!" he carolled lustily by way of answer. "Dear lady, let me tell you. Phyllis was sewing this morning as usual, although it is Christmas eve and she should have been out looking at the shop-windows. Earlier she had hung a holly wreath in the window, and then taken it down again. She wanted to forget it was Christmas. A maid came to her with a card. Phyllis stared at it as if it were a ghost. She rose to her feet, swaying unsteadily. I thought she would faint. Then the color came in floods to her face—the pretty pink color I had believed locked away forever in the box with the dead roses. No need to ask what had happened. Her lover was come back to her. Saying something to the maid, who left the room, she threw up the window and leaned far out. She wanted air—she wanted space. The whole world, let alone that little room, was not big enough to contain her and her great joy. She can never be so happy again. A young man came softly up behind her. He touched her gently on the shoulder."

"Then—then?" cried the elderly spinster, excitedly.

"Ah then, dear lady," said the poet, "I pulled down my blind."

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No. III.

THE LIFE STORY OF A SIGNIFICANT

A LAWYER who has been tempted to give a public account of himself, and succumbs, is in instant danger of becoming intolerable. While he can talk upon any other subject in the universe with directness and simplicity, he cannot talk about himself without seeing before him the pitfalls of over-caution and unnaturalness.

He is, or fancies he is, talking to a wide unfriendliness which is likely to mistrust his simplicity and to suspect cant in his serious ideals. He may have endeavored all his life to maintain a high standard of professional conduct; yet he knows that some readers will say, "Who can tell if this is genuine? If he had been a vulture he wouldn't tell of it; if he had violated all sorts of professional ethics he wouldn't confess it."

To any who regard the whole legal profession with that suspicion, I can only answer, "You are probably right in saying that if a lawyer had played the vulture he would not tell of it; yet in truth these evil birds of prey are not the majority in the law; if they were more than a small

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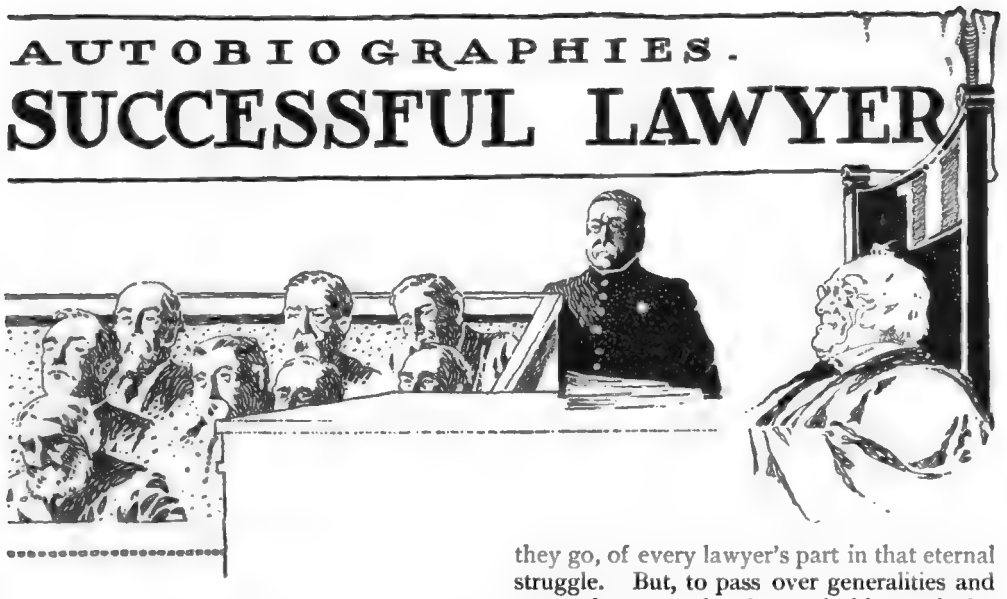
AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

SUCCESSFUL LAWYER



minority our profession could not sustain the almost boundless confidence it enjoys from the whole business world. Remember, a lawyer is judged day by day, and by his deeds he is justified or condemned. If a significant number of us were traitors to our clients, or if by our hypocrisy we undermined the body of professional ethics, the keen and undeceived men of this generation would not be placing in lawyers' hands every day their most momentous interests and trusting implicitly in the honesty of their advice. Suppose we do have our little professional attitudes and poses and pomposities; those are but superficial mannerisms which may make us awkward and tedious when we too would write a popular article, but which have nothing under heaven to do with our faithfulness to our clients; on that faithfulness we meet our judgment day six times a week."

Thirty years of lawyer-life have left with me little not made bare, and, to tell the truth, I am glad to have a safe chance like this to try to be unreserved about the profession, which is the thing I venerate next to the Almighty. Illusions slipped away years ago. Then came a long period of holding to certain chosen rules of practice. Now has come a perspective, by which I can see that even the stale routine of office, the daily He-owes-me-money—Then-sue-him cases, belong to a larger human action; they have their place of dignity in the universal contest between right and wrong; and I can see, moreover, that the events of my own career, if uninteresting in themselves, are typical, as far as they go, of every lawyer's part in that eternal struggle. But, to pass over generalities and come down to the facts of this particular case.

I doubt if a lawyer could have a more unpromising boyhood than mine; my youthful difficulties have always seemed to me to belong to a unique category. When a boy is fairly squirming with ambition and energy, poverty and parental inability are nothing to keep him down; the boy who reads Rollins's "Ancient History" by firelight after twelve hours of manual labor, or who walks home twenty miles on Friday night to earn a dollar and a half at carpentering on Saturday to pay for his board the next week at college—boys of that kind of energy are needed to laugh at obstacles.

My troubles, I am sure, were worse than those, for I had neither energy nor ambition for a long time, and my friends never thought I would amount to anything. My father was a sort of gentleman-farmer. He had inherited some means and prided himself on family distinction. But, strangely, his own educational advantages had left slight impression on him, and he had apparently no comprehension of his son's need of education. I haggled along at district school till I was fourteen, but had no liking for study, and I had still less liking for the farm-jobs expected of me when I came home.

It was my uncle, a retired New York lawyer, who one summer insisted that I be sent away to school. During the two years at boarding-school I had only discouragements from home; my father had no faith that books and study were in my line. But to

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counteract this depressing influence from my father, I began to feel the spur of my city uncle. While thinking of him I got my first consciousness that I might have an ambition. Naturally it took shape in the idea of being a lawyer like him.

Though I was retired from boarding-school at seventeen, I contrived to be sent back for a term. For a boy lacking college education could not be admitted to the bar in New York State without having passed the "regent's examination" in certain elementary branches; and in that final term new ambition squeezed me through the rather rigid test.

Then I was allowed to visit my uncle in New York. My real but unavowed reason for going was to scout among the lawyers' offices. My uncle, no longer in practice himself, gave me letters of introduction to some thirty of his acquaintances. Day by day I called on these lawyers and told them bluntly that I wanted to get office employment to pay my way as I read law. After a fortnight I found two lawyers in the same building, each of whom would take half my time and would pay me together six dollars a week. It was with a swelling of pride—a pride that one feels about once in a lifetime—that I went home to my amazed parents and told them of my start for a career.

Ambition was now fairly in the saddle, and I went at my studies on the run. It seemed as if the dulness and the repression of my previous years had suddenly gone to smash like a dam under a freshet. After my laborious copying of legal papers in long hand (for typewriting then was little used), chasing with countless errands, I used to get a few hours of daylight for reading, and I sat up over my books, without drowsiness, till after midnight, in my little room. I was nineteen, and I was possessed with the consummate confidence of a D'Artagnan. After two years of office reading, I went to the law school for my last year. To my surprise I was elected president of my class, and I cared more for that honor than even for the oratorical prize which came to me at graduation. This success confirmed my self-reliance. In a class of college men, I, without a college, had received the highest honor from my classmates; with a record up to seventeen for only dulness and loose-jointed ways, and in spite of discouragement from home, I had won the highest prize from my instructors.

During the summer's rest which followed my entrance to the bar I took time to decide some grave questions.

The first was whether to enter a law firm or to set up my own office. From my experience as a student in a big office, where I had, toward the last, been intrusted with every variety of the work not done in person by the heads of the firm, I had learned clearly the scale of probabilities open before a young lawyer in a firm. I had observed that if a young lawyer has family prestige and means he may bring enough to the firm to entitle him soon to a good independent position in it. If he cannot make this contribution his individuality is likely to be lost, and he does not stand much chance to rise far above a clerical connection. Inasmuch as my individuality was my only asset, I determined to work it for all it was worth by setting up my own little office; later on, when I had earned my place, I could consolidate with a firm, if I chose, to much better advantage. The years have justified that initial decision. In the firm which I have gathered around me each member has contributed and has maintained his individuality, and although we are glad to receive keen and sterling young fellows whose only asset is personal force, yet I invariably put before them frankly the grounds on which, as a young lawyer, I decided to set up for myself.

The other thing which that summer settled was my programme of endeavor. This was, of course, much colored by the romantic idealisms of youth. But though the romantic notions have gone back to the heaven whence they came, all the substantial ideals have persisted, to my intense gratification to-day. One of the discarded dreams was of a place on the bench. This judiciary honor is with most ambitious law students the *ultima thule*. It is a great and beautiful thing to be a judge if a man's matured taste leads him to the serene wisdom of the judgment-seat, but somehow my own growing inclination has been to stay in the fighting line, and I have found the keenest pleasure in trying to combine the judicial spirit with the partisan spirit.

But the youthful resolution made that summer, which I believe I have never departed from, was that of absolute faithfulness to my clients' interests. I already knew enough of legal practice to be aware that in the degree of faithfulness exercised toward a client's interest is the chief moral difference between lawyer and lawyer. I had dis-

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covered that untrustworthiness is not determined by a lawyer's methods against an adversary, but by his shiftiness toward the party he represents, and I had observed that there are numberless gradations in this unfaithfulness, from downright treachery up to those evasions and concealments which are only just over the border of rectitude.

That question I settled for once and all. I determined that nothing should ever divert me from the most rigid faithfulness to every phase of my client's business.

I was to start in business without any capital, but though I had no doubt that I should pay expenses the first year, I went to the one rich man of our village, who had taken some interest in me, with an insurance policy of $2,000 in my hand, and asked him to let me draw on him up to $800, if I needed the money. He readily consented. But I never had to draw a dollar from him, for business began at once.

My first case was rather more notable than is the usual luck of young practitioners. It was the somewhat amusing plea of a man whose patronymic was "Off," for a change of name. The petition would probably have been readily granted without much fuss from the lawyer, but I threw myself into it with immense enthusiasm. I had defined a theory for myself, that a lawyer ought to go into every case oblivious to all considerations but the winning of his point. The theory is good and I have always followed it, but in this case of Mr. Off it led me to prepare a brief, which for vast elaboration and exhaustiveness I have seldom surpassed. In this wonderful document, I remember, were some arguments so original as to give the newspaper paragraphers several funny texts.

In this way the case brought me considerable notoriety, which neither hurt nor helped me. But the intense enthusiasm which I put into the matter did attract notice in one quarter and that gave me my next case.

This second case was really important, and it afforded me a signal opportunity. Four coasting steamers belonging to a New York firm, and carrying perishable cargoes of tropical fruit and nuts, had been held up at Colon by the Colombian authorities on some technical ground. The large sum demanded for their release indicated a purpose to blackmail the New York owners.

I comprehended the extraordinary opportunity which the case offered, and with a wisdom which now surprises me when I recall that I was only twenty-two, I determined upon a singularly simple plan for reaching the vital point. Discarding the too ponderous suggestions which had been made by other counsel, I decided to go at once to the Secretary of State. To prove that there was no political game in my call I obtained introductions from both a Republican and a Democratic Congressman. The Secretary received me cordially, but said the case was not one of which the department could take cognizance. I expected this, and had another request ready.

"Mr. Secretary, is there any reason why the department should not cable to Colon to ask for the facts?"

The great man surveyed me quizzically, and replied, "No, I think not. That will accord with our proprieties, and it may be sufficient to get you what you want."

The cable was sufficient; the Colon officials, alarmed at the inquiry from Washington, instantly released the vessels for a fair price, and they steamed out into the Spanish Main with less than a week's delay.

This success brought other cases and really set me up in my work. But I valued it most for the important lessons it taught me. First, I discovered that I had an instinct which led me to the vital point of a case, and that it was for me to win out by training that special instinct to be as unerring as possible. It seems to me that this intuition for going instantly to the vital point of a case is of superlative importance for a lawyer's success.

If this quality is not born in a man I doubt whether he can acquire it. I scrutinize my brother lawyers to see how far they possess it. I have no use for a clerk or an office-boy who is confused as to the main point. The other day, for instance, I had agreed to call up a man over the telephone between certain hours for an important conference. Seeing this memorandum on my diary-pad, I told a clerk to get the man on the wire at eleven o'clock, and dismissed the matter from my mind for the present. About twelve

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o'clock I recollected, and summoned my clerk.

"I told you to get Mr. Brown for me."

"I tried again and again to, sir, and the wire was busy. I am sure I must have spent half an hour at the 'phone."

"Why didn't you keep at the 'phone until you got Mr. Brown?"

"Why, I was very busy at other matters you wanted finished up, and didn't think that I ought to give more time to the 'phone, which seemed hopeless."

"But that telephone was the most important thing of the day. It was the most important duty you had had in a month. When I told you that you were to connect me with so important a man at eleven o'clock, or as near that as possible, you should have perceived that there was a foremost duty. Your desk work could have gone into after-hours, if necessary, but a big man's open hours don't wait. If you couldn't work the 'phone you should have told me, and I could have reached him by messenger, or gone over to his office myself. There was one single vital point for you this morning, and you were too dull to see it and hitch to it. Now, I regret to say that after your week is done I shall have to seek for a surer wit to put at your desk."

This story illustrates clearly, and with more brevity than an instance of litigation, the imperious necessity upon every lawyer to eliminate all the minor points in every critical effort. It is the smaller considerations that divert a man's force from his singleness of aim, whether it be in the quiet handling of his client's affairs in his office, or in an intense struggle with an opponent.

During my first years of practice I naturally took all kinds of cases which entered my door, only discriminating in favor of those which would give me credit whether I won them or not. From the start I was rigid in refusing any case which might have a back-wash upon my repute. I reasoned that however richly such questionable cases might pay in fees, they would be expensive in the long run. But with this exception on the grounds of policy or of ethics, whichever it may be regarded, I was omnivorous. I ran my head into almost every variety of litigation, criminal, marine, insurance, personal libel, and of course corporation. I expected to specialize eventually, for no metropolitan lawyer can any longer attain either eminence or wealth in a general practice. But I was greedy for experience in every possible line, and all lines run into corporation practice, which I speedily saw would become my own specialty.

It was about the time that I had definitely begun to limit myself to corporation practice that I ran into a case which illustrates strikingly one form of the lawyer's temptation to go wrong in his fiduciary obligation. The case was flagrant and does not show the more subtle forms of the temptation; but perchance the "broad lines" will be more suggestive than a more elusive instance.

The street railway company of a small city up the State had run against the wall. Its management had been bad and it could not pay its debts. At the desire of three of the creditors a receiver was appointed, and a sale was ordered by the court. The receiver was a lawyer. He represented the interests of all the creditors and all the stockholders. He was trustee for all alike. All were his clients, and the smallest of their claims was as sacred as the largest.

But the three creditors who had secured his appointment wished to buy the road at as low a figure as possible. Certain other creditors got wind of a rumor that the first-named creditors were willing to pay $200,000 for the road, and that the receiver was in collusion with them to knock it down at that bid.

I was retained by the other group, and they were willing to pay $300,000 for the property, which, of course, was better for all concerned. The sale was to occur in the local court-house, and the notoriety of the occasion had brought in a crowd of citizens. The receiver went to the platform alone, called for quiet, and began to read the order of the court and the terms of sale. These provided for either public or private sale and the payment on the spot of ten per cent. of the purchase price in cash or in negotiable collateral, the balance to be paid in six months. He then announced that he was ready to receive bids.

"I bid $100,000," said the representative of one of the three conspiring creditors.

Having authority to go as high as $300,000, I bid $125,000. My opponent immediately jumped to $200,000.

"I offer $225,000," I called.

The receiver was instantly flurried. In evident embarrassment he hesitated what to do next, for the other side were not prepared for our move. After a moment or so

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of consultation one of the three creditors went up and whispered to him. He immediately cried my bid, and there being no higher, he knocked the property down to me, and requested that I step forward and comply with the terms of sale.

I had with me a certified check for $10,000, and negotiable railroad bonds for the balance.

"I can't accept this," he said, brusquely. "I must have the full ten per cent. in cash."

"But your terms of sale provide for either cash or negotiable collateral, and there is no question about the character of these gilt-edged bonds," I answered.

"Under the terms of sale I have the right to decide whether the collateral is sufficient, and I decide that this is not sufficient. I declare the sale adjourned for one week from this hour."

The ruse was clever to this point, in order apparently for me to make good, and actually for the other side to gain time. But his insincerity was proved when, before the week expired, he sold the property at private sale to his party for $200,000.

The result, however, was that we obtained from the court an order to set aside the private sale and to resell at public auction. On that occasion my clients obtained the property at $225,000. But first the receiver was removed and a new one appointed. It would have been difficult to prove criminal collusion; but a removal from the receivership under suspicion was disgrace enough for a lawyer.

Here, indeed, is the most significant feature of this illustration. A suspicion against a lawyer for breach of fiduciary obligation, so definite that a court recognizes the bare possibility of unfaithfulness, and therefore removes the suspect, is in itself a terrible punishment for a lawyer. Nothing, moreover, can more strikingly indicate how rare that unfaithfulness to fiduciary obligations is among lawyers. A suspected layman is presumed to be innocent until proved guilty, but a suspected lawyer is presumed to be guilty until proved innocent.

The more subtle phase of the lawyer's duty as a fiduciary is exhibited in his advice to his clients when that counsel is obviously contrary to his own personal gain. In extended litigation are his massive fees; yet he must arrest and prevent litigation in his client's interests whenever he can, sometimes even at an evident loss of justice. But often there are worse things for a client than the suffering of an injustice.

Thus, about a year ago, my client was the defendant against a very unrighteous claim. He saw only the mean injustice of the suit against him, and was hot for fight. I, as his lawyer, on the other hand, foresaw very intricate complications that would extend the litigation over a wide and hazardous field, involving many interests and huge expense. My client was a man who could not have been made to comprehend the delicate complexity of this litigation; he would have discounted the peril, and mistrusted my caution for his interest as cowardice for myself. So I was obliged to treat him with as much tact as I used toward his opponent. In other words, it was necessary to finesse until I got his opponent into a position where it was manifest to even such a square-jawed belligerent as my client that it was better to settle the compromised claim than to take the trouble to fight.

No special credit was due me for this; lawyers do it every day. In the long run, perhaps, they get their reward for this disinterested and thankless victory over their own clients; but the immediate result is usually a vacuum.

Sometimes, however, this obligatory course of repressing a client pays a lawyer well. For instance, there is a persistent story, which probably will never be printed as to names and details, that a famous trust magnate paid a lawyer a million dollars in cash for simply saying to him, "Don't fight. If you insist on fighting I will take your case. But if you fight, remember, all your books will be opened and all your methods disclosed." The bewildering munificence of that instant fee of a million was a record for wise philanthropy which showed the genius of the philanthropist. Never was a fee better earned, if the tale is true.

The experience which I cherish with the largest gratification was a case in which I was able to check my own clients as they were embarking upon a litigation which

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promised to be of enormous extent. I was especially gratified for two reasons: My clients' cause was questionable, although technically legal, and I made a large fee in spite of my keeping them out of their proposed scheme. If things always turned out that way rectitude would be easy.

It was the affair of a Western mine, or rather aggregation of mines, now well known and richly productive, but then in the first uncertain stages of development. It was rather under-capitalized at $1,000,000. Its entire stock had been sold at such a low figure that it never had been furnished with proper means. Then it was loaded down with debts, which had reached $300,000. Its management had been both lavish and ineffective, and it was a serious question whether it could ever produce enough to pay even the interest on its debts.

At this stage the president and another stockholder, who was also the largest creditor, made common cause. They would get up the old-fashioned freeze-out—have a receiver appointed and apply for an order for a sale, then have some friend buy it in and surrender it to them. In order to force the price down to a point of profit there would be examinations by several mining experts, whose opinion of the mines was known to be unfavorable, and who would make calamity reports, just before the sale. The stockholders would perforce be content with the dispensation of providence, and would discourage the other creditors from making a pool to acquire the property. The creditors would thus get but a percentage of their claims, the stockholders would be wiped out, and the president and the chief creditor would take the property, the latter making good his losses on his part of the debt by his big grab of the new stock.

This was not precisely the way they told the story when the two asked me to put through the deal. It was told with the circumlocution of men who are driven to the wall and are willing to incur losses and take great risks to save the property. Also, they were tactful as to the expected appraisal of the mines by the experts. Most experts who had looked into the property had been discouraging, and although there were one or two engineers, perhaps, who were more hopeful, it was certainly fair for the purposes of the sale to follow the opinion of the majority.

After hearing them I said: "Gentlemen, I perceive, as perhaps you do not, what a very complicated transaction this is. It is fraught with hazards which must be avoided. It may involve prolonged litigation, and your present transaction must be so shaped as to sustain that litigation even to the Supreme Court of the United States. If I undertake the affair at all, it will cost you $50,000 as a retainer. But I am not sure I will undertake it at all. If you still wish me to serve you, I will give you my answer in two weeks."

"The fee," said the chief creditor, "is not excessive for such a transaction, and we will wait here in New York for a fortnight and get your decision. We feel sure it will be favorable, and we are prepared to do more for you than you have demanded."

I wrote that day to a friend who was within 400 miles of the mines. If he was not an expert of the schools, he had been a prospector for many years, and I was ready to trust his experience and trained instinct in telling me what was in those mines. I wrote:

"Go to the mines by the first train; spend as much time there as possible up to this day two weeks; then wire me in twenty words your independent judgment."

The morning my men were to return to me I got this telegram:

"Experts, fools or frauds. Mines show million in sight. Ore croppings 1,000 feet long, 150 wide. Vein runs deep. Badly worked, but great promise."

When my would-be clients entered this yellow message was under my blotter-pad. In response to their inquiry I made a little speech:

"Gentlemen, what you have proposed to me is only the ancient game of freeze-out. There are many creditors who are to get but a small percentage of their claims, although the largest creditor is to get half the mine in lieu of his loss. All the small stockholders, who have invested from their little on the hopes which the president awakened, are to lose every cent of their investments, while the president is to get half the mine for himself. This is to be effected by a most plausible programme. Expert

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opinions, supposedly impartial, but really *ex parte*, are to be purchased, and with money which belongs to those who are to be mulcted.

"What will the result be? More serious than I at first imagined. After your sale that *ex parte* appraisal will be contested. A fight will be on which may mean bloodshed, and will certainly mean discredit and perhaps criminal prosecutions. I cannot undertake your proposed transaction at any price.

"But now, gentlemen, let me show you a better way. I know something myself of your mines." Here I drew out the telegram from my friend, the prospector, and read it to them.

"I don't believe in your experts, but I do believe in the honesty and value of the opinion in this telegram. I know that you also believe with me. If you didn't, you would not be so brave to buy a sinking ship. Now, if you will abandon your scheme as too costly as well as wrong, and adopt the plan I shall outline, you will make more money yourselves, you will save your good names, and you will save from loss all the small stockholders and creditors who are tied up with you."

The faces of the men had grown tense and gray; now they were somewhat relaxed with curiosity. I placed before them a simple and equitable plan. First, it involved a frank recognition and announcement of the situation; namely, that the management had been atrocious, but that the property itself was sound. Then, that a receiver should be appointed, but, instead of forcing a sale, that he was to induce the creditors to accept, one and all, as advantageous a settlement of their claims as possible.

The men were finally convinced of the hopefulness of the new plan, and accepted it with cordiality. The receiver was appointed, and without exception each of the forty creditors agreed upon a settlement at fifty-five per cent. of their claims, ten per cent. in cash and the balance in one year notes, for it was found that the assets would enable the receiver to liquidate to that degree.

After the final arrangements of details, work was undertaken at the mines with vigor and hope under a new management. The property began to produce abundance of rich ores. Not only were the notes met, but a hundred cents on the dollar was paid to the creditors. Dividends on the stock swelled its value, until, I believe, it is now selling on the curb at some 400 per cent. Nobody has lost; and my two friends have each made handsome fortunes. Lastly, I also shared in the good fortune.

Yet I will admit that my advice at the critical moment, right as it was and happy as it has proved, was not given without a sharp temptation to fall in with the clever and well-fortified scheme.

No lawyer is good for much unless he has a belligerent nerve; he must be ready for good fighting when a fight is required. But in this modern age the diplomacy of peace is even more needful in his equipment. Where he fights once, he operates for peace twenty times. His wrangles are in the public eye, but his peace-making, which is the bulk of his business, is done in his quiet office behind closed doors. No other profession demands such a knowledge of human nature; human wisdom is even a more imperative need to the lawyer than learning in the law. No other profession touches so many human chords; none other is such an exact expression of human nature's unpausing advance.

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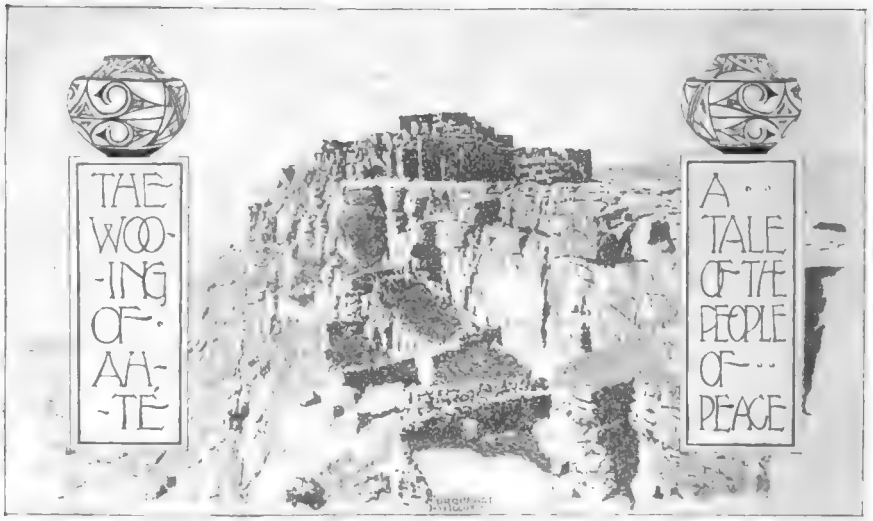

By C. BRYSON TAYLOR

Illustrated by Urquhart Wilcox

IV

IN the *estufa* of the Rattlesnake clan was a dim light; an acrid, fetid stench overpowering all but Indian lungs. The altar had been dismantled of its eagle-feather wands, its sacred shells; the railing of blackened twigs stuck in clay balls and tipped with red-painted feathers, commemorating the Moqui dead, had been removed. Many silent figures, stripped save for buckskin breech-clouts, prepared themselves for the dance. Some painted their bodies with a coat of greenish-black paint formed of green corn buried in a damp spot and allowed to rot. Others brushed their long black hair carefully with wisps of hay and tied on their heads tufts of red feathers. All chewed medicine of creamy white clay, and drank often from a large bowl upon the altar. From behind this latter came faint sweeping rustlings; here the stench appeared to concentrate. A knotted mass writhed and twisted and undulated upon the earthen floor, herded by two ancient Guardians of the Snakes, who lay upon the ground and tickled restless serpents into quiet with eagle-feather wands. These are used because the eagle is the rattlesnake's deadliest foe, and its feather, employed thus, has occult power to control a serpent when nothing else will. The place reeked with the effluvia of the snakes, the breath from many bodies, the stench of the paints. Everywhere was silent haste; gravity and seriousness were stamped on every painted countenance. One, wishing a gaudy mask upon the altar, pointed it out to the man nearest, who handed it over without a word. Under this silence was the rustle of ceaseless activity, mingled with the faint, dry sweep of serpents' scales.

All at once, as without premeditation, came a heave and stir of excitement. The old Guardians rose and gathered the snakes, one by one, into buckskin bags. They handled the reptiles with ease and rapidity and with entire fearlessness. The dancers got themselves into their kilts of painted cotton cloth that hung from waist to knee; strings and collars of shells were wound about dark stalwart necks; sashes of beads were drawn across from right shoulder to left hip. Each man wore moccasins of red buckskin, fringed at the ankle; also broad, white armlets that gripped the arm just below the elbow. Here and there, a young buck, his face half-painted, hurrying to be on time, begged by signs assistance from his fellows who stood ready. The *estufa* seethed with life in which no tones of human voice made themselves heard.

Outside, under a brazen sky that ached for the relief of rain, the spectators clustered about the plaza. Children and dogs swarmed everywhere, upon the ladders, upon the ter-

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races of the houses, upon the outskirts of the waiting watchers. Lithe, lean Navajoes talked in groups, taller by half a head than their Moqui hosts. Women and girls chattered in bunches, around which men of the non-performing clans gyrated. Their gay blankets and scarlet mantles made patches of raw color in the crowd. Near the Sacred Rock stood two tall Americans, their wide-brimmed hats pulled low over their eyes. Their presence attracted little notice, since they were quiet, and the people were intent upon what was to come. One took in the scene lazily, in careless amusement, a blackened clay pipe clinched between his teeth. The other cast glances among the women, seeking a dusky face and shy, downcast eyes.

In front of the Rock was a cottonwood sapling, thrust into the ground; near this was the sacred lodge of buffalo skins, from the top of which waved a clump of green foliage. To the right were the projecting beams of an underground *estufa;* in the background rose a jumble of masonry, ribbed with many ladders and dotted with clinging figures. Everywhere was a kaleidoscopic, shifting, always stirring mass of humanity; everywhere the hum of many voices, marked at intervals by shouts and the shrill cries of children. But always the space leading from the arcade at the eastern end of the pueblo to the Sacred Rock and the buffalo lodge, in the heart and centre of the crowded scene, was empty and burning in the glare of sunlight.

There came a sound as of rain driven by the wind, a whirring, soft, yet insistent, that made itself heard through all the noise. People pressed closer; the chattering ceased as though paralyzed. From the arcade came Toh-chi, grim in his sacred dress, in his hands an earthen bowl from which he sprinkled water on the ground. A sound of many rattles struck in with the swish as of rain; and five paces behind Toh-chi came three grave old men, bearing rattles of tortoise-shell which they shook in time to their stride. Small boys followed, likewise armed; after them walked a *shaman,* very old and stiff, who twirled a wooden sling from which came the whirr that sounded over and under and through the nervous din of the rattles. Following these a detachment forty-eight strong wormed its way in double file through the arcade, prancing slowly; each knee lifted to the height of the waist and the foot brought sharply to the ground before the other foot was raised. These bore in both hands the sacred wands of eagles' feathers; their faces were blackened from the brow to the line of upper lip; below this from lower lip to chin the stark whiteness of kaolin began. This column, headed by the priests, circled the Rock and sacred lodge; there parted. One division, made up of men of the Antelope clan, aligned itself with its back to the houses and its right abutting against the lodge and tree; the second, all members of the Rattlesnake order, drew up facing it. When the two divisions were properly aligned, the men and boys of the first shook their rattles gently, with a soft rush as of small pattering showers. In time with the rhythm of this the men of the second division waved their wands from right to left and stamped with the right foot, singing the while a guttural chant. As this died Toh-chi offered fervent prayer to the Lord of Rain and sprinkled the ground with holy water, his assistant scattering the sacred meal beside him. Then the second division, two by two, pranced slowly around the Rock with the motions of planting corn. Hereafter came a detachment of women, in white and scarlet mantles, who scattered corn-meal and prayed softly with swift-moving lips.

Always Toh-chi prayed before the lodge; always the first division shook its rattles gently and stamped and chanted. Its planting done and the circuit of the lodge accomplished, the body of Rattlesnake men ran forward to the lodge. One at a time each man plunged a hand within and pulled out a snake. As he did so, he was instantly joined by an Antelope man, armed with a sacred wand, who slipped an arm about his comrade's shoulders and danced with him, smoothing the serpent and preventing it from biting. So it went until all the dancers pranced in pairs.

With the appearance of the snakes the scene invested itself with a sense of dramatic unreality. The clanking of the tortoise-shell rattles at every man's knee; the long-drawn, sing-song chant, weirdly minor, many many times repeated so that the ear lost all sense of its meaning; the grim faces, cut in two as it were, by the ghastly white of lower cheek and jaw; the stiffly prancing figures, sweating in the glare of sunlight, with hands clinched and elbows bent, naked save for the painted cotton kilts and the red moccasins; more than all, the note of grewsome melodrama added by the struggling snakes, made a picture not soon to be forgotten. It was pagan, barbarous, repulsive; an anachronism

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that had drifted out of the heart of the ancient past, belonging by right to primitive, long-gone ages. But it was life; elemental life, crude, uncouth, savage, hot from Nature's breast, unglossed by the varnish of civilization. And so, because it was utterly sincere, in its own blind way, one got beyond the surface grossness and brutality into the all-believing child heart of it, that never thought to doubt the potency of the only gods it knew.

The procession wound its way about the Rock in the face of clouds of prayer-meal flung upon it by the women. The noise gathered volume; steadily the excitement increased. The dancers, spurring themselves on, became frenzied. They carried the snakes in their mouths; many men bore two and three serpents; some held between their teeth fat, flabby bodies as thick as a man's arm wriggling by folds of skin. The Antelopes, dexterous, ever ready, prevented the reptiles from striking by quick use of the wands. As the column circled the Rock, stamping, prancing, each man spat the snake he held from his mouth with a sharp snap of his head to the right. So that the reptiles were flung upon the ground in an ever-growing pile of writhing intertwined bodies. The column then danced back to the lodge for more snakes and the process was repeated. Still the excitement grew. The rattles pounded; ever the chant rose higher and more shrill; the dancers leaped and contorted themselves hideously. Their eyes blazed; sweat streaked the paint on their bronzed naked limbs. More and more snakes were brought and added to the pile; as the number increased the tumult deepened. The air was white with the sacred flour; underfoot it was trampled thickly into the earth. Now the squaws chanted; and their voices, thin and high, rose keenly above the deeper intoning of the men.

Ah-té, near the head of the column, was having trouble with his snakes. Two he held between his teeth; these were small and vicious, and his attendant had his hands full. But Ah-té, in a fervor of mingled emotions, gave them little heed. He had worked himself to a high pitch of recklessness; in addition he had seen Nah-ee-ya on the outskirts of the crowd and he felt her eyes upon him. Half way around from the Rock the smaller of Ah-té's snakes slipped from him and fell to the ground. The attendant started after it, as the crowd drew back in panic; and Ah-té, moving on with his column, was forced to handle his remaining snake alone. It is obvious that to the onlooker this dance is as exciting as to the performer, since one may never tell when an escaped rattler will sound his warning beneath one's feet.

Opposite the Rock, Ah-té, with Nah-ee-ya's presence drawing him like a magnet, glanced up, gripping the snake lightly with lips and teeth. To his over-excited senses it was as though a lull fell suddenly in the midst of the clamor of instruments and voices. For what he saw was not Nah-ee-ya's figure, but a man's bulk, topped by a square-jawed white face half concealed by a wide-brimmed sombrero; so that Ah-té stopped short, throwing the line behind him into an instant's confusion. The American's eyes were not turned his way; they glanced aside over the heads of people, seeking for one coming. Whom, Ah-té knew, with a thrill of savage jealousy. A thought, born of past hatred and present unnatural excitement, sprang to birth in his mind; under the impulse of it the hot blood leaped to his face. His glance took in every detail concerning the American—his position on the innermost edge of the throng, his watching, his preoccupation. Even as he gazed Mason's eyes lightened into welcome. Ah-té, following the look, saw Nah-ee-ya beckoning stealthily; and Nah-ee-ya bore beneath her arm a bundle. Mason turned, started to pass unobtrusively through the crowd; but at his motion those around unconsciously blocked the way. Rather than risk drawing attention, he waited. Ah-té sprang forward, so close that the two might have touched, and flung the snake to the ground just behind his man. In that instant Mason heard the whirr of the rattle, never mistaken for anything else by one who has once heard it, and wheeling, saw the reptile coiled to spring. With the first blind impulse of self-defence, which, at times unwise, is almost uncontrollable, he raised his foot to kick the snake aside.

Quicker than eye could follow, the serpent struck.

Followed a convulsion of turmoil and confusion among those surrounding. Women screamed and fled; men backed from the spot in panic. The nearest Antelope man grasped the snake before it recovered from its spring and bore it off. Mason's friend, appearing on the run, found him seated on the ground tying a handkerchief tight above the wound. And still the dance went on;

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the writhing figures leaped; the last of the snakes were flung on the squirming pile in preparation for the final act. To Mason's side came Nah-ee-ya, gray with terror. He smiled at her, quite calmly, though his face was white.

"The game's up, little girl! We were fated not to get away after all, it seems."

Then he cursed savagely at the friend who wished to cut away the punctured wound with a clasp knife, which was rusted and the only tool at hand. The friend was resourceful.

"Then hold still! I'm going to suck it out. Bring water, one of you fellows, and tell your big medicine chief I'll give him heap silver to cure this man."

He threw off his sombrero, knelt, and sucked leech-like at the naked wound. Mason, stolid through determination to keep himself well in hand at all costs, smiled faintly.

"You're a good chap, Curry, but I don't think it'll do a bit of good. Old man, I don't know how this acts, but if—when I begin to curl up and—and make a show of myself—you know!—for God's sake take me somewhere where these devils can't look on and grin. Where's Nah-ee-ya?"

But Nah-ee-ya had gone. Through the crowd she fled, searching with frantic haste for the one her frightened senses told her was the only one to help. People stared, muttered; turned back to the dance with avid eyes. Nah-ee-ya found old Nana on the far edge of the crowd, leaning upon a stick. She drew her aside with shaking hands.

"Second mother!" she stammered, hoarsely—"help me to save him! You are wise; you have the knowledge of all good medicines——"

"Have the gods made thee to forget?" said Nana, in bewilderment.

Nah-ee-ya beat anxious hands upon her arm.

"It is of my beloved I speak! Oh, grandmother, he hath been bitten! Now he lies at death's gate, and I come to thee to save him."

Nana drew herself away from the clinging hands.

"The degraded one!" she exclaimed. "So, little sister! His sin hath found him out. The gods have claimed him. I have naught to do with the vengeance of the gods."

Nah-ee-ya wrung her hands.

"Nana—grandmother! Think! For love of me—thou hast called me daughter!—save this one I love. What can I say to drive the coldness from thy heart? If thy lover had lain helpless, so, with his light darkening slowly, slowly"—she shuddered—"and thou hadst begged another woman for his life—oh, Nana, surely thou wouldst not have refused me now!"

"My lover was not a degraded one. Him the gods had no cause to curse," Nana said, steadily.

"But, grandmother, if this lover of thine had won the curse by keeping death from thee, would not his very curse have made thee more than ever tender to him? Indeed, I think so! See, then, that is how it is with me. My fault is it that he became so cursed. Oh, I will work for thee until the flesh drops from my finger-bones—no task shall be too hard, no burden too heavy. Now may the gods lay their fingers on my tongue that my words may have power to move thee, for in truth I know not what to say! Words will not come when the heart is frozen. Only this, second mother! when his life goes out in darkness, so goes my life out with it."

She stopped, panting, a hand at her breast. Nana took her by both shoulders and peered long into her face. Her own was impassive; but behind her eyes dwelt many thoughts. There was silence between the two. Behind them came the long-drawn minor chant bridging the space of life and death and all that lay between. Behind them also a man's life ebbed slowly into the shoreless tides of death. Nah-ee-ya's eyes darkened, as with mist on a river at evening; filled—all at once overflowed. She came closer. Her arms stole around Nana; she leaned her head against the withered old breast like a child that seeks for rest and comfort.

"Help me, second mother!" she whispered. Slow tears ran down her face. "To whom should I turn for help if not to thee? To save his life I would gladly lay down mine, though the waters be cold and the darkness bitter. . . . Nana! Save him!"

Nana raised the girl's face with a hand beneath her chin. Her voice held a new note that Nah-ee-ya was quick to catch.

"For his life would you gladly die! Ay, girl! At times that way is easiest of all. But for his life would you give your life? For his life would you give your body? For his life would you give your soul?"

Nah-ee-ya choked back a sob.

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"Play not with me! Your words make no sense to my ears."

"I say this, little sister, and this will I do and no other thing," Nana said, gravely. "If it be that I save this man's life, will you give him up, for now and all time, and take Ah-té, son of the son of my body, into your house to be your husband?"

Nah-ée-ya shrank from her.

"That the price to pay?" she muttered, staring. "Oh, Nana! *That* the price to pay!"

"Even so!" Nana said, inexorable. "I have spoken. If you do *not* this thing, wherein is the gain? Your white lover will die; slowly the poison will eat his heart away until he becomes a shameful thing, no longer man. What good will he do thee then?"

Nah-ee-ya covered her ears with shaking hands.

"Have done!" she cried, in anguish; but Nana spoke on.

"He is guilty of the blood of a Sacred One. This day hath the serpent been revenged. Little sister, if I heal him of the sickness in his veins, see you not that I shall rob the gods of the life that was theirs in payment for his crime? And for such a thing the price may not be small. You will not have to beg him to let you go—you will see! When a man must choose between a woman and his life, it is easy to know what his choice will be. Now his life and death are in your hands. Choose!"

Sudden stillness fell. Nah-ee-ya's tears ceased; her face set slowly into lines of stone. Her youth dropped from her as a cloak; in one bound she passed into the calm of the woman who knows and suffers, leaving girlhood and girlhood's dreams an offering upon the altar of her love.

"Let it be so!" she said, and shivered. "Save his life, and I will pay the price. . . ."

The dance was over; the snakes had been loosed to the four corners of the earth; the dancers, breathless and agitated, had dispersed.

Around the house of Ah-toch-ah many people had gathered. Word that the slayer of the Homeless One had been bitten and lay within passed from mouth to mouth. The Indians, listless in the reaction from the excitement of the dance, discussed the matter in low tones, curious, yet keeping their distance. Na-na-hé, graver than of old, stood upon the roof to warn off would-be visitors. His gaunt frame showed stark against the painted sky of sunset.

Within the house was a group swayed by many emotions. Ah-té, sullen in his corner, looked on with lowering brows, held in leash only by Nana's whispered word. Curry stood by his friend's side, watchful-eyed, haggard with suspense. Near the ladder Nomi and Ah-toch-ah spoke together, very low. Mason lay upon a pile of skins, bareheaded. Beads of sweat stood thickly on his forehead. Nah-ee-ya knelt beside him, torn with love and anxiety. In a corner Nana mumbled over a bowl of foaming sage-green liquid, pungent and smelling medicinally. At intervals Na-na-hé looked down upon them from the sky-hole. The room was lighted by small windows, with American panes. From the ceiling hung long twisted strings of dried pumpkins; across horizontal poles swung from the rafters were blankets, mantles, headdresses, masks, that made livid splashes of color in the evening light. At one side were stone bins for corn, and large jars, painted gayly.

Nana came forward with the brimming bowl. She looked at Nah-ee-ya.

"Thou hast chosen, little sister. Within this bowl is thy lover's life."

"Give it me!" Nah-ee-ya said, hoarsely.

Mason stirred. He seemed aloof from them; a being set apart by that which had befallen. His eyes rested always on a bit of scarlet pottery glowing upon the floor; this appeared to absorb him to the exclusion of all other things. He was very quiet; seemed altogether stupid. But at Nana's words his eyes lifted to the bowl. He spoke rapidly, in husky tones:

"Curry, if that's medicine, for the Lord's sake make them give it to me now. I've lived over the whole thing a dozen times already—and it's all the worse because I don't know whether I'm getting up a lot of quite unnecessary horrors. Don't look in such a funk, old boy! I'm quite steady, only it—it rather gets on your nerves——"

Into his speech Nana broke abruptly.

"Stranger, by virtue of this medicine it shall be as though the poison in your veins had turned to water, so that you may be healed. And when you have drunk you shall leave this place forever. The woman you love has given herself to another in payment for your life. Will you accept the price?"

Nah-ee-ya covered her face with her mantle. Mason roused himself.

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SHE HELD THE BOWL TO HIS LIPS.

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"I'll give you all the silver your two hands will hold," he offered.

Nana's bleared eyes scowled at him.

"The time slips by," she said, with sternness. "In a while even this will do no good. Choose while there is yet time. This way is open to you and none other. Will you give up the girl? For by no other means shall your life be kept in you."

Mason cast a glance upon her and laughed.

"Not likely, good mother. Nah-ee-ya is mine and I am hers 'till death do us part.' Though you would not understand anything about *that*."

Then his laughter broke, and he fell to studying the bit of scarlet pottery once more. Unaccountably his mind refused to focus itself upon the question which had been presented to him. He wished to request them not to bother him with foolish trivialities; he was going to die presently and all he asked was to be let alone. His thoughts, leaving far behind them the everyday level of love and life, ran a desperate race with Death. There was a pause. He woke abruptly to realize that they waited for him to solve the problem, for him to choose his life or death. At the pinch he found himself forced back upon his sense of honor; in a way he felt the dignity of his race to be at stake. He pulled his mind back to their plane with an effort.

"Nah-ee-ya!" he said, suddenly. "Do you give me up?"

Nah-ee-ya dropped the mantle from her face.

"Beloved! Give thee up—oh, woe is me! Star of my life, to save thy life, dearer to me than precious things, must I let thee go. Think, beloved—this is not—a good death to die."

"I'm not far gone enough yet to turn tail and leave you to that brute," Mason said. "Can't we make your medicine men fix up something? She can't be the only one who knows——"

"They will not!" Nah-ee-ya wept. "She will not let them. And you are cursed, and they would be glad to see you die."

"Then if that's their ultimatum," Mason said, stubbornly, "we'll fight it out together, sweetheart, you and I. Maybe we'll cheat them yet. Curry"—his voice was eager—"do you think I could possibly last to get over to Keam's Cañon?"

"Oh, man, you're off your head! Drink the stuff, for God's sake, and don't be a fool!" Curry said, sharply, because he was greatly anxious, and saw things from a rational viewpoint. He poured whiskey down Mason's throat, and for an instant slipped a hand inside his shirt over the slackening heart. "You've no time for fooling!" he said, angrily. As he drew his hand forth a dangling cotton cord came with it. At sight of it Nah-ee-ya screamed.

"The charm! Where is the charm I gave thee? Is it lost—is it gone?"

Mason stared at her heavily.

"I don't know!" he answered, without interest. Charms were of small moment to him then.

Nah-ee-ya wept, quite unstrung.

"Never would this have come upon thee if it had not been lost. Beloved, the gods are indeed against thee. Save thy life while yet a little time remains."

She reached for the bowl in Nana's hands. Mason jerked his head away.

"I tell you I won't give her up to that brute!" he repeated, obstinately.

Curry swore, fuming.

"Don't you see, old man, the fellow will get the girl anyhow after—afterward! It's only a difference of a few hours either way you look at it."

Mason turned on him in blind anger.

"Don't you see, you fool, that then it won't be my fault? I'll have done all *I* can —" His voice trailed off into a husky murmur. Nah-ee-ya put tender arms about his neck.

"Can I see thee die!" she sobbed. "Drink, dear one, drink! For my sake, beloved—live for me. Always to my life's end will I thank thee that thou wert willing to give thy life for me. But if I beg thee to live—how could I bear to know thy death was at my door? Ah, then indeed would my life be cursed! Beloved, the song that we sang together is ended now; our pathways lie apart. It must be so! Grant me the one joy left me of knowing that I have given thee life, that at the price of my body have I bought thee. It will be as a little lamp to lighten my heart's darkness if I may think in after days, 'but for me would he be lying cold beneath the ground.' Lord of my heart, give me this one small thing!"

She held the bowl before him, and smiled, as a mother who coaxes an ailing child to an unpleasant draught. There was an instant of strained silence.

"Come, dear love — come!" Nah-ee-ya

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said, softly. Mason wavered; glanced round desperately, as for help. She bent over him, whispering. He lowered his head, slowly, and she held the bowl to his lips with mother-tender hands, still smiling.

"All, my dear one—take it all," she prompted. "Every little drop of life."

Then she set the empty bowl aside with blind carefulness and touched his face, also as might a mother when a child has done what it did not wish to do. Only now she could not speak, though her lips still smiled. Mason got to his feet; and his face was not the face of a man who has won reprieve from death. He caught both her hands.

"Nah-ee-ya—love!" he said, hoarsely; and stopped short and bent his face over her hands with a sob that shook him from head to foot.

It was then that Curry turned his back upon them with a muttered word to the women who watched. These, with the in-born dumb obedience of their race to the dictate of the male, passed up the ladder to the roof outside. Curry turned to Ah-té. A challenge smouldered in his eyes.

"She plays fair; you play fair also!" he said.

Ah-té grunted. The two faced each other; the gray eyes cool, steady, indomitable, with the unconscious insolence which conscious power will bring to faces of a certain stamp; the black eyes sombre and inscrutable, behind whose impenetrability lurked gleams of hardly veiled passion, of sullen defiance, of inherent antagonism, ages old. Standing thus one might have read in them the history of the past, the triumph and the tragedy of the future, written small. Ah-té's glance shifted to the two in the corner; went back to Curry's face.

"*Lolamai*—good!" he said, shortly. The two men went up the ladder.

Later, as darkness fell and the stars swam into the blue-black vault of the night sky, the two came from the house out upon the roof. Here was a small group gathered, at whose front stood Nah-uch-i and the *Mung-wee*. From somewhere within this group Toh-chi's rattles clanked like wind-swept reeds. Below, many figures made a blot as of deep shadow in the square. Behind them rose the moon, full orbed, blood red, stabbed with a bar of black. From the plaza came a confused rustle and murmur as of many voices whispering in the dark.

Na-na-hé detached himself from the group.

"Hast chosen, daughter?" he asked, gravely.

"I have chosen," Nah-ee-ya said, with effort. She raised her voice. "My father, my mother, and ye, my people, Nana hath told you what is the price for this stranger's life. Since the gods demand a life for the one that he hath taken, I offer mine. Rather would I die, since to live for me is worse than death. But because there is no other way, I choose to give him up, for now and all time, as Nana hath said, that he may go to his own land and be free from harm. And in exchange——"

Her voice faltered and broke. From the darkness came an old voice whimpering.

"Little sister, my word has come to pass. Coyotes may not dance with stars."

"I have danced, oh, Nana!" Nah-ee-ya said, bitterly. "And I have been happy. Now all is gone, even as a dream when the morning comes, but the sweetness of it will linger like the fragrance of the wind at sunset, and none may take it from me. The word ye spake was a true word."

Nah-uch-i, her father, came to her, and she hid her face against him and he stroked her hair. Na-na-hé spoke, loud and clear, that all might listen and remember.

"Nana, our old one, hath spoken well; let her will be done. To-night this white stranger goes scathless to his own land. Mark him well, my children, for I lay it upon ye to see that never again does he return here. Therefore make a light that ye may see him and know his face; and after, let four of the young men take him and his friend and go with them till the morning. This much I instruct ye."

Cedar branches were piled in the plaza before the house and lighted. The red flames shot high and the scene leaped forth as though painted upon canvas. The group on the house-top descended the ladder to the ground; people drew aside into the shadows to make room. The Americans were placed apart full in the glare of light. One by one the men of the pueblo approached, some careless, some sullen, some filled with righteous anger, all curious; and stared at them each in turn. Huge shadows leaped and frolicked upon the walls; everywhere were dark faces thrown into high relief, and eyes that glittered animal-like in the light. There was silence, broken only by the shuffling of moccasined feet and the snap and hiss of the burning boughs.

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As the last man passed, Na-na-hé spoke:

"Now go. To-morrow the path to our village will be for you forgotten. Keep ye to your kind; your ways may be their ways, but their ways are not ours. Not again shall the gods be cheated."

He called four of the young men and gave them his commands. They surrounded the Americans; one helped Mason, who leaned upon a stick. They started. Just at the edge of the firelight came disturbance. Nah-ee-ya broke through the crowd, forgetting the eyes upon her, forgetting her triumph in that she had won the game from Death; remembering only that her love was being torn forever from her life. The nervous tension that had upheld her snapped; no longer was she a stoic, nerved to bear all things without a quiver, but only a woman, untutored, loving, suffering, impotently rebellious against her fate. She flung herself before Mason and caught his hand. He raised her with an exclamation, and she clung to him desperately. The ruddy firelight played over her distorted face and brought into merciless detail every line of agony graven on it.

"Take me with thee!" she cried. "Beloved, my heart is breaking! I am glad—oh, glad—I did not know the bitterness of the way I took or I could not have done it. Nay, then! I meant not that! I am but talking with my lips. For thy dear life I could have done it an hundred hundred times. Now wilt thou go from me and some fair woman will steal away the heart that was all, all mine. I know it, oh, so well! For a little space I was part of thy life, but now thy heart will turn to thine own people and I shall become as a stranger, and forgotten. Oh, beloved, remember me—think of me sometimes, even for just a very little while! Now I must not hold thee back—I must see thee go out into the darkness where I may not follow because—it is all finished!"

Still she clung to him, drowned in tears, all her self-control gone from her now that the thing was done; and he bent and kissed her lips.

"Good-by, little love! Forget you—what you have done for me—" His voice choked. "God bless you!" he said, hoarsely; and gently put her from him.

She stood, swaying in the circle of firelight, with the background of curious faces around her. The six men went over the mesa's side, into the darkness and the night.

Nah-ee-ya flung herself forward as though to follow; stopped short with a moan like a wild thing helpless and shot to death, and hid her face in her hands. Then it was as though for the first time she felt the eyes of her people on her. She shivered and flung back her head.

"Go!" she cried, savagely. "Are ye a flock of vultures that wait to watch the death?"

She turned from them and ran to the brink of the precipice and threw herself upon the ground. . . .

The world was steeped in darkness and gray shadows. Only overhead the moon looked down, aloof, cold-eyed, bathing crest and eminence in frosted light. Living darkness lapped the mesa like a tideless sea. Through this darkness, out on the plain, a single ray of light, one lonely star of earth, flashed an instant, vanished; shone again, wavered; was drowned in blackness.

In the pueblo sounds had ceased. Time passed. A dark figure stalked into the moonlight to where Nah-ee-ya lay huddled close to the edge of the cliff.

"Come home, little sister!"

Ah-té knelt beside her and took a cold, clinched hand in his. No answer came save a sound of smothered sobbing.

"The night is at the turn; let the new day bring fresh light. As thou hast loved this stranger, so do I love thee. And it may be that in a measure I shall help this wound to heal. Come, little sister!"

His voice was tense with suppressed passion. Around them the night throbbed. An ocean of mist, wan in the moonlight, grew impalpably from the night and stretched itself over the plain, soundless, billowless, infinite. Nah-ee-ya drew a shuddering breath.

"*Tenk'ia.*" she muttered. Which means: "It is all finished."

She rose and went with him, in silence. Hand in hand they walked up the plaza, black in the silver radiance, long shadows sliding at their feet. The blackness of the open door swallowed them.

Silent and deserted the mesa reared its crest above the plain. The moonlight bleached the terraces that rose like the walls of a ruined castle, and paved the empty streets of the pueblo with still light. Earth and sky came together, wrapped in the velvet mystery and loneliness of the night.

THE END.

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Dilemmas of the Stage

By MARIAN WEST

IT is told of a well-known English actress that her first step toward fame was by way of a dilemma that would have plunged a weaker character into the deepest valley of humiliation. While she was playing a small part, a serious and mortifying accident happened to her costume, through the treachery of some hook or pin. The house began to shout with laughter, "booing" after the jovial English fashion. The girl simply turned and looked the audience straight in the face, a stern, grave look that seemed to meet every eye there. In less than two minutes utter silence had swept over the house to the highest gallery; she held them by the sheer force of her personality as one might cower dogs with a whip, till every atom of ridicule had been sunk in respect and they were ready to beat their hands lame in her honor. Had her look once faltered, she would have lost; but she had the strength to wrest victory out of defeat.

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE, LAST SEEN IN "A COUNTRY MOUSE."

The American audience, as a rule, is a kindly one, neither booing for hissing its dis-

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approval. Actors from abroad, paying us the usual farewell compliments, are sure to include this in the bouquet, and it is sweet to the nostrils of a people not always lauded for manners. Thanks to this friendly trait, our actors can look back to their past dilemmas without bitterness, knowing that through everything the house was "with them."

Every actor knows the minor tragedies of insecure properties. We have seen Robert Haines's Japanese toupée come off, and Margaret Anglin's back hair hanging by a single thread; and when these accidents happen in a a serious scene, an actor needs all his courage and dignity to save his face. Fancy playing an injured wife, pleading with her husband not to leave her—with the consciousness of a white lace petticoat sliding inevitably toward the floor. That was Blanche Bates's predicament the night she opened in "In Spite of All;" and she won out by acting very much as she would have in real life, at a moment of such strong tension—jerked it off and tossed it aside as though scarcely conscious of the trivial affair. The house was made to feel that this was too big a moment to regard a minor annoyance, and so the scene was saved (and, incidentally, the husband).

Sometimes, of course, the house will laugh. To see a woman telling a young girl how to love her husband, and at the same time holding up the side of a building that was trying to fall on the scene—no superiority to trifling mishap could have saved Miss Ffolliott Paget from the shout that drowned her tender advice; and when, in the third act of "Her Majesty," Grace George snapped vainly the pistol that would not go off and the pursuer obligingly dropped dead without a shot, there was nothing to do but close the scene as hastily as possible. There are times when the actor may laugh with the house without losing, though, as a rule, to step out of a part even for an instant is a fatal mistake. Everybody was happier for a little incident that happened in "The Rivals" this spring, when Joseph Jefferson was playing with his son, and the latter's dog, who was not included in the cast, suddenly appeared on the stage. He marched up to his master and sniffed at his boots, then honored the older Jefferson in the same way, took a general look at the scene and the audience, and trotted off again with the air of having seen all he cared to, thank you! *Bob Acres* himself had to join in the pervading chuckle.

The event that is ludicrous, seen from across the footlights, is sometimes no joke to the victim. James Finney, who is now playing the leading part in "A Fool and His Money," still carries a deep scar on one finger as a souvenir of his first season. The play was "Francesca," with Lawrence Barrett; and Finney, in the yellow tights of a super, stood crowded against the curtain when the bell rang for its ascent. It was an old-fashioned arrangement with wires running up the sides through iron rings, and Finney's forefinger got caught in a ring. Up went the curtain just the same, and the next moment a pair of kicking yellow tights in mid-air were delighting a Brooklyn audience. Curtain and super were lowered together, chiefly from a fear that he would injure the appliance, and, though the finger was cut half through, there was no sympathy for the victim, who had to bind up his inglorious wound as quickly as possible.

Disaster on the street we see with consternation, but the same thing happening on the stage is, apparently, cut off from our sympathies by the medium of make-up and costume. We took our neighbor's strained ankle seriously, yet when the young heroine of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was limping, we roared because *Little Eva* had had a fall on

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her way to heaven! When Rankin Duval, newly separated from his vermiform appendix, tried, as *Rake*, to help *Cigarette* through a window, both fell in a heap that would have they would have laughed if they had. What had *Rake* to do with such refinements?

The return of Edward Harrigan to the stage brings back the good old days when the

MISS BLANCHE BATES AS *YO SAN* IN "THE DARLING OF THE GODS."

set Broadway shuddering, had it happened out of doors. Indoors, it raised a shout that was only quelled by *Cigarette's* anguished concern as she gathered up the victim and implored if he was hurt. Of course, the audience did not know about the appendix; but Mulligan plays—eleven of them—passed in joyous succession, and Broadway learned the dramatic value of the tough girl and the Harlem goat, and many other elements of metropolitan life that had hitherto gone unnoticed. Harrigan used every sort of do-

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MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN, ACTOR AND PLAYWRIGHT.

mestic animal for properties in his plays, cats, pigs, ducks, and usually without mishap—unless Henry Bergh happened to be in the theatre. The appearance of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals apostle always seemed to exercise a malign influence. The first night he was there, a horse fell through the stage and had to be pried up with a derrick—and the playwright and manager waited shivering. But Bergh had had an evening of laughter and was disposed to be lenient. He would come again. He did; and a cat who had the humorous rôle of leaping from a pot of chowder, leaped the wrong way and was singed by the footlights. Again there was dismay behind the scenes, but the philanthropist was filled with the benevolence of laughter, and, recognizing the excellence of the intention, let it pass.

The night "Squatter Sovereignty" opened the house was packed with the city's best. One of the most taking live-stock effects was to be the "Shantytown" scene, where a flock of white geese were to come flying over a twenty-foot wall, the birds being carefully stringed to limit their flight. But that first night, by some carelessness, about twenty feet too much string was allowed each goose, and so the white flock soared bravely out over the footlights, to land flapping and struggling among the smartest bonnets of New York. The dismayed author foresaw failure, but, oddly enough, the mishap made a hit, and the fame of the geese doubled the box-office receipts, though they never again crossed the footlights.

One special feature of this series was the sledge trip of Mulligan and his wife across the ice, which, being Mulligan ice, of course broke, letting the couple down into the water. A jackass was needed to draw the sledge, and the best possible imitation was made by a stage carpenter—as contrived it was a beautiful animal that wagged its ears and moved its legs and fulfilled all the specifications. Yet the result was not satisfactory. At 2 A.M., after rehearsal, Harrigan decided that nothing but a real jack would do, and, with the optimism of his kind, promptly started out in a night-hawk to find one in New York City.

Rumor finally put him on the track of one Paddy Campbell, who collected fat in a donkey cart named "The Lily of the Valley," and toward five in the morning Paddy was finally run down, sleeping the sleep of honest labor. He was routed out, the stable was

MR. HENRY MILLER, AS SEEN IN "THE TAMING OF HELEN."

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visited with a lantern, and the bargain struck. Since the Lily's steed was an opinionated brute who would submit to no guidance but his owner's, Paddy was included in the bargain. A twelve-foot trap was cut in the stage, that they might disappear through the icy waters, and a cage was built to receive them, so they might be penned in safety till the end of the play released them.

The scene went off beautifully, and the drowned steed, his duty done, settled himself to doze until the trap could be raised again. Consequently, when some mischievous supers stole up to the cage and suddenly tickled him with long feathers, the jack uttered a protest—the bray of his kind, that swept up through the waters overhead and reverberated through the farthest gallery. This signal from the under world raised a laugh that stopped the play, and at every trumpet of the irritated jack the laughter broke out afresh, till the house was out of all control in its joy. After that a special watchman had to be hired to stand outside the cage and protect the beast's peace of mind.

MISS FFOLLIOTT PAGET, JOE JEFFERSON'S LEADING WOMAN.

An actor oftenest bridges a difficulty by clinging to his part, but now and then he is forced to step out of the character and face the audience as man to man if he is to come off victorious. Harrigan had a trying instance of this when he went South with his company, and, yielding somewhat anxiously to popular request, put on "The Blue and the Gray" in New Orleans. The play had been a success up North, but down South, with the air still full of the bitterness of the war, it was a dangerous experiment. Tony Hart was to represent the Confederate gray, so he hunted up a uniform of the Louisiana Tigers, and when he came marching on, young, stalwart, handsome, the typical soldier-boy in the beloved uniform, the house, men and women, cheered and shouted and cried for all their heroes embodied in this boy.

Harrigan, standing in the wings in his Northern blue, waiting to go on, had just one thought—"They'll kill me!" Then he stepped out, the embodiment of the enemy, and a cold, dead silence fell upon the house. Not a hand moved for him. The audience was tense with emotion, and there was only an instant to act, if the play was to be saved. Harrigan, big, kindly, good-looking, came swiftly down to the front and stepped over the footlight gutter, leaning down to them. "For the love of God, won't you give the Yankee a hand?" he exclaimed. At once the house was caught, and all the pent-up feeling turned the right way. There was a yell of applause, and the emotional Southern-

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ers took their enemy to their hearts with a fervor that nearly raised the roof.

Sometimes rivalry between actors leads to unforeseen results. No one who saw the original production of "Michael Strogoff" in New York years ago can forget one vision of Frank Bangs. In the "you are not my son" scene, he and the heavy mother both wished to face the audience, and in time this came to a tussle, each edging up stage so that the other should have to turn. Unfortunately Bangs, in his backward progress, went too far, and stepped off into a gap intended for scenery. His wig flew off, and there was exposed for the derision of the spectators a very bald head, while the mother stood over the prostrate one, and declaimed in solitary triumph.

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN.

But the cruelest moment in stage-life is when the gallery takes a hand in the perform-

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ance. This is sometimes done in good faith. In the marriage scene of Grace George's play "Southern Skies," the heroine was about to plight her vows to the villain one night when an earnest voice called down, "Say no, say no!" a somewhat embarrassing tribute to the realism of the scene. The son of Thomas Francis Meagher, the well-beloved Irish hero, went on the stage with Jr. after his name, playing an Irish part that involved the lines, "If you are not my father, who is my father?" From the gallery came the answer, "By gosh, Tom, ye'll never be the aqual of your father!" Mrs. Bates tells of an experience in "The Octoroon" years ago, when she allowed the present Darling of the Gods, then a small child, to be present. When the slave was put up for auction there was a sound of infant weeping in the house, and at the bid, "Twenty thousand dollars!" it rose to a sudden wail: "They're selling my mamma!" Instantly a big voice from above rang out, "*Thirty* thousand!" and, luckily, it was time for the curtain to go down.

The most trying moment in Henry Miller's professional life happened out in a Western town, where he had just opened in "The Squire." When the curtain fell on the first act there was a tremendous burst of applause from the house. The enthusiasm was unexpected so early in the evening, but as the clapping and shouting continued, the company was lined up in a gratified row and the curtain was raised, Miller in the centre bowing his best. And then it was seen that the house was not looking at the stage at all, but at a young couple who had just appeared in one of the boxes, and who also were responding with smiles and bows to the ovation. It was a sickly moment. There was nothing to do but stand there in a foolish row till at last the curtain came down again, and it seemed an eternity. The young couple, it proved, had been married that day in the window of a local dry-goods store, receiving in return various practical gifts and a box at the theatre, and the house was offering its congratulations.

MISS GRACE GEORGE, HEROINE OF "PRETTY PEGGY."

MISS BLANCHE WALSH AS *MASLOVA* IN "RESURRECTION."

Miller had his revenge in another Western town, where the joke was decidedly on the people. He was playing *Eric Temple* in "Heartsease," and one of the most important properties, a large oil-painting of Charles II., was found to have vanished just before the curtain went up. There was a wild scramble to find it, and at the last moment it was discovered hanging in the lobby, gazed at with awe and interest by the passing throng. Beneath it the local management had placed an inscription, "Henry Miller as *Eric Temple*."

There is many a bad quarter of an hour in stage-life; but the victims are an easy-going tribe, and they know that the distress of the moment is a joke for the future.

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Cæsar of Tobacco

The Great, Quiet, Confident Mr. Duke

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

IT was not so many, many years ago when corporations of trade were unknown, and even a common partnership was forbidden by law. This was of an hour when the thought of government was to protect the consumer. The present has so far departed from such old and threadbare precedents that the trend of modern statesmanship, and particularly modern American statesmanship, is to protect the producer and let the consumer protect himself—if he can.

Wherefore we have the Trust.

The Trust is the expression, not of the survival of the fittest, but of the biggest. And the people are watching the Trust with a narrow interest that cannot be shaken and in the finish will not be deceived. At this reading folk know little of the Trust; they know it exists, but whether for general good or ill has in no sort gained popular settlement. Being in present darkness as to the color of a Trust, and unable as yet to say if it be white or black, the public is not ready to either approve or oppose, but waits for greater knowledge and a fuller light. These will arrive in time, and whether they are to argue in favor of or against the Trust will depend wholly on the Trust itself. As a certain publicist recently said: "If Trusts should in their outworkings improve a quality, maintain a quantity, and reduce a price, the people will sustain them. Should they turn to be traps of extortion, set to catch and fleece the people, they will be broken up. The earth was made for men, not companies, and should collision of interest occur, the companies will lose. It rests with the Trust itself. Should it turn hog, it may be sure the public will turn butcher."

THE TOBACCO TRUST

For the public, busy with a present study of the Trust, a best lesson-leaf to its purpose is the story of the Tobacco Trust. In this establishment of commerce, whereof James Buchanan Duke was the architect and is the chief, every feature, characteristic of the Trust at its best or worst, is emphasized. And to encourage folk in a bending to the considerate oar at this pinch, it may be taken as true that he who knows the Tobacco Trust will, in their broader lines and purposes, know all Trusts.

First in the procession of curiosity might come the question, What is the Tobacco Trust—of what does it consist? It is made up of two great companies: The American Tobacco Company and The Continental Tobacco Company. These absorb to themselves and control fifteen smaller companies. The latter, however, are no more than names, and occur as mere details of tobacco trade. The situation of commerce thus phrased permits the Trust to crack an unchecked whip over every form and fashion of the American tobacco business—cigars, smoking tobacco, fine-cut and plug, cigarettes and snuff. Also, its sway is absolute in Cuba and the Philippines. In these three markets of Cuba, the Philippines, and the United States, the Trust has a monopoly. What that should mean of profit may be faintly guessed when one is told that the year's consumption of tobacco in the United States alone includes seven billions of cigars, ten billions of cigarettes and two hundred and eighty millions of pounds of manufactured tobacco. The one item of smoking and chewing tobacco, exclusive of cigars, cigarettes, and snuff, registers an annual overall value of more than $500,000,000. In addition, England smokes six billions, Japan three billions, and China one and one-half billions of cigarettes every twelvemonth. This outside cigarette-puffing burns up forty-five millions of pounds of tobacco and puts about $4,000,000 into the bank account of the American grower, giving the giant balance to the Trust.

The American and Continental Companies deal with the actual tobacco. There is an overseer company—practically the Trust

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itself—called the Consolidated Tobacco Company; the Consolidated pulls the reins over the American and the Continental Companies, and drives them in all things tandem or abreast, like a pair of horses. "Consolidated Tobacco Company" is a misnomer and might delude the unwary. The "Tobacco" should have been left out. The Consolidated has nothing to do with tobacco and everything to do with the American and Continental Companies. It owns the majority part of their stocks and issues its bonds to pay for those stocks. It selects the directors and determines the destinies of the other two companies; in brief, the Consolidated Tobacco Company is the Tobacco Trust, and the American and Continental, with the fifteen smaller companies they control, are provinces or dependencies over which the Consolidated rules.

EVOLUTION OF DUKE

James Buchanan Duke is president of the Consolidated; also he is president of the American and of the Continental Companies. His year's salary is $50,000 from each of the two tobacco companies proper. Once a shareholder, turning sullen, asked Mr. Duke what he did for these salaries of an aggregate one hundred thousand dollars.

"I'm not paid those one hundred thousand dollars," said Mr. Duke, "for what I do, but for what I don't do. I'm paid for the mistakes I fail to make."

Speaking of the Consolidated, or overseer company, it should be noted that in its principal features, as well as the spirit of its formation, it is a duplicate of Mr. Morgan's Northern Securities Company, which struck a judicial snag in recent western waters, and tore most of its keel away.

That acorn which grew into the oak of the present Tobacco Trust was chance-planted fewer than forty years ago, or, to be exact, say thirty-eight. It was Washington Duke, the father of James Buchanan Duke, who planted it. This Washington Duke was, when the war broke, in the early '60's, the owner of a lean North Carolina farm near the town of Durham. He was a Republican and a Union man, which would, when one reflects on his environment, mark him as unusual, even though it failed to prove his genius. For all his sentiments of the Union, however, the Confederacy brought argument to bear upon him—probably a gun—and he yielded his position as one academic rather than practical, and went into the rebel navy. When the war closed he again sought his starved acres, called his dispersed family about him, and began to raise tobacco because he couldn't raise anything else. In a hovel of a barn the Duke tobacco factory had its beginning; this was in 1865.

Washington Duke, the sire, moiled and perspired over his baby tobacco industry with single-handed zeal. At first it was but a frail business, and, for the two years following its start, the Duke family may be said to have lived on corn pone and crackling. Little by little, however, the Duke prospects perked up. The two sons—James Buchanan Duke, known of that day as "Buck," being the younger — grew to helpful size. They turned in with their parent at the tobacco trade, as soon as they were capable of a task.

The present chief of the Tobacco Trust was born in 1857. When he was eighteen, his father suggested college. The coming magnate would have none of it; he had been to a country school three months each year for twelve years; he could read, write and cipher well enough to count money; what more was needed? He waived aside a college as of those luxuries for which he had neither taste nor time. He said:

"Give me a one-sixth interest in your business and let the college go."

Whereupon Duke *père* gave him the one-sixth interest, said no more of college, and the new firm—for the other brother was a member—took on the style of "W. Duke and Sons." In 1881, Duke, the father, retired from business.

STANDARD OIL HIS MODEL

In 1881, at the age of twenty-four, James Buchanan Duke began his dream of a Tobacco Trust. It was the example of the Standard Oil that taught him this vision. But he lay quiet, saying little, thinking much, hatching his plan.

In 1883, our hero—to fall into the style of all great story-tellers—was the head of W. Duke & Sons. The business handled $200,000 in that year, and was worth in capital $70,000. That was twenty years ago. To-day the Tobacco Trust, whereof our friend is Czar, handles $125,000,000, and works 100,000 men. It began in a barn, the Durham factory, and now covers a block. And there

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are, besides, some sixty other factories in the family.

In 1884, Mr. Duke had his Trust scheme fairly hatched. As a mere scheme it was ready to break the shell. In one respect Mr. Duke displayed a cautious wisdom. The little Duke factory divided itself at that time between pipe tobacco and cigarettes. He resolved to make his first step toward consolidation in those departments. He would take some brother maker of cigarettes to his commercial heart and amalgamate with him.

THE CIGARETTE WAR

Considering the cigarette field with a wise eye, Mr. Duke, in 1884, decided to honor Allen & Ginter, of New York; he would invite them to a cigarette association with W. Duke & Sons. He came to New York and proffered the invitation. Mr. Duke was laughed to scorn.

"Why should we bother ourselves about you?" observed the lofty Mr. Ginter, who was the talking member of his firm. "We do not regard you as a competitor even."

Allen & Ginter shut the door in the face of Mr. Duke; whereat Mr. Duke, in a most cold-blooded way, pursuing a system he had marked out, declared a cigarette war against the offensive ones. Mr. Duke undersold them, over-advertised them and, generally speaking, in a trade way, went over Allen & Ginter like a cable-car. In 1889, Allen & Ginter surrendered; also in that year Mr. Duke's advertising bill was $800,000. Which goes to show that Providence, in any carnage of commerce, fights on the side which has the biggest advertisements.

When Allen & Ginter came humbly to Mr. Duke for compromise, with them came other folk of cigarettes, being the Kinney Tobacco Company, Goodwin & Co., and W. S. Kimball & Co. Mr. Duke received them graciously, forgave them their sins, and proposed the American Tobacco Company, into which his own and the penitent companies should disappear. The aggregate assets of W. Duke & Sons, Allen & Ginter, The Kinney Tobacco Company, Goodwin & Co., and W. S. Kimball & Co. were of a value, according to the sworn testimony of Mr. Duke before a legislative committee, of fewer than $5,000,000. The American Tobacco Company was organized with a capital stock of $25,000,000, or five-fold the aggregate assets put in. Of this stock the Dukes took $7,497,000; the Allen & Ginter concern $7,497,000; the Kinney Tobacco Company $4,998,000; Goodwin & Co. $2,499,000; and W. S. Kimball & Co. $2,499,000. This would leave $10,000 of the capitalization of the American Tobacco Company unaccounted for, and while history saith not its fate, one may be sure it was not burned or thrown into the waste-paper basket. Mr. Duke was made the chief of the American Tobacco Company. It was about this time, too, that the late Thomas Brackett Reed defined a Trust. The great Speaker said: "A Trust is a large body of stock entirely surrounded by water."

Cigarettes disposed of, Mr. Duke took a deep breath. Following a short repose from his labors, he began his efforts to round up and tranquillize in the Trust the pipe and plug tobacco industries. Of these the big fish were Liggett & Myers, and Lorillard & Co. These, like Allen & Ginter of the olden time, met Mr. Duke and his offer of consolidation with scoff and jeer.

Again our viking of tobacco ordered forth his long-ships and prepared for battle. This time Liggett & Myers and the Lorillard Companies were the enemy; the war was to be a war for plug and pipe.

Mr. Duke made unto himself the "Battle Axe" brand of tobacco. The name spoke volumes for his trenchant mood. With this Mr. Duke smote upon his enemies. Also he overran their "Red Cross" brand of plug tobacco with a rival brand called "Honest"; this last, possibly, in a spirit of facetiousness. Mr. Duke sunk $4,000,000 on his "Battle Axe"; before all was in, however, Mr. Duke took out $12,000,000 as the profits thereof; the weapon paid for itself.

DUKE'S CRAFT

But the Lorillards and Liggett-Meyers folk were a hardy brood; they were not to be conquered by direct assault. Then Mr. Duke, laying aside Achilles, became Ulysses; he would do on the flank what he couldn't do in front.

The merry strife of pipe and plug was at its height, and never a back fence or a dead-wall in all this broad land that did not declaim in vehement paint for "Honest," "Red Cross," or "Battle Axe." Suddenly there came another and unexpected Richmond to the field. There was organized the Union Tobacco Company, capital $10,000,000; it, too, would fight the omnivorous Mr. Duke.

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MR. JAMES BUCHANAN DUKE.

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The cry was "Independence and no monopoly."

The Union Tobacco Company took the lead against the strenuous Mr. Duke. The better to carry on the battle, it proposed to the Lorillards, the Liggett-Meyers folk, the Blackwells, and others in similar interest, that they consolidate with the Union. Compacted they might overpower the violent Mr. Duke; he should be bound hand and foot and bother quiet tobacco folk no more. The consolidation was effected. Then the war ended; for Mr. Duke was the Union Tobacco Company.

THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND

Having conquered the last tobacco foe to have foothold in America, Mr. Duke created the snuff company, and surveyed the field. There was not a blade of opposition between the oceans. Then this restless Alexander of tobacco began looking for new worlds. He took possession of China; and next he organized a cigarette invasion of Japan.

Feeling himself rusty with this too-much peace, Mr. Duke determined to fall upon Great Britain; there at least he might hope to find a foeman worthy of his steel.

Tobacco England was half asleep, dozing with mug and pipe. This you are to suppose was tobacco England's comfortable condition on a certain bright morning about one year and a half ago. Tobacco England was to have a rude awakening; it came when the startling news was flashed about that Mr. Duke and his American Trust had purchased that great British tobacco company, "Ogden's Limited." It was as though the French had seized Gibraltar. The American freebooter was in their midst; the horrid fact came down on dozing tobacco England with all the dramatic effect of a pan of milk from a top shelf. But the Yankee invader should gain a drubbing; he should be repulsed: to this patriotic and tobacco purpose The Imperial Tobacco Company—the greatest English concern—at once devoted itself.

The Imperial resolved upon a *coup;* it would demolish the Yankee at a blow. Thereupon it said it would, every six-month, divide among those retailers who exclusively handled its goods the tidy sum of $200,000. Now what would the Yankee do! The Imperial puffed out its British bosom and stared haughtily at Mr. Duke.

That gifted gentleman retorted the following. He would divide among the English retailers the entire profits of Ogden's Limited every six-month. In addition, he would divide among the English retailers $500,000, cash, every six-month, and continue this latter reckless waste of money four straight years. And he said nothing about "exclusives." The offer was to the benefit of all. On hearing the monstrous offer of Mr. Duke, the puffed bosom of the great Imperial collapsed; its breath was taken away with the sweeping magnificence of the American's defiance.

Then there came a compromise. The Imperial—with tears in its eyes—bought Mr. Duke's Ogden's Limited at his own valuation; and since one has seen something of Mr. Duke's optimism when it comes to putting an estimate on anything he owns, one may be certain the figure was not flagrantly low. Mr. Duke yielded Great Britain and Ireland to the Imperial. The Imperial graciously conceded the Western hemisphere and the Philippines to Mr. Duke. Then the two got together and organized the British-American Tobacco Company, with Mr. Duke in command, to look after the rest of the earth.

And thus the matter stands as this is written.

DUKE'S THEORY OF SUCCESS

Mr. Duke's personal offices are in New York City at 111 Fifth Avenue. There, it is alleged, he works like a nailer ten hours a day. Mr. Duke is capable of those customary platitudes of the very rich on the subject of work. In a recent interview he spoke as follows:

> "A man can do best that which he loves best. If he has started in a business which he cannot learn to love, then he should go into some other business. He will never succeed in this age of competition unless he can find real pleasure in his work. The making of money is not a sufficient incentive. He must find his highest enjoyment in the task itself. No man who works along that line can fail. That is my judgment, based on my own experience and my observation. The one straight road to success is to learn to love your business. A man must love his business better than he loves anything else if he would make success sure. It is the true, the only way. We employ more than one hundred thousand persons in our vast tobacco business, and, as the director of this force, I never fail to observe that the man who works only because he is paid to work has no chance in com-

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petition with the man who works because he would sooner do that than anything else. It is the practical secret of success. This tobacco business is my pastime, as well as my duty."

Having settled it pleasantly, if not permanently, that everyone should make his labor his play—something which your normal human being never did and never will—Mr. Duke proceeds to drive those machine-made, usual nails, designed and meant to uphold the fabric of the Trusts. Says Mr. Duke:

"An important thing which every young American should remember is that he is living in a country whose great prosperity is due to industry and commerce organized on a larger scale than the world has ever seen before. If he starts in a small business and has a chance of getting into a large business, he should abandon all foolish ideas about fighting against business concentration, seize his opportunity and try to work his way to the top of the larger system. With reasonable conditions and the sympathetic support of the people, the great industrial companies will in time give to the United States more wealth than all the rest of the world combined. The young man who is seeking for the road to success must recognize that fact."

Mr. Duke is to be so far rescued at this crisis as to have it told for him that he in no kind is responsible as the author of the above "argument." Mr. Duke is no theorist, his bent is practical; moreover, he is not so much thinking on the Trust's defence as its extension—with himself at the top. What he retails above he read in a book, or heard from the lips of some hired lawyer of the companies, busy, mayhap, before a legislative committee.

One is moved to come this distance to the protection of Mr. Duke, for what he has stated is, aside from being fustian rhetoric, the merest shoddy of sophistry. He undertakes to tell folk how to "succeed" in life. He says the secret is work—skilful work.

There is a quantity in the equation which Mr. Duke fails to indicate—it is the "X" of the unknown. Life is like a whist game; one should have the skill; also one must have the cards. Fate deals; the player picks up his hand.

IS SUCCESS A MILLION?

Or to get at it by another trail. What is "success"? Is it a million dollars? Hardly, since in the greedy argument of folk bent on worldly victory a million has grown to mean no more than pocket money. If one be bent for business triumph nowadays, he will no more stop at a million than one bent for New York City will stop at Rahway. But suppose "success" were represented by "a million." There be twelve million of the male youth of this country for an audience when one preaches on "success." Is there "a million" waiting for each should each observe those precious rules? Assume, for argument, that a seat in the Senate of the United States to be the standard of "success." There are doubtless ten thousand folk in this country, each of whom would make a perfect senator; there are assuredly one hundred thousand each of whom would be an improvement on any of a full one-half of those who at present hold seats. Yet the whole number of Senate seats is ninety. It is plain, then, that though ten thousand may be perfect for the place, nine thousand, nine nundred and ten will be denied. And so with money—with a "business success." Let every man be perfect in his work of wits and hand, perfect of thought, and deed and habit, yet shall a majority go empty of that "success." Many are called but few are chosen, for there isn't enough to go around—that is, when one speaks of a "business success." Now, if one were to preach peace or content, or love of family, or the joy of a good book, or the blessing of a clean life as a standard of "success," everyone might hope. But Mr. Duke and his fellow-success-preachers don't; they preach money—money and its capture as that one "success" which for its attainment should engage wholly and solely the body and the soul of man.

DUKE IN PERSON

Mr. Duke is not to be recognized by his reputation. His appearance inspires no curiosity. The man on the street never asks "who is that great man?" He is constructed on the principle of round-and-thick. He has a round, thick body, a round, thick neck, and round, thick arms and legs. His head is round but not thick. His eyes are gray, and no one not color-blind would call what is left of his hair by any name save red. To hear of the swooping, falcon deeds of Mr. Duke as the dominant spirit of tobacco, one would look to find something hooked, fierce, and predatory in his face. It isn't there; his face—mouth, nose, chin, jaw, brow—fits well with the balance of the figure and

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takes its round, soft, pudgy place as commonplace. The last thing Mr. Duke resembles in appearance is a conqueror.

What Mr. Duke has said of himself and his work is entirely true—his work is his pastime. One never sees him at a horse-show or hears of him at Newport. He does not go whizzing by one in an automobile at sixty miles the hour, or sail a seventy-footer until he blows the masts out of her, or break his neck in any paper-chase at Meadowbrook; he has no box at grand opera, nor stable wherewith to pant and struggle for Suburbans and Futurities. All he is, all he does, all he has, all he wants is tobacco and the Trust-controlled commerce of its manufacture and sale. Mr. Duke is weakened with no tastes for literature, or music, or art; Reynolds would have dodged him, Goldsmith pitied him, Johnson turned from him in dudgeon. He has no fads such as dogs, or fancies such as flowers; the whole of his five senses are focused on a conquest of money through business, and he hunts a dollar by the same instinct that a pointer hunts a bird.

There are no mannered arrogancies to Mr. Duke; no assumptions, no superiorities. There is, instead, a great, quiet, confident sitting down with the tacit declaration that he can protect himself and his interests—tobacco—against any and all, and come to the walls who will. Once upon a time certain ambitious ones decided to oust Mr. Duke from his three tobacco presidencies, and his annual $100,000. They bought a majority interest in the Consolidated, the Continental, and the American. At the next regular meeting they would cast Mr. Duke into outer tobacco darkness; they would have up their own pet president in his stead.

Mr. Duke did not wait until a next regular meeting. He at once appeared in the midst of his enemies who held the heft of Trust tobacco stock.

"Why wait until a next meeting?" said Mr. Duke to the plotters. "Here are my three resignations."

The clique were puzzled; at last the coolest scrambled to his verbal feet.

"And what will you do now when you go out of the tobacco business, Mr. Duke?" he purred. He would be kindly and sympathetic, and soften Mr. Duke's downfall as much as he might.

"What shall I do now when I go out of the tobacco business?" repeated Mr. Duke. "Go into it again to-morrow."

The plotters gasped, gurgled, choked; the cheek of their anticipations paled. What! this Cæsar of tobacco rearing up a rival concern and fighting them! Horrors! They fell on Mr. Duke's neck in a body; they lay on his shirt-front and wept. They didn't mean it; they were only jesting; they couldn't keep house without him; they would take it back. Mr. Duke smiled the pale, thin, sour smile of cynicism. His resignations were rejected unanimously; and he has since ruled undisturbed of shareholder or director in his Trust Kingdom of Consolidated Tobacco.

WAR ON THE RETAILERS

To-day the countless eyes of retail tobacconists throughout the country, and especially in New York, are turned on Mr. Duke; those retail tobacco eyes are blazing with a mighty resentment. Upon the retail field there has come a wide-mouthed concern called the United Cigar Stores Company. It is a giant of a company, with the appetite of a shark, and the resources of a Rothschild. Its purpose is to swallow up the retail business—destroy and do away with the retail dealer, as aforetime the Tobacco Trust, proper, swallowed, destroyed, and did away with its rivals among the manufacturers. There is this darkling difference, however; the Trust invited its rivals into camp and gave them consolatory, not to say flattering bundles of stock. The United Cigar Stores Company makes its war a war of extermination; it steps on its small rivals with low prices; it crushes them with bigger stores and greater brilliancy of display. Heretofore, the retail cigar man seldom or never has been an artist; his store was shabby—sometimes a mere kennel under a stairway. The United rents a best room; its front window looks like the show-window of a florist. And the public, fond of the glittering, drawn by display, is going into the United Cigar Stores in shoals and schools. More, the public is biting—not to say puffing—at their wares as hungrily as pike. As an upcome, the little, dull cigar seller is being driven into bankruptcy, and Bloomingdale; and he likes it not.

THE UNITED CIGAR STORES

Now where is Mr. Duke? you ask. And wherefore should the dwarfs among cigar folk glare at him so hatefully? They say he is that upas tree of a United Cigar Stores

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Company beneath whose blight they die. Of course, Mr. Duke coldly denies this; he says he has neither art nor part nor lot in the United and knows it not. But the small retail men now going to the wall shake unbelieving head; they remember the Union Tobacco Company that took in Liggett & Myers and the Lorillards in that war of pipe and plug, and how it was but a masquerade for Mr. Duke. They suggest that he then said he was not the Union just as he now declares he's not the United; and with that they contend again how they are being ground in the relentless mills of the Tobacco Trust; that Mr. Duke is the bug under the chip of the United. It may be as they say. Or it may be as Mr. Duke says. Should it be, as charged by the retailers, that the United Cigar Stores Company is the Tobacco Trust in disguise—and there is every moral proof of it—it calls for no gift of second-sight to foretell a near day when from the plant growing in Cuba or Carolina to the puff of smoke as it curls from the lip of the consumer — from beginning to end — the mighty Mr. Duke will dominate the world of tobacco. He will be dictator—be the absolute monarch, and make tobacco's laws of price and quality and kind throughout its wide-flung fragrant realm.

ADVICE TO A TRUST

Long ago, on a slow railroad train that was creeping southward through the heart of Georgia, rode Artemus Ward—Artemus, the delicious. As the conductor came through for tickets the humorist looked timidly up.

"Does this road permit the passengers to give it any advice?" he asked.

"What's the matter?" growled the man of tickets.

"Oh, nothing," drawled Artemus, in his hesitating way; "I was only going to suggest that it would be wisdom to put the cow-catcher on the rear of the train."

"What do you mean?" demanded the conductor, wondering if his gaunt passenger were turned suddenly insane with the heat of a beating Georgia summer.

"Why! you must see yourself," insisted Artemus, now as one on terms of friendly confidence with the official, "you can see yourself that there isn't the slightest risk of us overtaking a cow; but what, I ask, is there to prevent a cow from strolling in at the rear door and biting a passenger?"

THE WARNING OF POLLY HINES

If it be within the patience of the Tobacco Trust to permit a passenger to give it any advice, one in his unbiased senses would counsel it to go slow. It should let well enough alone; it would be wiser as well as more generous were it to withhold its hand-grasp from the retailer. For one thing he is a numerous sept, and vociferous. Wherefore those sapient should seek his friendship, not his enmity. He has his avenues of revenge; he may carry his feud to the ballot-box. The Trust should preserve him in peace and moderate plenty to the end that the Trust itself be preserved. The Trust should recall for a warning those lines of Polly Hines, the poetess of the 'Possum Trot. The Tennessee Sappho was aiming her darts at the Dudleyville Bank which had foreclosed on her parents' farm. Says Polly, in her gloomy opening stanza:

> Thar's a word to be uttered
> To the rich man in his pride:
> Which a man is frequent richest
> When it's jest before he died.
> Thar's a word to be uttered
> To the hawg a-eatin' truck
> Which a hawg is frequent fattest
> When it's jest before he's stuck.

This verse is thrown cheerfully into the hopper. To whatever of the flour of prudence and good reserve may be ground from it, the Tobacco Trust and all the Trusts are welcome. "We have the law!" say the Trusts. It may be so. But it isn't always wise, and sometimes it's fairly harsh, to carry one's rights to their utmost legal expression. Charles the First was *legally* right, and we all know what happened to him; the Bourbons were *legally* right, and yet the simple question, "Where are they?" would be difficult of answer. No, there is a morality that is above the law, a justice that lies beyond it. Shall Shylock have his pound of flesh for that one finds it written of the bond? In a celebrated case a Chief Justice said, speaking to this question: "He who takes the law of the land for his sole guide is neither a good neighbor nor an honest man."

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With the Procession
Happenings of the month stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

A MODEL OFFICIAL AND CITIZEN

ONE of the most comforting things in this world is the spectacle of a city official performing his whole duty in the face of overwhelming odds, and then refusing to regard himself as a noble and superior human being occupying a lofty pedestal of civic righteousness.

James W. Falk, circuit attorney of St. Louis, is such a man, and nine reformers out of ten regard his work and his attitude as a personal vindication, because they are sure they would do exactly as he has done in his place. Not long ago Mr. Falk refused to accept a $15,000 house proffered him as a testimonial in recognition of the mighty results he has accomplished in his crusade against the St. Louis gang of boodlers. Mr. Falk told the citizens' committee that he was paid to perform the duties of his office, and he could accept no other material recompense.

St. Louis, Philadelphia, Chicago, New York, Minneapolis, or Pittsburg is as good as a majority of its citizens would have it. The rotten municipal governments endure just as long as the so-called better element lacks the public spirit which induces men to sacrifice personal comfort and personal profit for the sake of their city.

JOHN WESLEY'S VIGOROUS METHODS

THE Wesley bi-centennial is bringing out the popularity of the famous founder of Methodism in America. He was a great democrat. He believed in the people, and one of the chief secrets of his success lay in his power to learn from the masses how to speak to them and influence them. On one occasion he was walking with his scarcely less famous brother, Charles Wesley, the hymn-writer, in a humble street in London, when they came face to face with a crowd of fish-women who were in a row, and were cursing and swearing in a most excited fashion. Charles Wesley, more timid than his brother, turned to John, and said: "Brother, let us go up this other street and escape from this mob." But John Wesley thought Charles needed more contact with the people, and taking him by both shoulders faced him around toward the quarrelling women, saying: "You stand there, Charles Wesley, and learn how to preach!"

WHAT STRUCK MR. PATTERSON

THE awful threat comes from Mr. Patterson, of Dayton, O., that he is going away from here unless the people who work for him will be real good, and do exactly as he wants them to do.

Mr. Patterson, who has made a fortune in manufacturing a device to prevent peculation, is peevish because his employees do not accept him as their guide, philosopher, and psychological wet-nurse; wherefore he threatens to place his belongings in his little red wagon, his finger in his mouth, and march grandly over to the European yard to play.

The trouble with Mr. Patterson is a rush of philanthropy to the head, complicated with a natural desire to make as much money as possible. It was his ambition to pose as the head of a model factory, with free baths and a brass-band accompaniment, as a provider of green, benevolent grass and a superior brand of soap, with good, honest huck towels to match. He hoped that the songs of thanksgiving and the dividends would rise at the same time.

It was a painful blow for Mr. Patterson to discover that his employees are interested in their hours of work and their wages; that they resent having an employer order their social as well as business lives according to his own notions; in short, that they were jealous of their independence, placing their own ideas of their well-being and personal freedom above the privilege of working in a model factory and living according to Patterson.

They ventured, too, to suggest to their employer that they would like a different

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order of things so far as hours and wages were concerned. Mr. Patterson was shocked. The employees availed themselves of the inalienable privilege of the hired man—they struck. This evidence of base ingratitude has destroyed Mr. Patterson's faith in all men who work, but it hasn't affected his own view of himself.

THE PRESIDENT'S GREATEST SPEECH

THE most notable and important event in connection with President Roosevelt's "swing around the circle" was his oration delivered at St. Louis at the dedication of the buildings of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Naturally he chose the event of 1803 for his theme, and it is an address that measures up to true greatness in clearness, simplicity, directness, force, and eloquence.

An historical theme offers many pitfalls—pedantry, dulness, and bombast among them. The President not only avoided these, but he made his oration informative and instructive. It showed a complete and illuminative grasp of the real significance of the Louisiana purchase, and its relation to the American system. Most interesting in its philosophy and its clarity of expression, was that part in which was contrasted the American scheme of expansion, "growth by the gradual addition of homogeneous units," with the principles of the extension of Greek and Roman civilization. Nor was the distinctive Rooseveltian touch lacking, as this peroration shows:

"The old days were great because the men who lived in them had mighty qualities, and we must make the new days great by showing these same qualities. We must insist upon courage and resolution, upon hardihood, tenacity, and fertility in resource. We must insist upon the strong virile virtues, and we must insist no less on the virtues of self-restraint, self-mastery, regard for the rights of others; we must show an abhorrence of cruelty, brutality, and corruption in public and private life alike.

"If we come short in any of these qualities we shall measurably fail; and if, as I believe we surely shall, we develop these qualities in the future to an even greater degree than in the past, then, in the century now beginning, we shall make this republic the freest and most orderly, the most just and mighty nation which has ever come forth from the womb of time."

"I KNEW HE WAS SOMETHING OF THAT SORT"

THE late Bishop Randolph S. Foster was a man of splendid presence. He had a large and very finely shaped head, and extraordinarily magnetic eyes. Once he was travelling by train when the newsboy came in, and impressed by his personality spoke with deference, addressing him as "Governor." The Bishop smiled, and said, "Not that." The next time the boy came in, he addressed him as "Senator." Again the same smile, and "Not that either." The boy went down the aisle, and pausing beside a man he knew, asked him if he knew that large man at the other end of the car. His friend answered, "Yes, that is Bishop Foster." "Ah!" sighed the boy, "I knew he was something of that sort."

THE MASSACRE OF JEWS IN KISHINEFF

THERE could be no stronger evidence of the autocratic power of the Russian Government than the suppression of the news of the massacre of the Jews of Kishineff. Nearly a month elapsed before the details reached other countries. And then they were received with doubt, because, outside of the Czar's dominions, the whole world could not at once believe that there are human beings in this twentieth century capable of such frightful cruelties.

Like nearly all of the most dreadful crimes of history, this slaughter was a manifestation of fanaticism. It is true that the Russian hates the Jew with all the barbaric intensity of his nature; that the Hebrew is his natural and hereditary enemy. In Kishineff, a city of 140,000 people, about a hundred miles northwest of Odessa, a third of the population were Jews. They controlled the business of the city; they were also its chief scholars; and among them were many of high culture and refinement.

But race hatred alone could not have resulted in the murders and the cruelties. The responsibility for the outbreak is placed upon a newspaper which for years has waged war against the Hebrews in the hope of arousing Russian sentiment to a point where it would result in the expulsion of the Jews.

The newspaper overreached itself by the publication of a fiction so horrible, so unworthy of consideration, that it is impossible to understand how it could have been ac-

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cepted seriously. This was an article declaring that a Christian child, whose body was found near a Jewish quarter, had been murdered for a "ritualistic blood sacrifice."

The Russian Easter and the Jewish Passover fell on the same day, April 19th. The outbreak occurred at noon on that date, and continued for three days—a carnival of murder, of torture, of pillage. There is evidence that the attack was carefully planned, and that the burden of the guilt rests upon some three hundred persons, who were distinguished by wearing red shirts, and who were divided into bands of eight and ten. There were in Kishineff 5,000 soldiers and 300 policemen, not one of whom lifted a hand to check the atrocities. Indeed, the policemen pointed out the houses where Jews lived. The better class of Russians rode and drove to the scenes of horror, and looked on as at a spectacle.

The Russian official reports say that forty-five persons were killed, upward of four hundred and fifty wounded, and that 1,300 shops were pillaged. Reports from Kishineff say that forty-eight were killed outright, nearly a hundred subsequently died of their wounds, while in all about one thousand were injured. The property loss was estimated all the way from $500,000 to $2,000,000. The suffering of the survivors was very great and appeals for help met a generous response. Count Tolstoy forwarded $7,500, and the Jews of the East Side in New York City raised $30,000 in five days.

BIRTH OF A GREAT AMERICAN RAILROAD

MAY 17, 1903, marked the Fiftieth Anniversary of the incorporation of the New York Central Railroad. It began in the consolidation of the short lines known fifty years ago as The Albany and Schenectady, The Schenectady and Troy, The Utica and Schenectady, The Mohawk Valley, The Syracuse and Utica, The Syracuse and Utica Direct, The Rochester and Syracuse, The Buffalo and Rochester, The Rochester, Lockport, and Niagara Falls, and the Buffalo and Lockport Railways.

Mr. Joshua Wilber, of Lockport, N. Y., describing railroad travel in New York in 1839, says: "We took the cars on State Street in Albany; these cars were drawn to the city line by horses, for locomotives were not then allowed in the city. The cars were of the ancient pattern, entered by doors on the side, with seats across the car, the passengers facing each other, as in the old-fashioned stage-coaches.

"The speed was tremendous—about twelve miles an hour. Arrived on the ridge opposite Schenectady, our cars were let down an inclined plane, secured to a large rope cable, the other end being attached to flat cars weighted with stone, which were drawn up on a parallel track as we went down. At Schenectady we changed cars and travelled west to Utica, reaching there in the afternoon. That was then the end of railroad travel.

"Not long after the roads built from Albany westward, and from Buffalo eastward, met, and a continuous line was formed, but with many changes of cars and other inconveniences. Then the Hudson River Road was opened, and Buffalo and New York became neighbors."

THE WHIPPING-POST

WHENEVER Delaware law places criminals in the pillory and flogs them, there is a revival of agitation in favor of extending this ancient form of punishment to other States. When President Roosevelt was Governor of New York, he announced that if the Legislature would pass a law making whipping the penalty for wife-beating and cruelty to children he would gladly sign the measure.

Elbridge T. Gerry, the founder and for many years the president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, worked for years to have the Legislature of New York pass such a law, and it did pass the State Senate, but public opinion was against it.

The laws of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia provide for the punishment of certain crimes by whipping, but only in the first named State is it mandatory. The statute under which Delaware criminals are pilloried and flogged is more than a hundred and fifty years old, having been enacted in 1752. At that time flogging was an almost universal form of punishment. Other States, rejoicing in a manifestation of refined enlightenment, gradually abolished the whipping-post.

But Delaware, after an uninterrupted experience of a century and a half, is firmly convinced that whipping, public whipping with a cat-o'-nine-tails, is the most effective punishment for certain offences, although that of wife-beating was only recently included in

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the list. Delaware jurists believe in the whipping-post. They maintain that the punishment is a deterrent—the most important function of the criminal law—not because of the pain of flogging, but because of the ignominy of it. The whipping is not severe in that State.

Maryland passed a whipping-post law in 1882, but its courts have ordered flogging not more than half a dozen times. The Virginia law is an old one, but it had almost been forgotten until half a dozen years ago when a criminal was publicly whipped for the first time since the Civil War.

WAR ON THE WALKING DELEGATE

A TREMENDOUS struggle is imminent between associated labor unions and associated employers engaged in the building industry in New York. The workers in the building trades number 125,000, they are thoroughly organized, and their power is enormous.

That which brought the employers' associations together and resulted in the formation of a central body was the war between rival carpenters' unions resulting in sympathetic strikes which tied up building operations; the strike of the newly organized "excavators" and "rockmen"—euphemisms for common laborers, who demanded $2 for a day of eight hours; and a strike of teamsters, who asked for shorter hours and higher wages. The "excavators" are mostly Italians who cannot speak English, and when the 4,000 of them employed on the underground railway in New York went on a strike, work on that great undertaking stopped immediately.

Building operations in New York were paralyzed. Lockouts followed strikes and then the employers decided to take action. A call for a meeting resulted in bringing together 782 persons representing an aggregate capital of more than $500,000,000 invested in building enterprises.

The employers were careful to emphasize the fact that they are not opposed to labor unions and that they are ready to recognize them. But they say it is a declaration of war upon some of the evils of unionism, especially sympathetic strikes and the walking delegate.

The outcome of this union of employers opposing the union of laborers will be watched with extraordinary interest throughout the country, for other cities are waiting to see what the result will be. In fact employers in other cities have long urged those in New York to take this important step.

THE EMERSON CENTENNIAL

A GATHERING of men and women prominent in literature and art attended the dinner commemorative of the one hundredth anniversary of Emerson's death, given in New York under the auspices of the Society of American Authors. An interesting feature of the occasion was the reading of a poem by Edward Markham. One stanza of it follows:

> New Adam was he with no Past behind,
> No dead hand reaching from the grave to bind,
> No terror come from old tradition—none
> Had power upon that spirit sweet with sun.
> He dared to follow an untravelled way,
> And flout the Emerson of yesterday,
> To cast away the mouldy charts and steer
> By the star of his own soul, without a fear.

THE HATRED FOR TEACHERS

OUT of Boston comes the announcement that school-teachers are almost always hated by their pupils. Once this remarkable discovery was made, an energetic investigator started hot-foot after facts.

"Of seven hundred adults," he writes, "who furnished answers on this and related topics, about ninety-five per cent. recalled from their school days some teachers whom they actually hated; and the list of adjectives used by these mature correspondents to describe their feelings of former days would deserve a place in a thesaurus of the English language."

Children hate some teachers for the best reason in the world—because they deserve to be hated. There is nothing so sensitive as a child's pride, and yet there is now and then a teacher who outrages it ruthlessly, making the helpless victim the butt for his own witticisms. The petty persecution, the nagging, the ridicule of the school-room are overlooked, while people rise to virtuous heights in denouncing corporal punishment, which is of little importance in comparison.

Women teachers are more likely to gain the love of their pupils because they have greater tact and sympathy. And when they fail as teachers it is not for lack of capacity so much as because they exemplify the epigram of Henry Ward Beecher:

"Most women teachers look upon the profession as a temporary avocation while waiting to see what the Lord will send them."

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The teacher who is square, who neither deceives nor permits himself to be deceived, who has taken up his profession for love of it; the teacher who realizes that a child's standards are not those of grown-ups, who enters into the children's hopes and pleasures, who can be a good fellow without losing their respect—that teacher takes his place in the child's heart and the grown-up's memory next only to mother and father.

A MILLION FOR A SERVING-MAID

IT is cheerful to know that John Farson, a Chicago banker, is willing to give a million dollars for a perfect serving-maid. When an energetic young business man, pausing in his rush to increase his millions, thus adds to the gayety of nations, he becomes a public benefactor.

It was not so long ago that Mr. Farson offered his brother, a lay evangelist and an ordained millionaire, a thousand dollars a head if he would convert fifteen churchmen who were specifically named, but the brothers could not agree on a referee.

So far as the servant proposition is concerned, Mr. Farson proposes to be the sole judge. In explaining his offer, he gives forth a piteous wail that is calculated to move the longest-suffering suburban dweller to honest salt tears. For twenty years Mr. Farson has sought the ideal serving-maid, and his experiences should make those who never have employed "hired help" give up thanks for the afflictions they have escaped.

Mr. Farson is not discouraged. He is confident that he will discover the domestic philosopher's stone. All that he asks is that his serving-maid shall have the precision of a machine, the intelligence of a Madame de Staël, the cooking skill of a Brillat-Savarin, the humility of Uriah Heep, the disposition of an angel, and shall work for Mr. Farson until he dies, when she is to get her million. Mr. Farson is forty-eight years old.

HOW ONE COLLEGE PRESIDENT IS REGARDED

THE attitude of the undergraduate body, and of the alumni as well, of one of the great American universities is shown by the popularity of a parody on "Mr. Dooley" of joyous memory, which the students of Yale have sung with fine enthusiasm. It was written by a member of the class of '88, and it goes farther toward making clear the secret of President Hadley's strength than could a long and able article. These are the words of the song:

Ye've heard about the famous game that Harvard didn't win,
When Harvard men fell over just like soldiers made of tin;
And when the battle raged between the blue and crimson line,
Who was it said, "If Harvard wins I surely will resign?"
'Twas Arthur Hadley, 'twas Arthur Hadley,
They feared because he cheered and hollered so,
He'd bust the lining of Arthur Twining,
Of Arthur Hadley, adley, adley, oh!

Then Hogan got his Irish up and likewise Rafferty,
And Glass picked up some Harvard men and Hamlin so did he,
When Goss and Holt and Kinney pushed them forty yards or more,
Who smashed his neighbor's hat and cried that Yale would surely score?
'Twas Arthur Hadley, 'twas Arthur Hadley,
With megaphone he yelled and rooted so,
The crowd by thunder began to wonder
At Arthur Hadley, adley, adley, oh!

With Shevlin striking low and hard and Metcalf boring through,
With Bowman punting out of sight and Rockwell passing true,
With Chadwick scoring all the time, poor Harvard had no chance,
Who was it then who shouted out to call the ambulance?
'Twas Arthur Hadley, 'twas Arthur Hadley,
The finest man New Haven ever knew,
We're ever true, sir, to Yale and you, sir,
Oh, Arthur Hadley, adley, adley, oo!

MILLIONS FOR LIFE INSURANCE

COINCIDENT with the annual reports of life insurance companies comes the announcement that no longer are the agents of the great ones to attack rival institutions. Hereafter no one may hear the ubiquitous representative, insistent, insinuating or aggressive, rise to heights of vituperative eloquence in speaking of a competitive company.

One has a mental picture of agents of the rivals pausing before a possible victim and addressing each other in sweet and honeyed tones of cloying deference:

"After you, my dear sir. I insist that you shall first present the supreme virtues of your company."

Maybe the heads of these great corporations are no longer eager for new business, which means more money to invest. Possibly they are fearful of absorbing too large a share of the wealth of this country. For observe the reports of the life insurance

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companies doing business in New York show that their gross assets were $2,062,430,804, at the close of 1902, an increase of $182,806,240 in twelve months.

It is utterly impossible for any human being outside of a statistician to even approximately grasp the real significance of figures beyond a million. If a company, organized at the beginning of the Christian era, had made a dollar for every minute that has elapsed since then, it would not have, by a million dollars, enough money to buy out the steel trust with its capital of $1,100,000,000. And the assets of the insurance companies are more than twice that amount!

The gross income of these companies during the year was nearly $500,000,000, an increase of $150,000,000, while the disbursements, chiefly insurance claims paid, were more than $300,000,000.

Of course the insurance companies must invest the cash that pours in upon them. They erect many handsome buildings in different cities, and the total of their real estate holdings is enormous, but the greater amount is put into bonds, mortgages, and stocks. The companies invest $500,000 every working day in the year.

ONLY THE INK IS FADING

No longer may visitors in Washington look upon the Declaration of Independence. For some reason there is a reasonably widespread impression that those whose business, public and otherwise, keeps them in the Capital, have little time and less inclination to gaze upon the instrument which is the foundation of the Government of these United States.

The Declaration is to be placed in a light-proof vault, to be brought forth only at rare intervals for examination. The ink is fading, that of the text less rapidly than the signatures, which is in keeping with the eternal fitness of things. The strong autograph of John Hancock, with its important flourish, the prim and careful one of Jefferson, along with the others, are slowly disappearing, while the splendid enunciation of immortal principles is still clear and distinct.

Even if time and the elements shall erase from the yellowed parchment the record of the greatest revolt of a people, the real Declaration lives in the hearts of eighty millions —a rebuke to fretful, peevish souls; a warning to those who, in the arrogance of power, would oppress.

On the nation's birthday the veterans of wars shall lead a procession that marches to the fierce, compelling music of fife and drum, to shady groves where the brilliant young lawyer, deferring to the Great Man who is to make the oration, shall stand forth and read the Declaration of Independence. Some will listen dully; some will hear only the reader's voice; but in the vast majority the immortal words will sink deep into receptive souls, the spirit to remain always, arousing a splendid and lofty patriotism.

A GREAT INDIAN PICTURE

"Custer's Demand," the frontispiece of this number, commemorates a great moment in Indian warfare. It represents the scene at the close of Sheridan's Southwest Indian campaign of 1868–69. For two years a relentless pursuit of hostile Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and Comanches had been kept up through summer and winter, in intense heat and frightful cold, and at last the Indians, worn and harassed, are ready to give up. To demand their surrender Sheridan has sent Custer and his brother Tom, and Colonel J. Schuyler Crosby, and the artist depicts them parleying with Satanta and his sub-chiefs. All are in full fighting costume. To the right and left are the opposing forces—Phil Sheridan and his 1,500 horsemen on one side; on the other the 7,000 Indian warriors, and their impedimenta of women and children and old men—16,000 more. The "demand" resulted in the submission of the hostiles, and terminated the campaign.

This canvass is the first essay of the brilliant artist Schreyvogel in historical painting. His reputation, begun with "My Bunkie," which was awarded the Clarke prize at the National Academy of Design in 1899, has been sustained with a spirited series of pictures of Indians, cowboys and soldiers, each telling some story of frontier life. The power of representing the strenuous moment of a scene, Schreyvogel has to an extraordinary degree, and his men and horses are invariably dashing out of the picture at the spectator in a splendid semblance of action. It is a commentary on the power of genius over conditions to reflect that this artist has risen to the

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place he now holds by his own exertions, and that previous to the exhibition of "My Bunkie" his name was absolutely unknown to art and only familiar to a little group of die-sinkers and lithographers, who were interested in a comrade whose skill and sense of color had attracted their attention and admiration.

OUR PROGRESS IN MURAL DECORATION

MR. KENYON COX claims that the striking development of mural decoration in America during the past ten years is largely due to the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, which forced upon public attention a wall's possibilities for beauty. Whatever the cause, scarcely any other art has made such rapid growth with us. We can take a national pride in the Abbey and Sargent decorations of the Boston Public Library, and in the work of such artists as Edwin Blashfield, Will H. Low, Edward Simmons, Robert Reid, Kenyon Cox, and others, shown in the Congressional Library at Washington, the Appellate Court of New York, the Waldorf-Astoria, and other buildings, both public and private. Mr. Cox and Mr. Blashfield have recently finished two striking mural paintings for the Citizens' Bank of Cleveland, Ohio, symbolizing the sources and uses of wealth. So long as this growing interest is concerned only with first-class work, the country is vastly enriched by it. But one cannot help a shudder for the approaching day when mural decoration will become "popular."

SEA ROVER VERSUS ARTIST

THERE is a curious history back of a young artist who has been gaining notice recently in the Academy of Design, winning a cash prize in composition for his picture, "Ruth and Boaz," as well as a bronze medal in the life-class. Sandreczki, German in spite of a Polish name, came of a race of rovers. His father was born on the Greek island of Syra, and was serving as a German pastor in Brazil when his son was born; one uncle was a physician in Jerusalem, another was architect to the King of Siam. The boy, Otto, turned naturally to a sea life, and when his family moved to America, he became a pupil on the school-ship St. Mary's. The pictures he was always drawing were for his own amusement, and when his superior officers, seeing his work, advised him to give up the sea and become an artist, the idea did not appeal to him at all. He was so harried by those over him, who were incessantly demanding pictures, that in his subsequent six years of sea life he learned to hide his talent, drawing always, but in secret. But at last the spark of ambition was kindled, and he spent three winters in the Academy, earning the money for the course by going to sea in summer. The old sea craze has died now, and he is earnestly working to become a figure painter.

THE COWBOY IN SCULPTURE

THE vivid and strenuous life of the Western plains, that has found so much appreciation among writers and painters, is taking its place in sculpture also. Solon H. Borglun recently won attention in New York by an exhibition of thirty-two figures and groups, done in bronze and marble, representing the varying phases of cowboy life. Mr. Borglun knows what he is portraying, for he was a cowboy out West before he was an art student in Paris. He shows with brutal energy the struggle between man and steed —the lassoing of the wild horse, the fight to a finish with the half-tamed broncho, and finally, the beast subdued, turning to man for help in terror of the blizzard. Less vigorous, but touched with delicate sentiment, are the groups of Indian figures, four of which are intended for the St. Louis Exposition.

Music

GRIEG AND THE ANTI-DREYFUSARDS

SHALL we never be done with Dreyfus? The shadow of the controversy recently threatened the success of a great concert in Paris, and art and the police together were needed to accomplish a triumph. The Norwegian, Edward Grieg, one of the greatest living composers, had put himself forcibly on record as a Dreyfus champion several years before, declaring that he would never again appear before a French audience. So, when it was known that he had consented to conduct a concert of his own music in Paris on the 19th of April, the anti-Dreyfus journalists decided to ruin the affair. To this end they bought up all the standing-room, planning to fill it with a hostile mob;

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but the plot leaked, and so admission was refused to all holders of standing-room tickets. Grieg was received with a burst of enthusiasm, tempered by the whistles, hisses, and catcalls of such of the mob as had slipped in. The opposition kept up its protest for a few moments, while the musician waited in unruffled composure, till one of its leaders, seeing the futility, sprang up and gave the excuse to surrender—"We applaud only the artist and the great musician." Then the concert went forward, ending in an unqualified ovation for the leader.

THE MUSIC TEACHER AND THE SMALL TOWN

THE Boston *Musical Record and Review* has been publishing prize essays of a practical nature, among them a suggestive discourse on "How to be a First Class Teacher in a Small Town." Those who are planning great sacrifices to get to the big city would do well to consider some of its suggestions first. The author contends that the country teacher is freer to work and study and so to carry out ideals that the strain of city life and competition might crush. Since specialists are scarce in small places, he is forced to be resourceful, to develop his latent capabilities on all sides to meet the varied demands that are made upon him. The broad and varied experience that results from managing concerts, playing accompaniments, drilling choirs, and all the other opportunities that come to the musician of a small community, will add greatly to his value and efficacy as a teacher. It is always interesting and profitable to hear a contrary voice in the great national chorus of the ambitious: "I must go to the city!"

THE FINANCIAL STATUS OF THE BIG ORCHESTRAS

OUR pride in ourselves as an increasingly cultivated nation gets something of a shock when we realize the financial condition of the great permanent orchestras of which we are so justly proud. The only one which can claim to be financially successful is the Boston Symphony, which is now in the proud position of paying its own expenses. Major Henry L. Higginson, when he raised up this musical wonder, agreed to cover any deficit, and was called on heavily the first year; but since then the appreciation of its native city has steadily increased, and though Major Higginson makes no public announcement of its financial condition, it is understood that calls on his private purse have ceased. The fifty and twenty-five cent scale that has always been maintained is counterbalanced by auctioning the most desirable places for the season among the wealthy patrons.

ONLY THE BOSTON SYMPHONY PAYS EXPENSES

HEAVY deficits were the result of the last permanent orchestra season in Chicago, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and Philadelphia. The New York Philharmonic Society, which is on a co-operative basis, had but $104 apiece for its affiliated players, while the non-associate players, who are on salary, received $160 for the sixteen concerts. Adding the fact that the leader, Mr. Damrosch, gave his services free, this must be considered a far from prosperous showing. The Chicago Orchestra has a deficit of $25,000 for the past winter, a slight improvement over the year before, and its trustees are making heroic efforts to raise $750,000 to save the orchestra to the city. Pittsburg reports a loss of about $28,500, but will go forward undismayed next year, only eliminating the high-priced soloists. Cincinnati keeps its losses secret, but Philadelphia confesses to an appalling deficit falling between $60,000 and $70,000. It would seem that only superlative excellence, like that of the Boston Symphony, will avail to keep an orchestra's head above water.

THE PIANO AND THE RED MAN

AN old quotation about music and the savage breast seems to have penetrated to our Middle-West Indians and is being tested with unexpected fervor. It is reported that twenty-five pianos have recently been delivered at Sioux, Blackfeet, and Crow addresses, good pianos, too, averaging over $400 apiece; while among the richer Indian Territory and Oklahoma Indians, the tinkling strains of "I'd leave my happy home for you" and "I want to change your name" have quite replaced the monotonous "Ho-ya! Ho-ya!" that once meant festivity. The Red Man's natural music has always been a sing-song chant, varied with a heart-rending wail: that was the musical expression born of his tribe and kind, inherently his own.

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The younger generation, school-bred, will educate him out of that—but into anything else? One must doubt!

A PRIMA DONNA TO THE FRENCH

The death of Sybil Sanderson closes a stormy career that must have been full of a bitter mystery to the singer. For Paris liked her, applauded and fêted her, so that she might well have believed she had only to pack her twenty trunks to conquer any world she chose. But her native country would have her not. In America she was an utter failure: not even California, her own State, could pretend to any real enthusiasm. London, also, had no welcome for her. Yet, back in France, she was always met by open arms. Saint-Saëns wrote his "Phryne" for her, Massenet's "Thaïs" was of her inspiration. To the end the captious Paris was her true admirer. Some intimate charm from which Saxon senses were cut off must have allied her to the Gaul. But what a baffling and enraging mystery for her!

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BACH FESTIVAL

It is no doubt trying to have organized a musical festival to the glory of God, and to find the critical world flocking in to declare the performance unworthy the glory of Bach. The Moravian Festival has left the little town of Bethlehem, Penn., with hurt feelings. "They needn't come if they don't like it"—so the local public spirit declares itself through the conductor, Mr. Wolle, and the focus of both the praise and the blame puts his protest on a more dignified basis. He would keep away professional musicians, as their carping demands for technical perfection disturb the mood of churchly reverence in which these festivals were conceived. But neither high ideal nor hurt vanity will avail: the town that announces a Bach festival must take the consequences. If it is a wise town, it will profit by each bitter dose of criticism till its festival becomes a great and worthy event, and its complacency may be based on achievement rather than closed ears. There has been much honorable tribute paid to the spirit and courage that organized these festivals. Now the time is coming when they must be—not merely good for Bethlehem, but *good*

Books

THE RECRUDESCENCE OF BRET HARTE

Jack Hamlin, flicking imaginary dust from his shiny shoes, and Colonel Starbottle, holding himself "personally responsible, suh," do not give us back Bret Harte in this year of grace, though Bret Harte's name is on the back of one of the newest books, in which these sterling figures reappear. As men and women to moving kinetoscope shadows, are the husky Californians of "Tennessee's Pardner" and "An Iliad of Sandy Bar" to the attenuated types of "Trent's Trust." And yet the reminiscent melancholy the book induces is worth more than the thrills of the latest love-story to anyone who can let the charm of the Bret Harte atmosphere take him back to the Bret Harte stories of three decades ago. That is the effect of "Trent's Trust." There is just enough of the "gin and ginger" aroma about it to bring to recollection some of the pleasantest hours American fiction has given American readers. When "Prossy" Riggs adopts a mother to please the camp and the adopted mother falls short of expectations, one even feels a measure of the old fascination in the California humor of the tale. We shall have to go to our book-shelves for the real Bret Harte, but nothing is better than this new volume to lead one there.

TWO COMING NOVELISTS

Not every man grows in the intervals between his books—nor every woman. There are authors who, from time to time, chop off a yard or so of continuous dictation and make a book of it. One yard of the fabric is much like another. Miss Josephine Daskam's cleverness begins to pall in her latest collection of stories. But two comparatively new writers, each of whom has recently published a second novel, have made noticeable strides ahead.

James Weber Linn, a clever Chicago newspaper man, wrote, a year ago, a novel called "The Second Generation." It was one of a hundred commonplace stories published that season. This spring he gave us "The Chameleon," a little drama that begins with a hero singing college songs amid a railroad wreck, and develops the man's peculiar char-

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acter in a college town where a millionaire pickle-maker is trying his hand at coddling the university; and the quality of the novel stamps Mr. Linn as a writer who is learning his craft. There are *characters* in the book —the bluff and vulgar millionaire, the lovable Shedry who sees his college chums degenerate into husbands, the ascetic Anglican priest—characters as clear-cut as figures under lime-light. And the *leit motif* of insincerity that follows the hero is as insistent as the east wind in Boston. The book is an achievement: it marks an advance from second-rate story-telling to art.

Churchill Williams is another man on the way to better things. "J. Devlin, Boss," was as good a study of a city politician as our political fiction holds. Mr. Williams drew his man from a Philadelphia model and hit his subject to the life. In "The Captain," the story of Captain Ulysses S. Grant, Illinois pioneer, and later the taciturn soldier who fought his way into Vicksburg, the young Philadelphia writer exhibits an imaginative mastery of large events and an insight into human character which make one look forward to his next book with hopeful curiosity.

AARON BURR IN RECENT NOVELS

QUITE lately that picturesque figure, Alexander Hamilton, was the fashion among makers of books. This year, literary resuscitation is being undergone by Hamilton's old-time rival, Aaron Burr. If ghosts be not an exploded notion, what could be more likely than that the ghosts of dead heroes should haunt unoriginal novelists who seize their now helpless victims and force them into the unbecoming position of leading character in far from sprightly romances whose local color consists in "in truths" and "i' faiths"? It is this sorry trick that a handful of contemporary story-writers are playing on Burr. Does his protesting spectre menace them of nights?

What concerns these followers of romance is, naturally, that passage of Burr's life wherein he made love to the fascinating widow Theodosia Prevost. But the account of this, as given by both of Burr's latest romantic biographers, is rather feeble. Madame Prevost, who had, one of these writers asserts, "big eyes and cloudy hair—a nimbused saint in the candle-light," and whom the other easily describes by saying that "no woman that I ever saw could have made half so fair a picture"—seems to have been only too easily won. An idea of the style and calibre of this latest phase of the historical romance may be had from these descriptions of the lady's surrender to the soldier's wooing.

In one story, Burr "unlocked the door and threw it wide. Theo, with hands stretched out to him, fell forward and he caught her close in his arms. Over the pretty head that rested on his breast he looked, astonished, into the eyes of Sir Francis Greene."

In the other, "She turned her face coquettishly to his and he kissed her on the lips and brow.

"'Good-night,' she murmured, softly, as he released her from his arms.

"With loving eyes he watched her as she fled lightly toward the house."

VERITABLY, "THE LAND OF JOY"

MR. RALPH HENRY BARBOUR belongs to a class of writers whom we were coming to regard as extinct. If his story "The Land of Joy" is in any way indicative of his literary creed, he considers that the first and last duty of fiction is to entertain. Apparently he does not look upon the novel as a medium for conveying instruction, or for discussing social and ethical problems. After reading this charming tale one is probably no wiser; nor more soulful; but one is distinctly happier. During the hour or two in which one has been lost in its pages not once has one's ignorance been obtruded upon one; one has not once been driven to question "this sorry scheme of things entire," nor is one forced to associate with a single unpleasant character. One closes the covers with a pleasing conviction that after all this world is not such a bad place. Gratitude is due Mr. Barbour for permitting us to enjoy an almost forgotten sensation.

THE CRIMINAL AS HERO

How much ought to be popularly known about the ingenious heroes of the "Under World" is perhaps rather a nice point to determine. Can the untrained but imaginative mind safely risk contact with such chronicles —perhaps the more dangerous for their very veracity—as "The Rise of Ruderick Clowd," "The Autobiography of a Thief," or even the more flippantly related history of Mr. Hornung's entertaining "Raffles"? One of these

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books is recommended for "the force with which the criminal point of view is presented." Of course the criminal has a point of view. Is it desirable to present it to a not fully educated public? A truthful, sympathetic study of the blackest criminal would undoubtedly tend to extenuate his crime to the reader. Should such books, the fruit of expert sociological investigation, be freely disseminated, or should they be discreetly labelled as "reference" literature and kept for the consultation of students and administrators?

On the other hand, all fiction may not be pink and blue. All novels cannot centre about tea-tables or garden-plots. There is a certain voracious class of readers that must have its literary beer and skittles. These hungry folk used to be fed on stories of pirates and bandits. But such tales have to bear a semblance of plausibility, and the twentieth century has outgrown the bandit, whereas no self-respecting novelist could offer a pirate yarn to a public that likes its local color laid on thick. Wars and feuds used to be good literary material; they are such no longer. In such an emergency has there not to be a substitute? And do the Ruderick Clowds, the professional criminals and convicts, answer this purpose? In his "Under World" the successful "grafter" is a hero; is he coming to be regarded as such by those who lament the loss of the more picturesque desperadoes of earlier years?

MISTAKEN IMPRESSIONS OF LITERARY TOILERS

An intelligent correspondent suggests a thought in the following letter, which is also a warning:

> May not the recent output of books and articles dealing intimately with the conditions among working-girls do as much harm as good? This question is suggested especially by a reading of Miss Van Vorst's book, "A Woman who Toils." The fact that this was originally published in *Everybody's Magazine* should not be a reason for hesitating to consider this rather unexpected possibility.
>
> Miss Van Vorst, in order to thoroughly realize the life of the working-girl, disguised herself as one of them; spent her days in arduous labor and her nights among the discomforts of cheap lodging-houses. The result is a set of experiences which leave the reader convinced that the existence of the average woman who toils is quite unbearable. But do the impressions of a cultivated woman, accustomed to ease, and suddenly thrown into hard surroundings, in any way resemble those of women habituated to such surroundings from their birth up? Long hours of toil, insufficient accommodations, poor food, dearth of pleasures, are deplorable for anyone; but is it fair to take the misery endured by a woman of highly educated sensibilities, subjected to such conditions, as typical of that felt by a class whose mental perceptions life has blunted rather than sharpened? Was not Miss Van Vorst's suffering largely subjective and individual?
>
> There is a further reason for doubting whether these various printed impressions represent the everyday facts. The writers of them entered the working-girl's life to get "copy"; they were looking for the picturesque; they adjusted themselves to get strong impressions. Not the commonplace, but the dramatic, was what they were in search of. The result is a series of pictures which, while probably true individually, are untrue as representations of the average.
>
> Doubtless, however, the reading of these highly colored descriptions of the trials of the working-girl will do no harm to employers who have been thoughtlessly inconsiderate. But what of the working-girls themselves who learn what these champions of theirs say? Will a new or deepened discontent in any wise ease their difficult lives?

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON AND THE FLORIDA COLONEL

An old Florida colonel recently met Booker T. Washington, who has written several eminently readable books, and in a bibulous burst of confidence said to the negro educator:

"Suh, I'm glad to meet you. Always wanted to shake your hand, suh. I think, suh, you're the greatest man in America."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Washington.

"You are, suh," said the colonel, and then, pugnaciously: "Who's greater?"

"Well," said the founder of Tuskegee, "there's President Roosevelt."

"No, suh," roared the colonel. "Not by a jugful; I used to think so, but since he invited you to dinner I think he's a blank scoundrel."

BANKRUPTCY VIA THE PRESS-CLIPPING BUREAU

For the writer who keeps one ear on the ground or one eye on the public, the press-clipping bureau is of value. He can thus collect all the insults the combined book-reviewers of the world hurl at his work, and can have his soul harrowed up at five cents per harrow. Every book gets reviewed, though few books sell; and the novelist may easily spend the royalties he does not earn on the comments published by those who are indignant at having to read even a free copy.

A new terror has come to torment the

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egotist who subscribes to an eavesdropping bureau. The magazines send out each month what is known as an editorial sheet, in which bits of information or quotation in assorted series are made ready for the editor who is not above the use of shears. Every newspaper gets one of these sheets and practically every one uses part of it. Hence the deluge.

"Thus," says Rupert Hughes, "I sold a sonnet to a magazine some years ago, and last month it appeared. I had been paid about a dollar a line. The money was long since spent. But the trouble had not yet begun. Several editors, being desperate to fill some gap of exactly fourteen lines, clipped my sonnet. The press-clipping bureau clipped the clipping. The total charge for these was only a few dollars more than I got for the verses. In addition to this, the magazine-editors also sent out a digest of the table of contents, in which my mere naked name was mentioned among the 'also wrotes.' This digest was sent to 20,000 newspapers. Every one reprinted it. The press-clippers caught every reprint and sent me a copy at the regular rate of five cents per clipping. Deducting the fourteen dollars I received for the sonnet, I have lost down to date exactly $986—a heavy fine to pay even for such a poem. The worst of all is the irony of the fact that the sonnet was called 'Anonymous.' How I wish it had been!"

THE LITERATURE OF GLOOM

GEORGE MOORE and Robert Hichens have allied themselves with that literary school in which sweetness and light are at a discount. In "Felix," the latter unveils some depths of degradation and tragedy more unpleasant to agitate than any either has thus far delved in. Stripped of non-essentials, the book is a pathological study in morphinism. A fresh and enthusiastic youth from the country enters on terms of intimacy with two London women—one the wife of a publisher, the other a woman with a title—who are addicted to the morphine habit. The horrible downward progress of the publisher's wife, with whom the youth falls in love, is told in a story of subtle and ghastly detail, with more creepiness in it than a barrel of ghost stories. The book might well give pause to anyone aware how widespread the morphine habit is, even in American life.

EMERSON'S ABSENT-MINDEDNESS

THE centennial celebration of the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson serves to recall that unique personality in American literature. During the latter portion of his life Emerson seemed to live much in the world of souls, and came back with difficulty to take cognizance of physical affairs. At the time of the Millerite excitement, he was walking one day down Bromfield Street, Boston, when he met one of his friends, who remarked: "This is the day when the world is to come to an end, according to the Millerites." The Sage of Concord looked reflectively at his friend for a moment, and replied: "Ah, well, we can do without it."

It is also told of him that one very hot day Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was standing at the corner of Tremont and School Streets, mopping his brow, holding his hat, a tile, in one hand, with the mouth up. Emerson, coming along and seeing a venerable man with his hat thus outstretched, dropped a quarter in it, and walked on, without recognizing the genial Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.

THE FICTION OF STRENUOUSNESS

THERE is a certain class of readers who like the kind of story Mr. Kipling brought into vogue—the combination of geography, sociology, and muscle. Jack London and Stewart Edward White have gratified such readers, each with a volume this spring, that combined give a picture of the immeasurable wilderness that stretches from Labrador to Bering Sea. There is swift passion in both books, and the wild spirit of the inhospitable North. "The Call of the Wild" and "Conjuror's House" breathe all the vivifying influence of a great out-doors.

A LITERARY TRAGEDY

A CERTAIN class of callow writers pose as practising "art for art's sake" and are eternally condemning the banal and stupid public. Recently one of them took the trouble to write a fictitious autobiography of a disappointed poet who was alleged to have drowned himself in the Hudson. The hoax was perpetrated to make money by fooling the public, and to give the writer a peg on which to hang a magazine article explaining what a genius he is and how unregenerate the public and the editors and

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publishers are in not clamoring for the stuff he writes. He also tells of some dreams he has of making an American literature all by himself. The only difference between him and a hundred other disgruntled literary aspirants is that the others rave in the comparative seclusion of mutual admiration coteries, while he does his strutting and swearing in public. It is not funny, it is sad. The tragedy of literary work is that those who fail at it are unable to see that the fault is their own. Their cries of despair are pitiful.

The Stoddards

By the death of Richard Henry Stoddard on May 12th we have lost one of the few links binding us to the most brilliant period of American letters. Mr. Stoddard was a friend of Nathaniel Hawthorne, a comrade of Bayard Taylor, and, during the course of his seventy-eight years, vindicated his right to be placed among such men as these with volumes of delicate, rhythmic, virile poetry. His early life was hard, and many years of drudgery passed before he could claim a literary career. Among his volumes are: "Songs of Summer," "The King's Bell," "The Book of the Past," "Later Poems," etc. His household inspired the following pleasant lines from Eugene Field:

WHEN I am in New York, I like to drop around at night,
To visit with my honest, genial friends, the Stoddards hight;
Their home in Fifteenth Street is all so snug, and furnished so,
That, when I once get planted there, I don't know when to go;
A cosy cheerful refuge for the weary homesick guest,
Combining Yankee comforts with the freedom of the West.

The first thing you discover, as you maunder through the hall,
Is a curious little clock upon a bracket on the wall;
'Twas made by Stoddard's father, and it's very, very old—
The connoisseurs assure me it is worth its weight in gold;
And I, who've bought all kinds of clocks, 'twixt Denver and the Rhine,
Cast envious eyes upon that clock and wish that it were mine.

But in the parlor. Oh, the gems on tables, walls and floor—
Rare first editions, etchings, and old crockery galore.
Why, talk about the Indies, and the wealth of Orient things—
They couldn't hold a candle to these quaint and sumptuous things;
In such profusion, too—Ah me! how dearly I recall
How I have sat and watched 'em and wished I had 'em all.

. . . . . .

Books—always books—are piled around; some musty and all old;
Tall, solemn folios such as Lamb declared he loved to hold;
Large paper copies with their virgin margins white and wide,
And presentation copies with the author's comps. inside;
I break the tenth commandment with a wild, impassioned cry:
Oh, how came Stoddard by these things? Why Stoddard, and not I?

. . . . . .

And furthermore, in confidence inviolate be it said
Friend Stoddard owns a lock of hair that grew on Milton's head;
Now I have Gladstone axes and a lot of curious things,
Such as pimply Dresden teacups and old German wedding-rings;
But nothing like that saintly lock have I on wall or shelf,
And, being somewhat short of hair, I should like that lock myself.

But Stoddard has a soothing way, as though he grieved to see
Invidious torments prey upon a nice young chap like me.
He waves me to an easy chair and hands me out a weed
And pumps me full of that advice he seems to know I need;
So sweet the tap of his philosophy and knowledge flows
That I can't help wishing that I knew a half what Stoddard knows.

. . . . . .

Out yonder, in the alcove, a lady sits and darns,
And interjects remarks that always serve to spice our yarns;
She's Mrs. Stoddard; there's a dame that's truly to my heart;
A tiny little woman, but so quaint, so good, so smart
That if you asked me to suggest which one I should prefer
Of all the Stoddard treasures, I should promptly mention her.

. . . . . .

—*"Songs and Other Verse," by Eugene Field.*

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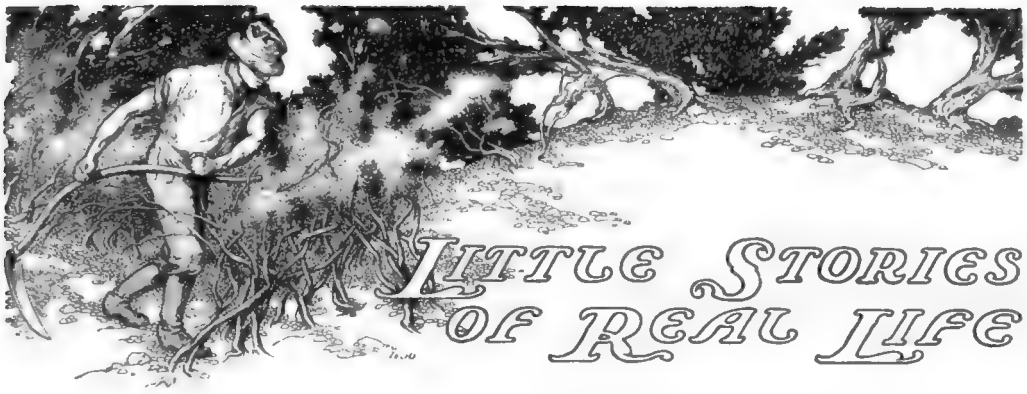

In the Right

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

MILLY had considered Stanley perfection until the George Greenfields came to live next door and showed a disposition to be friendly over the low wire fence. Stanley was big, kind, humorous, splendid, not for a minute to be disparaged by comparison with the small, dark, precise Mr. Greenfield. And yet—

The trouble began the first time they dined with their new neighbors. When, after the charmingly formal little meal, Milly and her hostess rose to leave the two men to their cigars, Mr. Greenfield sprang to his feet and stood with a devoted respect Milly had generally seen reserved for the Doxology or the National Anthem; while Stanley remained comfortably planted in his chair, entirely at peace with the world and himself. With the feminine quickness to accept a new standard, Milly winced. One could not help caring what Mrs. Greenfield would think, she wore such delightful clothes.

Later in the evening Mrs. Greenfield played for them, and the zeal with which her husband moved the lamp for her and adjusted the music-stool gave an added pang. Of course, Stanley would always do anything one asked him to, but there was a something in Mr. Greenfield's spring to serve that gave Milly a new light on perfection. She went home rather depressed.

"Mr. Greenfield has lovely manners, Stanley," she ventured, as they mounted their own steps.

"Nice chap—I like him," agreed the unconscious Stanley, preceding her through the front door; and the subject was allowed to drop.

The next afternoon added another bitterness. From a window she chanced to see Mrs. Greenfield meet her husband at the gate, and the way he caught off his hat made her heart sink. When she went down the block to meet Stanley, an hour later, he beamed at her, tucking his big hand under her arm with his nightly "Hello, Milly!" that had never before seemed inadequate; but his hat remained serenely on his head, and she found herself nervously hoping that no one saw. Yet she could not say anything. She planned a dozen approaches to the subject, but her courage always failed, and the little grievance grew in secret. Milly was only twenty-two.

Small stings were added daily. Mr. Greenfield's stricken "I *beg* pardon, my dear, I interrupted you!" made her blush for Stanley's bluff "Here, hold up, Milly—I want to talk." Stanley carried her parcels if they were heavy or inconvenient, but it never occurred to him to relieve her of a magazine or her umbrella. He smiled after her very warmly when she left the room, but her heart was sore with the vision of new ways, and she only noticed that he did not jump to open the door. Stanley, feeling something wrong, decided that she needed a good time and worked early and late to achieve a surprise for her. And so one Friday he came hurrying home an hour early, a week's holiday ahead of him and the money for a trip in his pocket.

Milly was lying down with a headache, and had just fallen into a doze when her door burst open. She jumped up, and because

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she was startled, one of her grievances leaped to the surface.

"I do wish you would knock on my door, Stanley!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Greenfield always does."

Stanley was hurt, but with masculine unwisdom concealed this and tried to take it humorously.

"Quite right of Mr. Greenfield," he said. "I'd punch his head if he didn't."

"Oh, you know what I mean!" And Milly flung herself back on the pillow, closing her eyes.

"I'm not sure I do," said Stanley after a pause. "Do you mean you like all that monkey business Greenfield puts on? Is that what has been the matter?"

Milly's heart was beating furiously, but her head ached, and so she had sufficient temper for the plunge.

"I don't call it monkey business," she said, hotly. "I call it good breeding. You take your hat off to everyone else, Stanley—I don't see why you shouldn't for me. I don't care so much for myself: it's for you, and what they will think of you. When Mrs. Greenfield and I came in from the porch the other night, you didn't even get up. I was so mortified. I do think you might—" Her voice faltered and she stopped. In the pause that followed, her anger gradually died down to cold fright and remorse, but she clung desperately to the fact that she was in the right and kept a bold front. Stanley stood in the middle of the room staring down at the floor. At last he lifted his head with a short sigh.

"I suppose I am abominably careless," he said, mildly. "Someway, I had felt that between us—however, you are quite right. I'll try to reform." And he went out of the room and down-stairs, leaving Milly to the bitterness of victory.

If she had run down after him, it would have been all right; but she stayed up-stairs and justified herself with undeniable facts. Stanley was deeply wounded at the weeks of silent criticism that had been revealed to him, and quietly put away the money for the trip, returning to the office in the morning. When he came back that night Milly did not go to meet him, having an unaccountable aversion to the fruits of her victory. Her heart sank miserably when he paused and—very properly—tapped on her door before entering.

Their evening was apparently a happy one. They laughed and talked even more than usual, ignoring the secret constraint. When Milly got up to find a letter, Stanley rose to his feet and stood till she was seated again.

"Just what he should do!" she said, defiantly to her shrinking self. Nevertheless she stayed rooted to her chair the rest of the evening, miserably repressing every impulse to move.

The week that followed seemed to be all like that first evening. Both tried to be just and reasonable, but the little quarrel lay cold and heavy between them. Stanley swept off his hat when they met, but he did not tuck his big hand under her arm, and Milly's heart nearly broke.

It was the following Friday that Milly, hunting in her husband's desk for stamps, came across a roll of bills lying in a drawer. She counted them wonderingly, for stray money was not usual in that household, then put them back and went down to the gate to watch for Stanley. Her neighbor, who had been away for several days, came across the lawn to speak to her, throwing away his cigarette.

"Did you go on your trip?" he asked.

"Trip?" she repeated, vaguely.

"Weren't you going off for a week? I thought your husband said so—we came out on the train together last Friday."

Last Friday—the day Stanley had come home an hour early! Milly's heart shrank with sudden understanding.

"Oh, yes," she said, slowly. "We had to —put it off."

"Jolly weather for a vacation," Mr. Greenfield went on. She lifted her head with pale resolve.

"It is," she agreed. "I think we shall go in the morning, Mr. Greenfield." Then she went back into the house. The money in the desk—and Stanley's long hours and early trains for several weeks before—and then he had come home an hour early with his surprise, and she——

"Oh! Oh!" she cried, her eyes slowly filling. She pressed her knuckles against her trembling lips. "Little fool, little beast," she whispered. Oh, how could she hurt him! What did anything matter when a man cared like that! "*Oh!*"

The gate clicked and Stanley's step sounded on the gravel. She ran to the front door and flung it open as he mounted the steps. His hand went up to his hat, but she caught his wrist and clung to it.

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"Don't take it off—oh, Stanley, don't take it off or I shall die!" she sobbed.

He drew her into the house and his arms closed about her in the dark of the hall. Presently he lifted his head with a deep breath of relief.

"But you were in the right, sweetheart," he insisted.

"Oh, bother the right!" said Milly, brokenly.

The Fossil

By Richard Barker Shelton

JOHN MARTIN sat before a desk piled high with papers when the boy entered the private office and handed him a card, with the oft-reiterated, "Gentleman to see you, sir." A shade of annoyance crossed Martin's face as he glanced up.

"I'm busy now. Tell him—" he began. Then he read the name on the bit of pasteboard. "Show the gentleman in," he said.

"Yes, sir."

This with ill-concealed astonishment. It must indeed be a person of importance who was admitted to Martin's private office at eleven in the morning, and the man waiting in the outer office certainly bore none of the ear-marks of greatness. A moment later the door of the private office swung open, and Martin, handsome, well-groomed, and spelling success in his every movement, rose to greet a thin, bent little man with sparse gray hair and hollow cheeks.

"Why Jim—Jim Preston, of all men," exclaimed Martin, as he grasped the other's hand. "Sit down here with me for awhile," he continued, wheeling a chair close to his own. "Jim, how are you?"

"Oh, I'm getting on nicely—nicely," said Preston in a colorless voice, and at the same moment a fit of coughing gave the lie to his words.

"The air up the river is mending those lungs of yours, I hope," said Martin. "And Mrs. Preston—she's well, of course? Good. And the boy, Jim, how's he? Lord, he must be a strapper by this time. Nineteen, isn't he?"

Preston nodded.

"How do you like it up there?" Martin went on. "Got a cosey place, of course, and just enough work at the bank to keep you busy, eh?"

Again Preston nodded. "Yes," he said, "we've got a comfortable place up there. It's a quiet enough town, but that's what I want—what I've got to have, and my work at the bank is sufficient to keep my mind off myself. I don't think my lungs improve any, John," he added.

"Too bad—too bad," said Martin. He was looking at Preston, keenly noting the nervous twitch of his fingers and the lack of enthusiasm in his voice. A great wave of pity swept over him. He realized, all at once, what it meant to be a "has-been." Silence fell upon them, during which Preston's eyes wandered about the office, taking in every detail of the sumptuous furnishings—the Bagdad rugs, the heavy mahogany furniture, the paintings on the walls. It was all rather more elaborate than in his day; still, an air of individuality about the place would have told him it was John Martin's office. Presently Preston straightened his shoulders and turned to Martin.

"John," he said, "I am taking up your time. I'll get down to the business that brought me. You know you said once—it was when I left here—if you could ever be of service to me not to hesitate to call on you. Well, that time has come."

Instinctively Martin reached out his hand to a check-book which lay on the desk before him. Any amount Jim Preston named, he would gladly fill in. Preston saw the movement and held up his hand. His face flushed.

"No," he said, curtly. "It isn't that."

It was Martin who flushed now, stammering an apology.

"John," said Preston, overlooking the other's embarrassment, "I came to you when I was a young man and you were a young man. You gave me every chance in the world. Your rise was my rise. You wanted the best there was in me and paid me liberally for it and I gave it to you. You are the sort of man who gets the best—and more—out of your lieutenants. No," he held up a deprecating hand as Martin was about to interrupt, "it is not your fault—it is your way—and, moreover, it is what you pay for. That is why, at fifty, I left you, broken mentally and physically. I had given what was yours by right—you paid for it; but there was no more to buy or give."

He paused. In Martin's eyes there was pity and pain.

"Now, the boy is soon to start out in the

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world," he continued. "He looks to you as the model of the successful man. He wants to come here to start, as I did, and all I might say against it would have no effect. But, John, I can't let the boy live my life. I can't have him pumped dry at fifty. I can't have him at my age a nerveless wreck, clerking in a country bank to keep his mind off himself. John, you don't know what it means—you haven't an idea of it. I dodder around that place like an old granny. I've got to be a regular old seed—like Watson, who used to be cashier here—remember him? Well, for all I laughed at him, I'm like him, now. The boys there—the young fellows in the bank—call me the Fossil—not to my face, you know, but it slips out sometimes when they don't mean it to, and I know when they're alone they laugh at me as I used to laugh at Watson. I can't have the boy come to that. Now, what I want you to do is to promise you'll never take him in here."

Martin sat for a time deep in thought, tapping the desk with his pencil. At last he raised his eyes.

"Jim," he said, "isn't there something I can do—some amends——"

"Nothing," said Preston, "absolutely nothing. Just give me the promise and I shall be quite content."

"I'll promise to respect your wishes, Jim," said Martin.

Preston rose to go. "Thank you," he said, simply. "There are the upper and the nether millstones. I don't want the boy caught between them as I was."

Martin walked with him through the outer office. As they crossed the hall to the elevator he slipped his arm through Preston's.

"Jim, for God's sake, don't let me think I have done this."

Preston smiled up at him sadly.

"No, John," he said, "it's the times and the methods. Good-by."

When Martin reached the private office, he lighted a cigar and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. Jim Preston—the smartest chap he had ever known—the greatest hustler—the most indefatigable worker! Jim Preston clerking in a little bank to keep his mind from a realization of his true condition, and called a "fossil" by the boys! Martin felt a lump rise in his throat. He blew a smoke ring, and watched it float slowly toward the ceiling.

The Straw Hat Panic

By Louis Weadock

AT six o'clock on the evening of Monday, August 2, 1896, Philip D. Armour drove hurriedly from the stock-yards to his house in Michigan Boulevard in Chicago. Without stopping to speak to anyone, or even to take off his hat, he went to the telephone and stood talking into the instrument for forty-five minutes.

As he turned away he met one of his rich neighbors coming up the steps. Then came another, and another. In half an hour twenty-one of the wealthiest men in the town were sitting at a table in Mr. Armour's library.

They spoke about the weather, about one another's families, about everything except the object for which they had been suddenly called together. Yet each man knew that the action to be taken in that half-darkened room that night would decide whether Chicago was to be plunged into a more disastrous business panic than any of them had ever seen, or whether the city's commercial security was to be preserved.

A newsboy ran by in the street, bawling out a late extra of the afternoon papers: "All about the big failure!"

The men in the library redoubled their efforts to appear at ease; but that the strain on them was terrific anyone could see. They sat back in their deep chairs with dismay written on their faces. With each passing minute the tension grew. Men began to think of the possibilities of complete ruin which business panic holds in its evil hands. Gradually the conversation lagged. Commonplaces met with no reply.

Each man was busy with his own thoughts. That these thoughts were uncomfortable companions, none could doubt. These captains of industry went over in their minds each detail of the troubled week which had led up to the crash of the afternoon.

They recalled that the great deal in two stocks which had kept the stock exchange busy had ended without warning by the admission made that afternoon, that the manipulators of the deal had overestimated their strength. In the technical phrase, "Men had been caught in the market," and in the common phrase, "Ruin was on the door-step of every man who had been in the deal, and at the doors of hundreds of men whose judg-

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ments had gone wrong at the crisis." It was not an affair of honesty. All had been done honestly, but it was a chance in business, and the chance had turned the wrong way. The silent group looked into the forbidding face of the panic as men look at an advancing plague.

Down the asphalted boulevard came the jingle of silver harness and the clatter of spirited horses, then the sound of a man running lightly up the stone steps. The library door flew open and Charles T. Yerkes, the street-car king, straw-hatted and debonair, stepped into the room.

For a moment he paused, slapping his leg gently with his walking-stick. He looked at the gloomy faces around the table, then at the chairs upon which were piled the hats of the troubled magnates.

"I'm sure," he said, "I never saw so many straw hats at a funeral."

A couple of men looked at him as they would look at one who jested in the presence of death.

Others glanced to see how the leaders had taken this irreverence, this ribaldry in the face of misfortune so momentous. Then someone laughed.

The others joined.

The strain was lifted. Yerkes calmly perched himself on the window-ledge and the assemblage became one of action.

No time was lost discussing the peril of the situation. The men went to work immediately to devise a way out.

"Everything would be safe," said one man, "if the stock-exchange were not to open to-morrow and pull ruin about us with closures on the stocks and runs on the banks."

"Close the exchange," said a quiet voice from the window-ledge. There was an amazed silence, a quick exchange of startled glances.

"I mean what I say," continued Mr. Yerkes. "Close the exchange. Keep it closed till all the men who are in trouble have time to think. Everybody who is in business will be saved."

That was the solution. There was more talk, but it was only of details.

The next day the Chicago Stock Exchange closed its doors, and kept them closed for three months. At the end of that time business was safe, and in Chicago now, when rich men talk of Mr. Yerkes's "straw-hat" jest they say it saved Chicago from a greater panic than the city has ever known.

A Call Loan

By Sydney Porter

IN those days the cattlemen were the anointed. They were grandees of the grass, kings of the kine, lords of the lea, barons of beef and blood. They might have ridden in golden chariots had their tastes so inclined. The cattleman was caught in a stampede of dollars. It seemed to him that he had more money than was decent. But when he had bought a watch with precious stones set in the case so large that they hurt his ribs, and a California saddle with silver nails and Angora skin *suaderos*, and ordered everybody up to the bar for whiskey—what else was there for him to spend money for?

Not so circumscribed in expedient for the reduction of surplus wealth were those lairds of the lariat who had womenfolk to their name. In the breast of the rib-sprung sex the genius of purse lightening may slumber through years of inopportunity, but never, my brothers, does it become extinct.

So, out of the chaparral came Long Bill Longley from the Bar Circle Ranch on the Frio—a wife-driven man—to taste the urban joys of success. Something like half a million dollars he had, with an income steadily increasing.

Long Bill was a graduate of the camp and trail. Luck and thrift, a cool head and a telescopic eye for mavericks had raised him from cowboy to be a cowman. Then came the boom in cattle, and Fortune, stepping gingerly among the cactus thorns, came and emptied her cornucopia at the doorstep of the ranch.

In the little frontier city of Chaparosa, Longley built a costly residence. Here he became a captive, bound to the chariot of social existence. He was doomed to become a leading citizen. He struggled for a time like a mustang in his first corral, and then he hung up his quirt and spurs. Time hung heavily on his hands. He organized the First National Bank of Chaparosa, and was elected its president.

One day a dyspeptic man, wearing double-magnifying glasses, inserted an official-looking card between the bars of the cashier's window of the First National Bank. Five minutes later the bank force was dancing at the beck and call of a national bank examiner.

This examiner, Mr. J. Edgar Todd, proved to be a thorough one.

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At the end of it all, the examiner put on his hat, and called the president, Mr. William R. Longley, into the private office.

"Well, how do you find things?" asked Longley, in his slow, deep tones: "Any brands in the round-up you didn't like the looks of?"

"The bank checks up all right Mr. Longley," said Todd; "and I find your loans in very good shape—with one exception. You are carrying one very bad bit of paper. One that is so bad that I have been thinking that you surely do not realize the serious position it places you in. I refer to a call loan of $10,000 made to Thomas Merwin. Not only is the amount in excess of the maximum sum the bank can loan any individual legally, but it is absolutely without indorsement or security. Thus you have doubly violated the national banking laws, and have laid yourself open to criminal prosecution by the Government. A report of the matter to the Comptroller of the Currency—which I am bound to make—would, I am sure, result in the matter being turned over to the Department of Justice for action. You see what a serious thing it is."

Bill Longley was leaning his lengthy, slowly moving frame back in his swivel chair. His hands were clasped behind his head, and he turned a little to look the examiner in the face. The examiner was surprised to see a smile creep about the rugged mouth of the banker, and a kindly twinkle in his light-blue eyes. If he saw the seriousness of the affair, it did not show in his countenance.

"Of course, you don't know Tom Merwin," said Longley, almost genially. "Yes, I know about that loan. It hasn't any security except Tom Merwin's word. Somehow, I've always found that when a man's word is good it's the best security there is. Oh, yes. I know the Government doesn't think so. I guess I'll see Tom about that note."

Mr. Todd's dyspepsia seemed to grow suddenly worse. He looked at the chaparral banker through his double-magnifying glasses in amazement.

"You see," said Longley, easily explaining the thing away, "Tom heard of 2,000 head of two-year-olds down near Rocky Ford on the Rio Grande that could be had for $8 a head. I reckon 'twas one of old Leandro Garcia's outfits that he had smuggled over, and he wanted to make a quick turn on 'em. Those cattle are worth $15 on the hoof in Kansas City. Tom knew it and I knew it. He had $6,000, and I let him have the $10,000 to make the deal with. His brother Ed took 'em on to market three weeks ago. He ought to be back 'most any day now with the money. When he comes Tom'll pay that note."

The bank examiner was shocked. It was, perhaps, his duty to step out to the telegraph-office and wire the situation to the Comptroller. But he did not. He talked pointedly and effectively to Longley for three minutes. He succeeded in making the banker understand that he stood upon the border of a catastrophe. And then he offered a tiny loophole of escape.

"I am going to Hilldale to-night," he told Langley, "to examine a bank there. I will pass through Chaparosa on my way back. At twelve o'clock to-morrow I shall call at this bank. If this loan has been cleared out of the way by that time it will not be mentioned in my report. If not—I will have to do my duty."

With that the examiner bowed and departed.

The President of the First National lounged in his chair half an hour longer, and then he lit a mild cigar, and went over to Tom Merwin's house. Merwin, a ranchman in brown ducking, with a contemplative eye, sat with his feet upon a table, plaiting a rawhide quirt.

"Tom," said Longley, leaning against the table, "you heard anything from Ed yet?"

"Not yet," said Merwin, continuing his plaiting. "I guess Ed'll be along back now in a few days."

"There was a bank examiner," said Longley, "nosing around our place to-day, and he bucked a sight about that note of yours. You know I know it's all right, but the thing *is* against the banking laws. I was pretty sure you'd have it paid off before the bank'd be examined again, but the son-of-a-gun slipped in on us, Tom. Now, I'm short of cash myself just now, or I'd let you have the money to take it up with. I've got till twelve o'clock to-morrow, and then I've got to show the cash in place of that note or—"

"Or what, Bill?" asked Merwin, as Longley hesitated.

"Well, I suppose it means be jumped on with both of Uncle Sam's feet."

"I'll try to raise the money for you on time," said Merwin, interested in his plaiting.

"All right, Tom," concluded Longley, as

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he turned toward the door; "I knew you would if you could."

Merwin threw down his whip and went to the only other bank in town, a private one, run by Cooper & Craig.

"Cooper," he said, to the partner by that name, "I've got to have $10,000 to-day or to-morrow. I've got a house and lot here that's worth about $6,000 and that's all the actual collateral. But I've got a cattle deal on that's sure to bring me in more than that much profit within a few days."

Cooper began to cough.

"Now, for God's sake don't say no," said Merwin. "I owe that much money on a call loan. It's been called, and the man that called it is a man I've laid on the same blanket with in cow-camps and ranger-camps for ten years. He can call anything I've got. He can call the blood out of my veins and it'll come. He's got to have the money. He's in a devil of a— Well, he needs the money and I've got to get it for him. You know my word's good, Cooper."

"No doubt of it," assented Cooper, urbanely, "but I've a partner, you know. I'm not free in making loans. And even if you had the best security in your hands, Merwin, we couldn't accommodate you in less than a week. We're just making a shipment of $15,000 to Myer Brothers in Rockdell, to buy cotton with. It goes down on the narrow gauge to-night. That leaves our cash quite short at present. Sorry we can't arrange it for you."

Merwin went back to his little bare office and plaited at his quirt again. About four o'clock in the afternoon he went to the First National and leaned over the railing by Longley's desk.

"I'll try to get that money for you to-night—I mean to-morrow, Bill."

"All right, Tom," said Longley, quietly.

At nine o'clock that night Tom Merwin stepped cautiously out of the small frame house in which he lived. It was near the edge of the little town, and few citizens were in the neighborhood at that hour. Merwin wore two six-shooters in a belt and a slouch hat. He moved swiftly down a lonely street, and then followed the sandy road that ran parallel to the narrow gauge track until he reached the water-tank, two miles below the town. There Tom Merwin stopped, tied a black silk handkerchief about the lower part of his face, and pulled his hat down low.

In ten minutes the night train for Rockdell pulled up at the tank, having come from Chaparosa.

With a gun in each hand Merwin raised himself from behind a clump of chaparral and started for the engine. But before he had taken three steps, two long, strong arms clasped him from behind, and he was lifted from his feet and thrown, face downward upon the grass. There was a heavy knee pressing against his back and an iron hand grasping each of his wrists. He was held thus, like a child, until the engine had taken water, and until the train had moved, with accelerating speed, out of sight. Then he was released, and rose to his feet to face Bill Longley.

"The case never needed to be fixed up this way, Tom," said Longley. "I saw Cooper this evening, and he told me what you and him talked about. Then I went down to your house to-night and saw you come out with your guns on, and I followed you. Let's go back, Tom."

They walked away together, side by side.

"'Twas the only chance I saw," said Merwin, presently. "You called your loan, and I tried to answer you. Now, what'll you do, Bill, if they sock it to you?"

"What'd you have done if they'd socked it to you?" was the answer Longley made.

"I never thought I'd lay in a bush to stick up a train," remarked Merwin; "but a call loan's different. A call's a call with me. We've got twelve hours yet, Bill, before this spy jumps onto you. We've got to raise them spondulicks somehow. Maybe we can—— Great Sam Houston! do you hear that?"

Merwin broke into a run, and Longley kept with him, hearing only a rather pleasing whistle somewhere in the night rendering the lugubrious air of "The Cowboy's Lament."

"It's the only tune he knows," shouted Merwin, as he ran. "I'll bet——"

They were at the door of Merwin's house. He kicked it open and fell over an old valise lying in the middle of the floor. A sunburned, firm-jawed youth, stained by travel, lay upon the bed puffing at a brown cigarette.

"What's the word, Ed?" gasped Merwin.

"So, so," drawled that capable youngster. "Just got in on the 9.30. Sold the bunch for fifteen, straight. Now, buddy, you want to quit kickin' a valise around that's got $29,000 in greenbacks in its in'ards."

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With "Everybody's" Publishers

[John Wanamaker published this magazine for nearly four years. He sold it on April 15th last to us, The Ridgway-Thayer Company. July is the second number under our imprint.]

WELL, we have taken the plunge. We sent out the June number with a lot of confidence and some misgivings. We should not have been surprised if it had met with a cold reception. It was only our bow to the audience. Bouquets usually follow the performance. Now, we are in a quandary. What means this storm of literary bouquets that threatens to inundate our workshop? Was our bow so graceful, or are you laboring under the impression that it is a publisher's funeral? Naturally, we prefer to believe that a genuine interest in us, and an appreciation of our efforts, have opened wide the flood-gates of your generous praise.

Here is a greeting from the pine woods of South Florida—a magnolia bouquet of gracious appreciation that filled our souls with pleasantness.

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: You are busy, active men, and with you even a moment of time is valuable, so I hesitate some to intrude. Yet, I want to say something, and the impulse comes so strong I cannot resist. Sitting in my library this evening, I took up your June number, and was so attracted by the first article, with its beautiful illustrations, that I have given several hours to a critical and careful examination of your magazine. The improvement noticeable in the selection of articles, in engravings and artistic printing is wonderful. The object of this letter, written by an obscure and almost unknown stock grower in the pine woods of South Florida, is to compliment you for giving the masses an interesting, high-class magazine at a price rendering it possible for all to enjoy it.

Your attitude in rejecting numerous fraudulent advertisements is highly commendable, and will be approved by all intelligent and cultured subscribers.

Wishing you abundant success, which we feel you deserve, and assuring you of a renewed interest in EVERYBODY'S, I remain,

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NOTE.—The writer receives and reads *The Outlook*, *Atlantic*, *Literary Digest*, *Current Literature*, *Harper's*, *Munsey*, and *McClure's*.

From New Jersey comes this choice handful of posies from an old-fashioned garden. One can see the paling fence and the box-walks and the dahlias and the prim owner, snipping here a dead leaf, now straightening a storm-beaten stem:

Dear Sirs: Allow me to congratulate you on the fine appearance of the initial number of your new acquisition, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. It is, indeed, a work of art from start to finish, both in appearance and quality. The illustrated titles are quite a departure from the old straight-laced titles, and the new department, "With the Procession," is something that I have been looking for to appear in the magazines for some time, and I wrote the late owners of EVERYBODY'S and suggested just such an idea. If you do as you promise, it won't be long before you have "the" magazine.

Wishing you success, and assuring you of the support of at least one reader, I am,

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With what rapture we who are country-bred go back to our own again after years of unrelieved cobble-stones and sky-line and city streets! We have almost forgotten how the clouds swing past and how the cows come up from the meadows and thro' the bars at milking-time, and how the trees and flowers and birds and brooks are kin to us. The following comes from a little woman out in Missouri:

Gentlemen: I have just read your "few words" on page 609 of the June number of EVERYBODY'S — read the whole thing through before I knew EVERYBODY'S had been sold or had changed hands in any way. It has been some months since I have bought a copy (not being a regular subscriber) and I am impressed by the general excellence of this particular number. Timely articles and comment, *unusually* good short stories, good illustrations—and it was not until I had, as I said, read quite through the magazine without skipping a single thing, that I saw "The Ridgway-Thayer Company," and the announcement of the change of ownership. I turned back to the cover (an exceptionally tasteful and artistic design) there to have before me the

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printed confirmation of new management. And I just want to tell you that I am sure I am not the only one who will notice and appreciate the general excellence of your new venture. Every article in it is good and of timely interest. The familiar names, of course, indicate a certain standard we can appreciate, but I am delightfully surprised at the degree of excellence reached over the less well-known names. The one "lack," if lack it be, would seem to be poetry, but how little fine poetry is written (or appreciated) for the ordinary magazine reader. It almost seems a shame to offer even this mild criticism (?) when writing simply to thank you for the pleasure you have really given one far-away reader. I have nothing to say but words of praise and thanks and encouragement. For the enjoyment you have given me, I send you all good wishes.

A friend in northern New York hands us his credentials, then gives us a reason for the faith that is in him. He grows sarcastic when commenting on the makers of contemporary fiction. The magazine that finds favor with everybody must be good, clean, and cheerful.

Gentlemen: Inspired by a perusal of your announcement in the current number of EVERYBODY'S, I claim the privilege of an old reader to make a few comments.

I wish to say that if you build EVERYBODY'S up to the standard as outlined, you will come nearer to attaining my ideal of what a magazine should be than any periodical now published. Your purpose to do away with the "morbid, mawkish, or unreal" is a particular source of satisfaction to me. I have become impressed with the belief that a large proportion of the makers of contemporary fiction seem to think that the reading public demands an equal mixture of woe and imbecility, and that the infection has spread to the publishers.

I believe that a good, clean, cheerful magazine will find favor with ninety-nine out of every one hundred readers. In conclusion, I will state that, in glancing over the June issue, and before I was aware that a change in management had occurred, it struck me as an unusually good number.

Here is a pungent tribute from Virginia. Not exactly a hot-house bouquet, but to some wholesome herbs have a beauty and a fragrance above the hot-house product. Nature told her own story long before hot-houses were invented.

Gentlemen: Have read several copies of EVERYBODY'S the past two years, when I could get nothing else, and thought it a "Bum" magazine, but will state that the June number is a great improvement, and if it continues to improve, it will be an A1 periodical, and shall read same each month. Too many of the magazines have stories, continued and short, where scenes are in Europe, principally in England, with many lines and sentences in French. Cut these stories out. The reading public don't want them, and that is what you cater to. Run no long-winded stories, covering months; they don't want them. Give the public a magazine that the busy man or woman can enjoy reading for an hour or so, when at leisure, and you will, in my opinion, make a great success.

Continue to repress questionable advertisements: It is a good policy, and a paying one, in the end. Congratulating you on the June number, and wishing you great success, I am,

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You will notice that all these letters, while complimentary, are at the same time helpful. They give us something to hang our hats on. We have received a lot more just as good, and regret that we cannot give the space to publish them. They do not all agree by any manner of means; what one praises another will censure. But, out of all of them, we get the drift of things. If one man picks a story to pieces, which everybody else enjoys, the trouble is, most likely, not with the story. But, sometimes, the one man is right. We weigh each criticism painstakingly. Some of our good friends wrong us in thinking that when we ask for criticism we expect fulsome praise. Most people thrive better under criticism—a magazine always does. Tell a a man he knows it all, especially a young man, and he is tolerably sure to agree with you. Self-confidence is an absolute essential to success, but to win out a man must know his weaknesses.

KILLING BY KINDNESS.

We are receiving hundreds of letters full of unmixed laudation. According to some of our well-meaning friends, we are going to quadruple the circulation of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE in six months. Others would have us believe that our fellow-publishers, who have been making magazines and coining money for years, might well sit at our feet and learn of us. What wonder if we should come out of it all with an aggravated case of swelled head! But we don't propose to be killed by kindness. We are not running away with the idea that we have won out already. On the contrary, we are sawing wood; we are working from eight A.M. until

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ten P.M. When we get the magazine to press, we are not jumping up and down with glee at the result. Not by a long shot. Mayhap this number looks complete to you, even polished. But we are not satisfied. To us it has barnacles all over it, and gaps that would let a troop of cavalry through. It is not within a mile of our intentions. The best feature we had fell down at the last moment, and we had to go to press without it. You do not miss it because we put in a mighty good article to fill the place—but we see a hole as big as a meetin' house.

ANOTHER COUNTY HEARD FROM.

You may imagine with what unbounded joy we hailed this letter from down New Hampshire way :

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Mrs. H. and I are interested. Our subscription runs to November. By that time we can tell if we like it. We shall be glad not to have "Animal Biographies," or Miss Wilkin's Ghost Stories, or Mr. Peter Newell's pictures, nor any medical ads, of course.

In this number, Gregg's article and Lillian Pettingill's are good, and the stories by M. W. Law and Emily Watson. The others are not worth much.

The number seems to have been written largely by a young man, *fascinated* by great movements and "transactions" by *capitalists*. Apparently, he thinks almost *anything* about "Morganization," and so on, is *intensely* interesting, but what he writes is dull reading. "About the Moores" is *advertising*, and should not be printed as reading matter in the body of the magazine.

The department, "With the Procession" should be interesting and valuable, but it is not—not this month. Much of it is exquisitely what it should *not* be. Instance, the writer shows a strange preference for subjects already exhausted. When "comments" have been made on the subject all round the world and back again, a man with the editorial sense writes about something else. So of many of these paragraphs, they are about the same the daily papers have *chewed over*, again and again. If your writers think the magazine *is* a daily newspaper issued once a month, you will not go far. I wonder why you want a magazine. There are too many — not very good ones—already, and some of them are not making much money. The demand does not seem to be increasing—or the number of readers. But, if you have anything to say, or your writers have, I shall be interested.

I expect you will *have* to publish a great deal of poor fiction. Writers seem indolent, and write almost anything that will *sell*, as Forman's story in this number. You wished me to say, "It's all *beautiful, splendid.*" But, I have good will and best wishes for you, *no end*, and I am,

Very truly yours,

Mr. H. is a good husband. He writes "Mrs. H. and I," a suggestion of domestic unity which makes the criticism of double value. He is fair—he gives us until November to make good. About ghost stories and medical advertisements, he is dead right. Certain it is that a reaction is setting in against the article dealing with great financial movements. It has been overdone. We own up to disappointment in our June "With the Procession." July is better, but still a long way from shore. Mr. H., himself a great reader, forgets that most people do not follow the daily papers closely. The Procession is for these, but we mean to make it good enough to interest the well-informed as well. Mr. H. wonders why we "want" a magazine. "There are too many—not very good ones—already." We do not want, and what is more we will not have, one of the "not very good ones," as Mr. H. will fairly admit before his subscription expires, November.

A CONTRARY CHAP.

It certainly is difficult to get good fiction. We shall have to give it up if Forman's story in the June number is not good fiction. We thought it was great. Several have mentioned the story most favorably. It seems to be Mr. H. against the field. Perhaps the ending did not suit him. We confess that we should have preferred to see the hero marry the other girl, but man is a contrary critter, and somehow, when it comes to matrimony, he takes to the maid who gives him the impression that she doesn't hanker for his society over much.

We admit that we expected Mr. H. to say "It's all *beautiful, splendid.*" But that we desired it—not in a thousand years. He has done precisely what we most wished. He is a faithful friend, and a good fellow. We salute him. He is just the sort to tell his neighbors of it when he likes a magazine. We predict before the summer has gone, we will receive several subscriptions from his friends.

A MAD MAN TELLS THE TRUTH.

The wise ones say, if you would have the unvarnished truth out of a man, get him boil-

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ing mad. Some men find work dull and uninteresting until they have a lot of opposition—a lot of impossibilities to overcome. If trouble doesn't come to them, they just naturally go out hunting for it. To such men, criticism is a spur—a tonic. We had a man in our employ, the head of a department, who sometimes without realizing it himself, would let down in his work. On one of these occasions we went after him savagely. We were amazed to have him say, "I'm glad to have you get after me. It tones me all up for a month." If you would be a good friend of ours, find fault with our magazine, pitch into us, rip us up the back. If you think we have too much of this, or not enough of that; if there are certain points about a story, or an article, you don't like, write to us and don't mince matters. You won't dishearten us. Once in a great while risk a little praise on us, not too often and not too enthusiastic. If you feel that you really must tell somebody how good a magazine we are making, tell your neighbor. We will give him ten cents' worth in every number, or shut up shop.

DECLINE OBJECTIONABLE ADVERTISING, SAY OUR READERS.

We are delighted to find in nearly every letter received the strongest commendation of our stand in declining all fraudulent and otherwise objectionable advertising.

This letter is typical:

> *Gentlemen:* I have never commented on a magazine or an article in one, or on any other publication in my life; but your "Few Words to Everybody" seemed so frank and sincere, that I could not resist the temptation to add my mite of approval to the stand you have taken.
>
> The new dress of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, the illustrations and the contents, are already strides ahead of its previous issues, and it seems to me that under the heading, "Objectionable Advertising Declined," you have made the greatest hit of all. In the country, the perusal of a magazine is not complete until its advertising matter has been scanned, and the satisfaction in knowing that one is reading only bona-fide offers, is worth much to the reader, and should prove of great value to the advertisers and the publishers.

It is in your interest, and we are glad that you appreciate it. Are you aware that a few religious publications carry some of this class of advertising? The advertising manager of a large publishing house tells us that he carries the patent medicine advertising in his strong magazine because he can scatter it in among reputable advertisers and it won't be noticed, but in his weaker publication he is obliged to decline it because, having so little advertising, the objectionable stuff would be very noticeable and offensive. An advertising agent advises us to follow the usual custom and accept the business until we get a big bank account. "It will be time enough then to turn decent." We could have a raft of such business right now, he says, as it is becoming more difficult every day for it to get into a reputable publication. While a great many publishers have won out on this plan of getting rich first and then getting decent, we shall stick to our purpose to decline all indecent and dishonest advertising. We may not win out as quickly, but we will win out sure; and if we don't make much money, we will have the satisfaction that comes from making a clean, strong, wholesome magazine.

DEALERS REPORT GRATIFYING SALES.

At this time of year the normal newsstand sales of all magazines fall off a little. We have made no special effort with the trade, have not circularized the dealers or pushed the sale in any way. It is, therefore, gratifying to learn from dealers, unsolicited, that the sale of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is gaining. A dealer at Madison Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, New York, tells us that his usual order is twenty-four; that all but one were sold three days after the date of issue. He ordered ten more and had sold six of them. A dealer on Sixth Avenue told us a similar story. We have a number of letters from out-of-town dealers of like import. We shall have more definite information for you next month.

WE MUST HAVE THEM.

We open every contribution that is sent in to EVERYBODY'S with a strong hope of finding one of three things: first, humor—humor expressed in story or article, paragraph or verse, so long as it be fresh, clean American humor; second, trenchant brevity—vigorous, realistic stories of action that are told in a thousand words, or two thousand, or at most three; third, sentiment, the good old human love that still makes the world go round and will have charm for the sons of men so long as there is a period called youth and a season known as spring.

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These three hopes are not often fulfilled. We have not published many love-stories of the light and cheerful type, and so our contributors have perhaps concluded that we do not want them; but that is a mistake. The average tale that is sent us seems to require five or six thousand words for its telling, and often has to be refused on that very account, while half the length would have a double chance of acceptance.

Humor is discouragingly rare. We receive contributions intended to be funny, but seldom one containing a good honest laugh. Yet we persist in hoping for these things, our desire increasing in proportion to their scarcity. Will not the story-writing public help us out?

THE PAPER-KNIFE NUISANCE

We were sure you would be willing to cut the leaves yourself for a couple of months in order that our magazine might present a dignified appearance on the study-table. It takes a full-grown magazine—a big, broad-shouldered fellow—to keep from being elbowed off the news-stands these days.

The special machinery for folding our magazines so that all of the leaves will be open all round is definitely promised for July 8th. We hope to have it running on at least a part of the August number. We thank you for submitting to the paper-knife so uncomplainingly.

IMPROVEMENTS COST MONEY

Of course you realize that we hunted up the long-lost Table of Contents of this magazine and put it where it belongs. You appreciate the convenience it is to you to have the contents placed the first thing in the book instead of hiding it away among the advertising pages. Do you know what it costs us to do it? Some advertisers prefer that particular page and will have no other. It is called a preferred position. Publishers usually charge a half more for it than run-of-magazine. That page means $225 a month to us, or $2,700 a year. You continue to subscribe for other magazines that bury their Table of Contents, and you probably would continue to hunt for our contents page, but we shall not ask you to do it.

What with cutting out fraudulent and patent medicine and indecent advertising generally, and taking our best positions for the comfort and convenience of our readers, we are making financial sacrifices which we will probably never recoup. It costs money to make a good, clean magazine.

WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?

No one feature has brought us in so many letters as our series, "Toilers of the Home," and its predecessor, "The Woman That Toils." Our readers in every direction seem anxious to have us shed more light on the modern problems, social and domestic, by this same method—the personal investigations of courageous and inteiligent young women who are willing to put themselves in the conditions that call for redress. The lot of the factory girl and the domestic servant have been so illuminated, and we have under consideration several other departments of life, equally interesting and important. But, meanwhile, what are the problems that most appeal to *you?* What phase of existence are you most anxious to see put to this test? Follow up your letters that call for such studies with more letters saying just where your interest or sympathy has been called up, what field of labor in your belief needs the help of honest thought. It is by letting in light and fresh air that all renovation begins.

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